

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

Valiant as a lion, and wondrous affable.——SHAKSPEARE.

WE purpose to give, in our ensuing Numbers, a series of papers on the Pulpit Oratory of the present age, chiefly as exercised among Protestant Dissenters. We shall most carefully exclude from them all remarks tending to wound the feelings of individuals, and all impertinent criticism on the mere peculiarities of manner. With equal diligence we shall avoid the least indication of an exclusive spirit, or the expression of contempt for the opinions or the prejudices of any class of Christians. We shall treat Pulpit Oratory only as a high and noble art, and shall therefore make no individual the subject of disquisition whom we do not regard as possessing singular capabilities for its exercise.

Our Readers must be anxious to know what answer the *Mohocks* have made to the charges against them, pretty fully stated in our last Number. We have just received their publication for December,—and candour compels us to give their reply a place in our pages. It is as follows:—

"It is with sincere pain, that we find the writers in a paltry publication, which is hardly known beyond the limits of Cockaigne, are in the greatest consternation and alarm, lest we should fall upon them. We beg to assure them, that we have no such intention; and if they will only have the condescension to send us their names,—for, celebrated as they are among themselves, THEY ARE QUITE UNKNOWN HERE,—we shall take care not to admit into our pages any thing that might lessen their insignificance."

And this is all they have to say? Yet "silent contempt" does not become those who have been so noisy in scandal. Contempt on *compulsion* too! Scorn in a cold sweat! Disdain running off!—But their answer, it must be confessed, is decisive;—it sets the matter at rest: it proves their guilt and their chastisement. There is no more to be said on the subject. We deduced their absolute and thorough baseness from *facts*, which were plainly stated, with names, dates, and circumstances. We charged them with *malice, systematic falsehood, and sordid treachery*: we impanelled our evidence, and submitted our proof. To all this the above is their answer! While hand-bills are placarding Edinburgh with their shame, and an action is brought against them by a Professor of the University for an offence originating in our exposure of their conduct,—their reply is, that we are *unknown* in their neighbourhood! Reader, *such* are the individuals we have had in hand: was it not necessary to lay on pretty hard?—They are now down, and silent, like the patient man on his dunghill,—like him, amazed, confounded, and sore,—but not sustained in their affliction as he was. We have no wish, however, to pursue farther, in their humiliation, these late insolent laughter-raisers, who made a common joke of common honesty, and terrified people, far and near, by their barbarous defiance of decency and truth. We have laid that unquiet fiend of mischief: exorcized the spirit of blackguardism. Their Number just received would be unobjectionable, were it not dull. But allowances must be made for persons trying, for the first time in their lives, and in a fright too, to behave like gentlemen:—we are inclined to applaud even uncouth efforts at improvement. Not having been actuated by vindictive motives, we are now willing to put up the instrument of justice, and inflict no more stripes—that is to say, provided they keep to their

good behaviour. They must not continue to drag forth *real names*, without authority, and contrary to all honourable precedent:—should they persevere in this improper practice, let them look well to their own, and to those of others *suspected of being in close connection with them*. Irony may be permitted them,—but not *forgeries* and *fabrications*, intended to justify their own crimes, by sacrificing the interests and character of the guiltless. We give them notice, that this must not be done by them for the future,—*or else*——. They may continue to be hypocritical and venal in religion and politics; but they must not be slanderous in their attacks on persons who are honest in both,—*or else*——. They may be satirical on public pretensions, (including our own, if they please,) but they must not assassinate private character,—*or else*——: nor must they traduce, by unmeaning epithets, talents which they cannot equal,—*or else*——. Nor are they at liberty to cry *Cockney*, for the future, but on the principles laid down by us in an article, written expressly for their benefit (vide page 69 of our present Number). We now, then, take, we hope, a final leave of the *Mohocks*, having read them a lesson which, we trust, they will remember, and be the better for. It will be their own fault if we take them up again severely,—for we really feel very well disposed to leave the question on its present footing. If they are satisfied, so are we. Indeed it would be but prudent in their friends,—*some of whom might themselves chance to get hurt, were the fray to recommence*,—to persevere in the laudable advice which we know they have lately urged on the vanquished, *to eat their leek in silence*. It is not that we are invincible in power, but that the facts against them are of incontrovertible infamy.—And now we only ask, as a trifling trophy of so signal a victory, that our good friends of Edinburgh will not permit the term *Mohock* to sink into disuse: it has been well applied, and done some service—but let that pass: we ask no monument of brass or stone on Calton-hill,—we only ask that in the Canongate, and the Cowgate, and the Grass-market, as well as in those upstart streets of the New Town, with whose names we are not so familiar,—the children may be heard perpetuating a title, which we have revived, to quell a nuisance, quite as coarse and mischievous as that combination of blackguards, against whom it was at first used by our honoured predecessors in periodical literature.

This being the very moment for furnishing the libraries of our younger friends, we cannot have a fitter opportunity of recalling the sweeping accusation against Messrs. HARRIS AND SON, as publishers of Children's Books, which found its way into a late article on the *Literature of the Nursery*. We there specified certain silly and gaudy compositions, which we thought, and think, very objectionable: but we ought not to have allowed these, which do not go beyond three or four in number, to outweigh in our estimation the great bulk of the works for juvenile readers, presented to them by Messrs. Harris and Son, which are of a nature not merely unobjectionable, but all that parental solicitude and affection could desire, to afford assistance in that most arduous and important task of founding deep in the good education of the child, the character of a good man or woman in future life.—Booksellers are obliged to be prepared to meet the demands of their customers: hence, it is not so much their own judgment, as the taste of the public, that must regulate their stock. But we must say that, judging by the books contained in the list of Messrs. Harris and Son, they have certainly evinced a most laudable desire to enlist talent in the useful labour of preparing mental food for the young, calculated to strengthen their moral constitution, at the same time that devices for pleasing their palates have not been neglected. We particularly recommend the works from the pen of Mrs. Hoffland, as calculated to excite, and accustom to practise, the tender feelings of the breast. Mrs. Blackford's *Eskdale Herd Boy* is a very superior work, and we have read it ourselves with much interest. *True Stories* from modern and ancient history, deserve a

good word too ; as well as many more equally deserving, to all of which we observe the name of Messrs. Harris and Son as publishers.

We have great respect for the good-will of *Medicus*, and the general favourable opinion he expresses of our work : yet, with reference to the particular objection he makes, we cannot refrain from suggesting to him that he is by far too sensitive. His profession is too honourable and useful, to warrant these warm appeals of individuals against every joke that may be levelled against it. On the contrary, as there must be, and is, in the history and practice of all bodies and professions, much that can be taken advantage of by the satirist, they must even be content to submit to a little occasional caricature, or sober reprehension, as it may happen. No individual belonging to them consults his own dignity by pressing forward to protest against such allusions: they pass with the public for what they are worth—telling against what is objectionable, and passing harmlessly over what is meritorious. We have taken a vast deal of physic in our time; and we have latterly been occupied in administering some salutary pills to certain Edinburgh patients: we, therefore, consider ourselves as occupying a middle situation, favourable to impartiality, in regard to the medical profession. We have been active and passive—objects, and subjects—in medicine. The result is, that we profess, what we really entertain, much esteem for Doctors, and an earnest wish to be kept out of their hands. We have strong personal reasons for expressing admiration of the skill and liberality of members of the profession; and we are sure we shall not offend any who do it honour, by quoting, in good humour, part of the account lately given in the Daily Papers of some proceedings in the Court of Chancery relative to a disputed Doctor's bill:

Mr. Horne proceeded to read over the items—

To 5,728 draughts, 168 mixtures, 119 bolusses, 68 lotions, 76 liniments, 258 boxes of pills, and other doses, to the amount of no less than 700.

The LORD CHANCELLOR—Pray, Mr. Horne, do stop, for I fear that without taking, the mere recital of so much physic will sicken me.

Mr. HORNE said he would only mention one other item, and that was as follows: "To innoculating the testator seven times."

The LORD CHANCELLOR—Is there no allowance made for returned bottles and pill-boxes?

Mr. HORNE said there was not; but that might be accounted for, as probably he had swallowed them also.

We hope we shall not offend *Medicus* by this quotation: yet it is certainly severer than any thing we have said.

In our next Number we shall take notice of the dispute between Mr. Octavius Gilchrist of Stamford, and the Rev. Mr. Bowles,—in which the LONDON MAGAZINE has been implicated. It appears that Mr. Gilchrist did not write the Article in The Quarterly Review against which a pamphlet, "*by one of the family of the Bowles's*," was published. The style of that pamphlet certainly has not pleased the public: but we reserve opinion, till we can express all we have to say on the matter. In the mean time, we may state that we have read observations by Mr. Bowles in the Pamphleteer, which seem to us to bear more closely on the question than the first pamphlet, which called forth "*Gilchrist's Answer to Bowles*." This is now followed, we see, by "*Gilchrist's Second Answer to Bowles*," in which there is some interesting matter brought forward relative to Pope; and intimation is given that Mr. G. means to enter more largely on the vindication of that Poet's moral character, in a volume which may be soon expected.

Our numerous Correspondents must excuse us for another month.

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VOL. III.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

EVERY man hath two birth-days: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away; or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells--(bells, the music most bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done, or suffered; performed, or neglected; in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed

I saw the skirts of the departing Year.

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some

of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years, — from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W—n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man, Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humour-some; a notorious * * * ; addicted to * * * : averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it;—* * * besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not; I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door — — — but for the child Elia—that “other me,” there in the back-ground—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleeps. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy; or is it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favorite? If these speculations seem

fantastical to thee, reader—(a busy man perchance); if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly-conceited only; I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now—shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration; and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods; and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away “like a weaver's shuttle.” Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluctant at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends. To be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet, or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and

are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holydays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the chearful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh; or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you, (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognizable face—the “sweet assurance of a look”—?

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand, and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phæbus' sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles:—I am none of her “minions”—I hold with the Persian.

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have

wooded death — — — but out upon thee, I say, thou foul ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy, *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall “lie down with kings and emperors in death,” who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that “so shall the fairest face appear”—Why, to comfort me, must Alice W—n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tomb-stones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that “such as he now is, I must shortly be.” Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion by hearty chearful Mr. Cotton.—

THE NEW YEAR.

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophecy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall,
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.

His * revers'd face may show distaste,
 And frown upon the ills are past;
 But that which this way looks is clear,
 And smiles upon the New-born year.
 He looks too from a place so high,
 The Year lies open to his eye;
 And all the moments open are
 To the exact discoverer.
 Yet more and more he smiles upon
 The happy revolution.
 Why should we then suspect or fear
 The influences of a year,
 So smiles upon us the first morn,
 And speaks us good so soon as born?
 Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
 This cannot but make better proof;
 Or, at the worst, as we brush'd thro'
 The last, why so we may this too;
 And then the next in reason shou'd
 Be superexcellently good:
 For the worst ills (we daily see)
 Have no more perpetuity,
 Than the best fortunes that do fall;
 Which also bring us wherewithal
 Longer their being to support,
 Than those do of the other sort;
 And who has one good year in three,
 And yet repines at destiny,
 Appears ungrateful in the case,

And merits not the good he has.
 Then let us welcome the New Guest
 With lusty brimmers of the best;
 Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
 And renders e'en Disaster sweet:
 And though the Princess turn her back,
 Let us but line ourselves with sack,
 We better shall by far hold out,
 Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, reader—do not these
 verses smack of the rough magnani-
 mity of the old English vein? Do
 they not fortify like a cordial; en-
 larging the heart, and productive of
 sweet blood, and generous spirits, in
 the concoction? Where be those
 puling fears of death, just now ex-
 pressed, or affected?—Passed like a
 cloud—absorbed in the purging sun-
 light of clear poetry—clean washed
 away by a wave of genuine Helicon,
 your only Spa for these hypochon-
 dries—And now another cup of the
 generous!—and a merry New Year,
 and many of them, to you all, my
 masters!

1st Jan. 1821.

ELIA.

WITH A LAMPE FOR MIE LADIE FAIRE.

The Spirite of the Lampe—loquitur.

Ladie! in the silente houre,
 Whener the dewe is onne the flowere,
 Ande the Eveninge's coronette
 In the purplinge waues is wette.
 Ande the little starres doe sleepe,
 Like shippes becalmed, alonge the deepe.
 Thenne,—the Spirite of the Lampe,—
 I quitte in joye mie heauenly campe,
 On silverie winges of Moonbeames ride,
 And bende at mie sweete Ladie's side.

'Tis mie watchinge rounde thie bowerre,
 Thatte soe swifte dothe speede the houre.
 Nighte may veile the Heauenne aboue
 Splendoure shalle be rounde mie Loue;
 From her beautie glitteringe farre,
 Like the lustre of a starre.

VIRGINE—lifte thie hazelle eye!
 Noe—'tis yette—Mortalitie;
 Ande its untranslatedde blaze
 Mustte not on a spiritte gaze.
 But looke uponne this Lampe, VIRGINE!
 There mie outwarde forme is seene;
 There, withinne its cristalle celle
 Dwelles he, who in thie hearte woulde dwelle.

In livinge flame he sittes, alle eare,
 Wooinge the voice he loves to heare,
 Sees Heauenne arounde thie beautie's bloome,
 And foldes, for ever foldes, his plume.

MAISON.

The Travels and Opinions

OF

EDGEWORTH BENSON,

Gentleman.

ADVERTISEMENT

Of what the readers of these Articles, which will be published monthly, in the LONDON MAGAZINE, may expect them to contain.

Venice: its external appearance; its justification of its poetical character; sketches of its people and manners; a Countess's account of past times; its paintings and painters; historieal glory; Lord Byron; Maria Louisa.

Discussions at Milan on various subjects; behaviour of the congregation in the churches there; remarks on religious feeling, and reference made to its present state on the Continent; Portrait of a Valet de Place, and of the Conductor (guard) of a Diligence.

A disquisition on the Letters of Madame de Sevigné; an attempt to show her to English readers in her true character—that of one of the most delightful of all writers.

A Prima Donna in a passage-boat; the ballets and music of Italy; first sight of a soldier of the Pope; Ferrara; preparations for the Emperor of Austria; palace of the Dukes of Este; a printseller's stall; Ariosto, Tasso, Buonaparte.

Something of myself, extracted by a visit to the Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, to which the reader is introduced:—lost friends; wonder expressed; hints on education; and advice as to making love.

Ancona and Loretto: the quiet of an Italian life, and the richness of Italian landscape; the Adriatic; the Apennines; the Sacred House: nice distinction, made by a priest, between Frenchmen and Englishmen: two Italian travellers—one of them dependent on the other; sketches of character.

The dispute between "the Classics and the Romantics:" an attempt to prove both parties in the wrong, and a confession of liking both classical and romantic literature; doubt suggested whether these epithets mean any thing with reference to the present dispute:—the French shown to be a poor-hearted people; allusions to living Italian and French combatants on this question.

Description of a family at Villefranche, near Lyons: the writer in a scrape; conversation with a French General,—his parrot, garden, and study.

Rousseau.

Something on Rome: an eagle's feather from Parnassus.

More on Rome, including Canova and the Pope.

Brantôme; Cardinal Retz; Louis the Fourteenth.

Young German Artists reading Goethe's Faustus at Tivoli:—walks amongst the mountains; the Convent of Cosimato; the writer talks at length about what is impressive in history, and beautiful in fiction and art.

Naples and its environs: much rapture expressed; Sorrento; more rapture; a night ascent of Vesuvius; sharp criticism of that volcano; Pompeii; the writer forgets himself; the tombs, and Cicero's villa; remains of a Roman lady's toilette; Sappho,—a portrait; it is like a lady of the writer's acquaintance.

Italian Poetry: some of the older prose writers in that language: the limits which divide the arts of design from poetry: on the rise and progress of art in Italy: the influence of the Crusades on the mind of Europe.

English manners contrasted with foreign: alterations perceptible in the former: their tendency: remarks on the history of the last twenty years: remarks on English Literature, and Fine Art: on English Actors, and the English Stage: the women of England compared with foreign women: an "owre true tale."

This is not all,—nor more than half of the "Travels and Opinions,"—but, as the contents of more than twelve chapters have now been sketched, and as these will reach through all the Numbers of the LONDON MAGAZINE for the year 1821, it seems needless at present to notify further. The Editor, however, thinks it right to state, that Mr. Benson has put into his hands the whole of the manuscript of the work,—so that no disappointment as to the continuation of the series can occur. Mr. Benson will be found a reflective traveller, as well as an observant one: early disappointments in life (as the saying is) seem to throw their shadows over his fairest and brightest views, yet his disposition is the furthest in the world from harbouring misanthropy or rancour. He frequently alludes to his British contemporaries, and is profuse, rather than niggardly in his reference to European literature and the principles of general criticism; but he also keeps a quick eye on the peculiarities of foreign character and manners; and seems ambitious to describe, in a lively and striking way, the external features of the remarkable places, and celebrated objects, belonging to the interesting countries through which he has loitered. It is only necessary to add, that the above list of contents does not certainly indicate the order in which the chapters will appear; a discretion is reserved on this point; and nothing like the regular progress

of a book of travels is to be expected. The writer must be allowed to go backwards and forwards from Italy to France, and England,—from Italian Paintings to his own life,—from the Coliseum to Madame de Sevigné,—just as he pleases. The traveller's mind pursues a course as irregularly discursive as this; and so subtle are the links of association, that where connection exists it cannot always be traced:—yet the principle of harmony may please amidst the most marked variety, and the interest of a subject be much heightened by its being placed in the immediate neighbourhood of others, to which it bears no self-evident sign of relationship. The feelings often associate under the influence of suggestions that are verbally most dissimilar.

No. I.

VENICE: ITS EXTERNAL APPEARANCE; ITS JUSTIFICATION OF ITS POETICAL CHARACTER; SKETCHES OF ITS PEOPLE AND MANNERS; A COUNTESS'S ACCOUNT OF PAST TIMES; ITS PAINTINGS AND PAINTERS; HISTORICAL GLORY; MARIA LOUISA; LORD BYRON.

Venice, more than any other city, or place, I have ever seen, realized the image of itself, which had gradually grown up in my fancy, in the course of years, under the influence of all that travellers, novelists, historians, and poets have said and written concerning this sovereign spouse of the Adriatic. In Petrarch's work, "*De Gestis Imperatorum*," there is a magnificent account of the pomp, and ceremony, and concourse of strangers, which accompanied the famous marriage,—when the Doge went in the Bucentaur, followed by the state barges of his Council of Ten, the gay peoti of the Senate, and the sombre gondolas, with their fair and gallant freight, and wedded the chafing sea to the mastery of his stern Republic. Then was the time to see Venice,—when the Doge Ziani discharged this symbolic rite; a type which, in his hands, was not empty pretension. It was he who conquered Barbarossa for the Pope Alexander the Third, when, driven from the holy city, the Pontiff came to him as a mendicant friar. The military events that followed are still to be seen in the pictures that hang on the walls of the Chamber of the Great Council, done by the son of Paul Veronese, and Bassano. Ziani died, after completing this great restoration, full of years, and heaped with glory; and his monument now stands in the church of Saint George, in the Giudecca, built by Palladio. To this monument his successors were accustomed to pay a solemn visit of respect, each Christmas-day, after

dinner: but the pageant of triumph gradually became one of mortification, and finally of indifference:—it was then time it should cease, and in the fullness of things it has ceased. Yet the memorials of the past still enrich the present, which, without them, would be poor indeed. Three lofty masts were erected in front of the church of Saint Mark, commemorative of the sovereignty of Venice over the three kingdoms of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea: they are still to be seen, erect as ever:—"We have lost the *kingdoms*," said a Venetian of the lower order to me;—"but the *masts* remain to us!" In these few words is comprised the present state of Venice.

And yet she is still, to appearance, what the mind had pictured her.—You leave the main land to find her in the midst of the water, where she stands, with her spires, and towers, and the sails and vanes of her shipping, mingled and coping together.—The sea-gulls, and sometimes an eagle from the distant Alps, or the mountains of Dalmatia, are the only birds whose wings pass over the heads of the inhabitants of Venice.—Huge fronts of white marble edifices rise against the eye, like the rocks of Staffa;—palaces and churches are congregated and pressed as on a vast raft; while the population, pent up in narrow alleys and sinuous passages on terra firma, seems to emerge from constraint and awkwardness, like water-fowl, when it issues forth on the surface of the Venetian element. More of the

hue of romance settles over daily existence in Venice than elsewhere; and this is chiefly occasioned by the peculiarity of its situation as a city. An intense consciousness of life, a fermentation of the passions, and a quick and tingling sympathy with those of others, result from the closeness of the neighbourhood:—the feelings and sensations are also fed and heated by that voluptuous indolence, which change of place every where else disturbs and dispels, but which it here generates and pampers.—What Lady Mary Wortley Montague said of the Turkish dance, which she saw performed to the fair recluses of a seraglio, may be said of an excursion in a gondola: it inevitably suggests voluptuous ideas. The lounge going to pay his visits, and the merchant to look after his affairs, glides along, reclining on cushions soft as eider-down, and buried in a curtained twilight. The effect of this mode of common communication on the disposition, is very different from that of a walk along the Strand, through Temple-bar, to Fleet-street, and the Royal Exchange!

An excitement of temperament, and inactivity of habit, we thus see, are the natural effects of the remarkable position of Venice, and they form the most striking features in the Venetian character. The same circumstances, too, by concentrating the interest of life within narrow bounds, render it more busy and deep.—They also give to the manners of society a certain reserved, mysterious air, which, whether in politics, business, or pleasure, has the look of intrigue, and of more being meant than meets either the eye or ear. The old government of this celebrated republic was quite in unison with such manners: it was prompt, and violent, but secret and calm. It did by spies the business of soldiers, and fostered the pride, and gratified the passions of a haughty intolerant aristocracy, while it ordained that no colour should be shown in public but black, that the equality of citizens might not be insulted by the gaudy pretensions of wealthy vanity. In this, as in every thing else here, there was evinced a depth of sentiment, leading to a contempt for affecting to feel what was

in reality powerfully felt. Contrast this Venetian ordinance with the decrees of the French Consular and Imperial Governments, regulating the lace and embroidery on the dresses of Princes, Chamberlains, Senators, and Members of the Legislative Body! The difference is such as we ought to find distinguishing what is French from what is Italian.

The Venetian character is in every respect a concentrated one: the inhabitant of Venice knows the peculiarities of his condition, and regards them as his proud distinctions and privileges: he feels as a triton or a sea-god, in comparison with the common mortals of the continent: to walk half a mile he considers an act of slavery and degradation: he seems to himself to live in a more elegant and easy element than mankind in general; he regards the water as an Arab, or a Parthian, regards his steed:—it is, at once, his creature, and a part of his being;—he cannot conceive human life to be endurable where a man's limbs must transport him whither he wishes to go. His prerogative, in this respect, couples itself with the historical honours of his national name, and thus gives to the lowest Venetian a feeling of brotherhood with the highest,—and of immeasurable superiority over the inhabitants of terra firma.—At the last *ridotto* of the carnival of 1818,—a curious scene took place: a gallant Englishman, profiting by the liberty which masks afforded to the ladies, had given his arm to a female of distinction, and was walking with her up and down the ball-room. His regular mistress, belonging to an inferior class of the people, maddened with jealousy, approached her rival, and attempted to tear off the visor, which, under the circumstances, was so necessary to its fair wearer. Horror pervaded the place; it was an attempt which alike shocked national feeling, and alarmed individual interests:—if masks were removable, what security could a woman of character possess? “Are you mad!” was exclaimed to the exasperated aggressor:—“she is a lady (*una dama*) whom you have insulted!”—“*Io son' Veneziana*,” (I am a Venetian,) was the dignified reply; conveying, with Latin brevity, the force of Roman feeling. To

be a woman of Venice sets other distinctions at nought.

The history of Venice is peculiarly calculated to instil this conscious pride in the national name. It originated in popular resistance to oppression; and, from humble self-defence, the power of the state rose to the height of triumphant dominion. Though, in the course of this rise, the mass of the people lost that liberty which endeared to them the first piles that were driven to oppose the waves of the Adriatic, threatening to overwhelm them on their sandbanks, yet the language and titles of their institutions continued to suggest to them their favourite ideas; and nominally, at least, their rulers and themselves were united in a community of fellowship, which the forms of a monarchy are calculated to destroy. The power which, in the latter, is made personal, always remained national in the republic.—The stern scrutiny and universal interference of the authority of the government, had the effect of connecting the people with it in feeling, as members of a family of which it was the supreme. The most formidable officers of the state went about in familiar society, dressed as common citizens, and chatting as common visitors: this, while it gave them a prodigious influence, and a terrible knowledge as rulers, took off that look of estrangement and separation which is often so offensive to popular feeling in a court,—at the same time, it gave them opportunities of qualifying the rigour of the law, in things that were trifles to the state, though of importance to the comfort of individuals; and it is chiefly when it is found galling in these that a government acquires the character of being tyrannical. A Venetian “Dama,” experienced in the ways of Venice,—whom age has left fascinating, because nature has made her amiable, used to speak to me with fervour, at her conversazioni, of the days of the old government:—“it had sadly dwindled down to us,”—(said she,) “but it was still something which we at once feared and venerated. We all considered ourselves the children of the State, and it kept us in order with a good deal of severity. The members of noble families durst not travel without per-

mission of the Senate; and this was not willingly given to pretty women. I was at that time said to be pretty; so I did not find it easy to go about as I wished. I did not scruple, however, to take an occasional trip to Milan without saying any thing. I ventured to do this, because the *Inquisitors used to come to my parties*; one indeed preferred coming to a *tête-à-tête*; so I felt pretty sure they would do me no harm: they might, however, have imprisoned me in my own house for such a fault.”

This was the way to keep the people of Venice strictly Venetians; and the natural effect of such a system of policy was, to create a consciousness of companionship (like that of school-fellows); a feeling of sympathy, and a necessary intimacy of communication throughout society, unfavourable to the regularity of morals, but calculated to beget a soft, and generous, and romantic spirit,—under the influence of which, voluptuous indulgence lost almost all its coarseness, and became in a measure reconciled to many of the virtues.—This kindness and gentleness of disposition still mingle, in a remarkable degree, with the licence of private manners; they even give a sort of quiet enthusiasm to character, and contribute not a little to confer that poetical embellishment on daily life, which it wears at Venice to an extent which I do not believe is elsewhere equalled.

The age of the State of Venice is also one of the circumstances in her situation, calculated to render the national feeling of her people intense and exclusive. She can trace her origin clearly back to the first pile of her empire; her history falls altogether within modern times, yet includes almost every romantic, chivalrous, and poetical feature, which a course backward into early oblivion could supply. The line of her magistrates, and the series of her great exploits, are capable of being retained in the memory of the vulgar, while they suggest to their imagination wonders as inspiring as those of fabulous narrative. The Venetian, therefore, feels himself in full possession of all the honours of the Venetian name; they come down to him by unbroken descent, and with a force still accumulating in their

progress through time, having never been interrupted by any of those chasms, in which history is swallowed up. The language of the vulgar in Venice is marked with phrases that intimate a sense of the great exploits of the republic, and provide for the perpetuity of their fame. If one of the lower classes talks of quarrelling with another, he says, "I will make a war of Candia upon him!" and their oaths bear the character of the middle ages: they are asseverations that transport us to the ranks of the crusaders; we seem to be listening to the violent expressions of the soldiery of "blind old Dandolo." Much more of the original Venetian character, indeed, is now preserved amongst these classes, than with those who call themselves their betters. The *fazziol fazzioletto*, or graceful Venetian veil, is only to be seen now on the heads of the girls of humble condition. A more beautiful style of dress cannot be imagined. The *fazziol* is white, and is drawn down by the side of each cheek, as we see in some of the statues of Roman ladies. The black eyes, and long languishing features of the young wearers, divide the folds in a way which it is safer to describe than regard.

With the higher orders, the Venetian peculiarities do not so much seem extinct as repressed: they are like actors retired from the stage, but with "the strong propensity" still in their breasts. The way of living in Venice had formerly all the interest of a dramatic entertainment. Women of respectable condition never appeared out of doors but in masks. A noble Venetian's wardrobe was that of a performer in a solemn pageant. He was obliged to possess eight different cloaks; three of which, under the classifying name of *Bauta*, were for his appearance in masquerade. The first was for wear in the spring and summer,—and the principal occasion of its display was the feast of Ascension, when the Doge married the Adriatic:—the second, for Autumn, appertained more particularly to the theatre, and the *ridotto*, or masked ball: the third, for winter, sported throughout the gay carnival. His five other cloaks consisted of two for summer, both of white taffeta; one for winter, of blue cloth; one of white cloth, for great state occa-

sions; and one of scarlet, for the grand church ceremonies. The black veil, worn by the ladies, was called *zendal*, or *zendaletto*,—and under its protection they threaded the throng of the carnival; faced the crowd of the square of Saint Mark, at noon-day; and took their places, amongst the promiscuous company of a coffee-room in the evening,—known, perhaps, to some, but not refusing the proffered small-talk of any.—The latter custom, divested of the disguise which rendered it so piquant, still exists:—it is true, that females of the very best society are not now to be seen in the public coffee-rooms; but women, belonging to families of wealth and high respectability, are still to be found spending their evenings in these places of resort: not going in and out, as casual visitants, which is common in France, but frequenting a particular house, and even occupying a particular seat, duly as the evening comes. Their presence there is regularly expected by their friends, and they are understood to receive visits at their selected coffee-room. Grace and propriety are wonderfully preserved on the Continent, under circumstances, and in the practice of customs, where they would be infallibly lost, and coarseness and disgusting licence take their places, in England. From the habit just mentioned, public intercourse gains a vivacity and interest which it cannot possess amongst colder and more cautious manners; and nothing is seen to offend decency, or even alarm decorum. Even in the free season of the carnival, when women in masks, without male companions, rush in and out, and through the rooms of the coffee houses, at all hours of the night, they may safely calculate on passing through the whole ordeal unmolested by insult. The reason, perhaps, is, that intrigue is universal. Beyond an exclamation of "ah, la bella mascheretta," the Venetian never goes, unless he finds his flirtation acceptable. The secret of Continental manners, in this respect, seems to be, that the sexes are less separated in imagination there than in England: our ideas of women partake of a mystical undefinable nature, which cannot be referred to matter of fact, but springs altogether from the workings of the

imagination, like that species of mental exaltation which distinguishes some of the more severe of our religious sects. When any thing is done to dispel this vision, where it exists, respect and forbearance disappear at once; while, on the Continent, the standard estimation being altogether of a lower pitch, is more invariably adhered to.

But to hear a noble Venetian lady of the old days, speak of the past, it would appear that what now strikes a stranger as free, gay, and unconstrained in the manners of the place, is mere dullness in comparison with the picture it once afforded. The government of the aristocracy combined greater degrees of political tyranny and social licence than modern times can parallel: innumerable were its galas to the gentry, its shows and amusements to the populace: the masked paramour, and the state spy went together throughout Venice: the square of Saint Mark was constantly crowded with mountebanks, gallants, mistresses, merchants from Aleppo, friars, peasants from Friuli, dressed as for a melo-drama, and musicians, cooks, and processions. The *Inquisitors* overlooked the motley group from the windows of the Dogal Palace, and dispatched their sbirri to conduct the denounced over the "bridge of sighs!" Voluptuous enjoyment, and the pleasures of taste and grandeur, were made the diversion from political reflection and discussion; and the habit then engendered still exists. It is true Titian no longer paints, Palladio no longer builds; no glorious spoils now arrive from the East; Senators and members of the Council of Ten have been displaced by hateful foreigners, and the long-featured large-eyed Italian is stared out of countenance by the whiskered visages of Germany. Yet voluptuous pleasure is still deeply rooted in his soul,—mingled with a melancholy altogether poetical, for it bears nothing of that look of care which sharpens its aspect in more northerly situations.—A Venetian of the present day passes the German sentinel with a look of resolute carelessness, lounges through the coffee-room, cheapens fruit, or drinks the fragrant levantine beverage, regards the ruins of the state around him, heaves a sigh, and goes to the ri-

dotto. Surrounded by the memorials of former magnificence, when glory was united to enjoyment, he devotes himself to enjoyment now that glory is gone. Yet he is not insensible to what he has lost: he seems to labour with a secret of regret, and a desire of vengeance, which a sentiment, compounded of fear and pride, hinders him from disclosing. Speak to him of the merits of an opera-singer, or the charms of a *ballerina*, and he gives loose to the enthusiasm of his disposition: "*Oh la bella!*" he exclaims, in a tone as if he were sucking into his soul, as one sucks the heart of an orange, all the moral and physical beauty of the universe. But make an allusion to the political condition of his country; to the hopes excited and betrayed in the course of late events; to the sad story of fluctuation which his city tells, now that the Austrians have found it necessary to pass a law, prohibiting the owners of marble palaces from pulling them down for the sake of *selling their materials*—do this, and his features may be instantly seen to drop into an expression of grief mingled with suspicion, and a despairing indifference:—he regards you silently with his large black eyes; perhaps a few words escape from his lips, but what he utters is hopeless and uncomplaining. "Destiny—destiny,—we must all bow our heads to destiny!" said a Venetian gentleman to me, when I was expressing commiseration of the fallen state of Venice. Sometimes a quiet bitterness, in the shape of a jest, marks the reply:—"What can be in the heads of your oppressors?" was asked, in my hearing, of a nobleman of an old Venetian family:—"nothing" was the laconic answer. It is their constant habit when such subjects are introduced, to insinuate some allusions to the "palmy state of Rome," and the ancient honours of the Italian name—as if they wished to throw off the imputation of disgrace by appealing to the testimony of history. Can the Italian nature have degenerated, they ask? or are we only the victims of circumstances? They who observe fairly and philosophically the wonderful qualities of this people, discoverable as they are in the midst of their fallen condition, will scarcely be able to prevail upon themselves to

deny to the Italian the benefit of the most flattering of these alternatives.

Such are the people whom the stranger now finds at Venice; but, whatever melancholy signs of the fluctuations of prosperity he may discover amongst them, the scenery of the city—its external features, seem to have suffered nothing of change, and they certainly come nearer the grandeur of an Arabian tale than any thing I had fancied to be in actual existence. The square of Saint Mark; the mosque-like cathedral, covered with grotesque figures in prodigious mosaic work; its arches shining with gilding, and its whole exterior presenting a union of the fantastic with the grand,—oriental taste with western wealth and power; the opening on the water between the two Eastern Pillars—the spoils of the crusades, on one of which stands “the winged lion;”—the severe front of the Dogal palace, conveying a look of aristocratical authority, and bearing testimony by its architecture to the triumphs of the republic in the east; the quay of the Schiavi,—with its bridges, its prison, and the gaily coloured barks, from the islands and the Dalmatian coast, run up on its slope,—these present a picture, altogether more oriental than Italian, but of most captivating and surprising effect. Greeks, Turks, Armenians, mingle their costume with the white veils of the Venetian girls. The various wild states that border the eastern side of the Adriatic, send here their mariners and traders: merchants come here too from Syria and Egypt: they are all to be seen on the quay, and in the square of Saint Mark, some smoking, some drinking coffee, some bargaining—while in front stretches a magnificent sheet of smooth water, in the middle of which stands the island of the Giudecca,—confronting the eye of the spectator with the marble porticoes of Palladio! The square of Saint Mark, as a foreign traveller observes, is distinguished by a picturesque majesty of appearance, which probably cannot be equalled in the world. It is the place of rendezvous for the advocates, merchants, ambulatory comedians, musicians, improvisatori, and Aspasias. Eustace has done gross injustice to Venice: he could not feel its beauty and sublimity because neither

is *classical*,—for which reason he would probably have denied magnificence to Babylon of old;—but he applies the epithet “luminous” to the style of Palladio, and it is precisely the word to characterise it. There are three churches by this celebrated man on the small island just mentioned. Eustace seems to prefer of his buildings the San Georgio, in the island of that name; but I quite agree with Addison who was most struck by the Redemptore, in the Giudecca. Nothing can be more exquisite than its light elegance. This beautiful building was erected as a monument of the thankfulness of Venice for the cessation of a fierce pestilence; and the Doge and great officers of state used to go to it annually in procession, on the third Sunday of July. The French, with their natural barbarity, let out this church to an exhibitor of balloons, and intended to sell it for the purpose of being pulled down for its materials. The merchants of the city of Venice redeemed it from their hands, and they continue to pay a clergyman to officiate within its walls.

Saint Mark appears to me to be the greatest curiosity, and one of the most impressive objects in the class of edifices, that it is possible for a traveller to see. It is florid and grotesque without; gloomy and strange within. It is decorated with pillars brought over from Jerusalem and from Constantinople, the dissimilarity of which suggests them to be trophies, and makes them appeal more forcibly to the imagination. It is covered with representations in mosaic, one or two of them designs by Titian, but most of them in the style of the meagre artists of the low Greek empire, the subjects of which are all religious, though the manner of handling them is often offensive to decency. Our Saviour, in one, is represented suffering the operation of circumcision. This building stands a strange monument of the wild superstitions of the age when it was built, of the fierce heroism of that day, its barbarous taste, sublime fancy, and ambition of grandeur. It is a mass of consecrated robbery; a pile of plunder applied to the purposes of devotion. It represents the young and ardent republic, active and hardy to seize, eager to possess, yet too in-

experienced in art, and too occupied with arms, to create the decorations of a powerful and enterprising state. We see in it the first fruits of an avidity, which, though its effects were barbarous, manifestly pointed towards civilization. Here, too, is reflected the pride of these stern citizen rulers, whose feeling of power was strengthened and sharpened as an appetite in their breasts, by the contiguity of its possessors to the mass of the people. It is made up of the wrecks of the old eastern empire, ravished by the early valour of the west—of the results of taste in its dotage, of pedantry, profusion, vanity, and ignorance, succeeding learning, magnificence, and dignity,—and transported, on the final extinction of that ancient branch of power, to form the splendour of a new state. This Dogal church, the principal one of Venice, was first built in 828, for the purpose of receiving the remains of Saint Mark, brought over from Alexandria. The original edifice, however, was burnt, in consequence of a public insurrection, when the contiguous palace was set on fire by the people. This happened in the year 976. The pile we now see was commenced immediately after this accident, and finished about the year 1071. Dedicated to Saint Mark, the lion became his and the republic's representative, it is said, because of the lofty opening of that Saint's gospel,—where John the Baptist is heard crying, like a lion in the desert, "prepare ye the way of the Lord! make his paths straight!"—Above the gates of this cathedral, the horses of bronze still stand. They were too far off their native antiquity at Paris: here, at Venice, the state of things, and the cast of character, seem more in harmony with their history. It was too late a day when they were taken by Buonaparte, to give them a new place of settlement. They wanted the pillars from the temple of Jerusalem to support them from below; they stood but awkwardly on the ugly useless arch before the Thuilleries. It would have been a pity if they had remained degraded to be the spoils of a war chronicled in our daily and weekly newspapers, from

their rank as spoils of the crusades.—Whatever Napoleon may be to the tenth generation of our posterity, to us he is not so romantic as Godfrey or Tancred, nor so capable of interesting the imagination in his conquests.

The sea-birds may now be seen roosting on the fretwork of the Dogal palace, and on the heads of the old figures by which it is ornamented. Yet it still bears ample evidence of the severity of the republican government. Its dark passages to the prisons are still to be seen; also its close inner rooms for inquisitorial consultation; and the vaulted corridors leading to the recesses for secret examination. The spaces which the Lions of Accusation occupied are yet visible; and the orifices through which the charges dropped, have not been filled up. Seen by moon-light from the great square of Saint Mark, with the tower of the clock in front, and the two pillars brought from Constantinople a little below, it looks as if it would render up a line of doges, counsellors, and senators. Between these columns, just mentioned, close to the water's edge, the public executions took place. The Doge, on his election, landed here from the state procession on the water; but carefully avoided passing between the ominous elevations. Faliero, whose decapitation is recorded on a black tablet, which appears amongst the portraits of the chief magistrates of Venice, accidentally broke this rule: instead of going on one side, he went between the columns:—the circumstance was remarked at the time, but it was more remarked at his death.

The view of Venice from the Canale Giudecca is astonishingly fine: the grandest buildings are on each side,—the magnificent opening of the great canal is behind, and the convent of the Armenians, standing on its solitary sand bank, the Lido,* and the Adriatic are in front. A stranger ought to traverse the whole of this expanse of water, and stop his gondola in various spots to observe the city under different points of view. All its aspects are grand: you see the globular minaret turrets of Saint Mark; the Arabesque cornices, and

* Famous as the spot of Lord Byron's rides: it is a long strip of sand, forming the beach of the Adriatic, but separated from Venice by water.

short pillars of the Dogal palace; the "winged lion" on his column; the vast extent of the mass of houses and bridges; Italian and oriental architecture; masts and spires; the passing gondolas with their graceful rowers:—such are the particulars of the lively and striking picture here presented of Venice, once, like Tyre, the queen of the waves, and still "rising like water-columns from the sea!"

The bridge of the Rialto, thrown over the Great Canal, is still, and no doubt was formerly in a greater degree than now, "a place where merchants congregate." It is lined with the shops of those who work that beautiful fine gold chain, for the manufacture of which Venice is famous; and, at a little distance, is the ancient place of assemblage for the traders of this great commercial city. The latter spot is not now so employed; but, when it was, the Rialto, being in the immediate neighbourhood, must have been much frequented by merchants. Shakspeare has been accused of ignorance in his notice of the Rialto, but this is superficial criticism. His selection of the name is good evidence of his having had authority for his description of the place,—for no man was ever better acquainted with the current information of his time, or had a more happy memory and feeling directing him to the appropriate employment of his knowledge. The bridge of the Rialto is so connected with the pursuits and residence of the merchants of Venice, particularly in former times, that it is impossible to consider Shakspeare's notice of it as a mere blunder; there is no reasonable ground, then, for doubting that his allusion to it had been suggested to his fancy by the writings of Italians, or the accounts of travellers. The passage in the *Merchant of Venice* leads people in general to think of the Rialto as an Exchange, or spacious mart: they are disappointed when they find it a bridge;—but one of the most interesting results of travelling, in the estimation of those who ought to travel, is the new and unexpected way in which things, with which our imagination had been familiar, present themselves to actual observation; offering a very different appearance from what we had

anticipated, yet reconciling themselves perfectly to the facts on which our suppositions about them had been formed. One might moralize, or philosophize, on this circumstance—but it is scarcely worth while. The Rialto is the pride of the Venetians rather than the admiration of strangers. A Frenchman, indeed (so my servant informed me) never fails to express disappointment and contempt when he first sees it. It is not made of cast iron, like that of Austerlitz, at Paris;—nor is it flat for the convenience of carriages, like that of Jena. "What is there, then to admire about it?" It must be regarded in something of the spirit and character of a Venetian to be properly felt,—and this no Frenchman, and but few Englishmen, can do. In the first place it is the largest bridge of Venice, and this to a Venetian is all one with being the largest in the world. In the next place, it was a miracle of art at the time it was built, and since then the Venetians have been working no miracles to eclipse it,—but on the contrary have seen their achievements become less and less every day. The Rialto, then, is still their pride, because it was the pride of their proudest days. Thirdly: whatever the bridge itself may be—(and it is a piece of massy and picturesque architecture, in pure marble)—it opens on a view of magnificence which Venice may justly regard as peculiar to herself. Its single arch is sprung across the great canal, the banks of which may be described as one continued line of marble palaces! The material of the buildings here is noble; their proportions are noble; they bear witness to a noble and powerful state. Here we find external magnificence, not introduced occasionally, as an exertion, or as an extraordinary celebration of some rare and extraordinary occurrence; but constituting a natural and common element of the social condition. It belongs to the Venetians in the same way that steam-engines, hospitals, and a navy, belong to the English. It is not to be found in monuments of royal ostentation, as in France; but as the result of a diffused prosperity, a high-minded competition, and a wide and zealous ambition of greatness. It is the offspring of commercial wealth, united

with heroism, and a genuine love for the grand and beautiful. No sooner did the Venetians find themselves waxing powerful and opulent, than they exerted themselves to render their wooden piles the foundation of the most costly and splendid monuments of art and greatness. They raised, on the sandy marsh, mighty palaces, and temples, and trophies, that were to challenge the admiration of a long succession of ages, resisting the fluctuations to which the power that created them has been compelled to submit. This innate, spontaneous tendency to ornament and illustrate the aspect and history of the state, by calling in art and elegance to cope and keep pace with valour and policy, seems to have always belonged to the Venetians. Their sculpture, their painting, and their architecture, are to be seen running through all the periods of their republic—varying in manner and excellence, according to the lights of the time, but always denoting the same thirst for distinction in these things. Their spoils were chiefly of this nature; and, considering the structure of their government, which forbade any one man to constitute these national glories his own property, or to consign their fame to his family as an heritage, their emulation in this respect is to be taken as the sign of a proud, vigorous, and patriotic, public character. In these latter qualities it may be considered analogous to that of England,—both countries owing to the popular will and means, the public works which attest the national condition:—but England has shown no decided taste for the showy and poetical in form and appearance: her enthusiasm takes quite another turn. She was engendering the reformation, and her patriots were waging war against the theatre, when the Venetians were raising columns, and building palaces, and cultivating music. Her natural accomplishments have all reference either to practical fitness, or to moral propriety. The plastic arts convey their appeal to the imagination through the senses; but it is only passion or reflection that forcibly touches an English imagination.

Whatever superiority we may ascribe to the latter disposition, when compared with others, there can be

no doubt that it is imperfect in itself,—and that its union with more refined sensual perceptions, would add much even to its dignity. Nothing well can be more majestic than the Venetian school of art, or more intimately allied,—to all appearance, at least,—with a strong, energetic, magnanimous public character. It is serious, as well as voluptuous; intellectual in its cast of beauty; distinguished by calm force, and self-possession. Titian's painting may perhaps safely be considered a mirror in which Venetian character is reflected; and if so, nothing can be more imposing in its qualities. The expressions of his women breathe a grandeur and majesty of soul which would seem likely to awe and chill the softer passions, but which he has reconciled to the very intensity of voluptuous sensibility. They are the noble wives and mistresses of a glorious race of men; a spirit of superiority seems circulating in their veins as the essence of their life; fulness of mind is in their eyes, while enthusiasm and energy seem reposing in their breasts, in quiet consciousness of their own force, ready for the occasion, but not forcing or affecting display.—But a few scattered notices of the various places where fine pictures by the Venetian artists are to be seen, will afford me the most convenient means of introducing such remarks as I dare venture on this refined and difficult subject.

The old Venetian artists (previous to Titian) form a most interesting class to study. In the chapel of Milan, in the church of the Frari, there is a picture by Carpaccio which pleased me much. How well we may see that these early men were taking the right road. In their heads there are force and gravity of character; in their draperies, dignity, and simplicity. The forms are incorrect, poor and hard,—but drawn with intention and sincerity. There is nothing of the coxcomb, no affectation about them. Then their simple colours, reds, greens, and blues, clothe in an imaginative brightness their creation of persons and scenery. We seem to regard, in these pictures, a world fitted for a saintly romance. In the church of our lady of the nativity, (*Madonna del Orto*) there is an admirable example of this old striking style, in a

picture by Simon di Conneggiano. It has wild castles, and walls, and blue mountains, and rivers, and strange trees in the back ground, looking like an enchanted land: the outlines are all taken from the imagination, rather than from the daily earth. We fancy the world might have been so before the flood. The limbs of the figures are meagre, but strongly and truly handled; and an earnestness and solidity of sentiment give a character of dignity to the whole composition, in comparison with which, with deference to better judges, I would say the manner of Tintoretto appears to me to degenerate. Some of the earliest pictures of Titian are in this style; though bearing evidence of that more masterly hand and intellect, which were to give ease, elegance, and technical perfection to the practice of the art.

The two Palmas, also, rank amongst the early Venetian painters: the elder (*Palma vecchio*) is much the cleverest. The manner of the younger is thin, feeble, and false; that of his senior, steadfast, grave, and expressive. In the works of this last mentioned artist, as in those of the older, and much greater master, Giovanni Bellino, you see faces of a surprisingly elevated character, yet by no means in the style which is commonly known by the name of Italian. The grand historical air is not sought; nor excited expression; yet the heads are lofty and striking nevertheless, for in their lineaments we see evidence of a sublime capacity resting inactive, like a lion couched,—of great faculties in a latent state, ready to start into play on an animating call. The Venetian manner is a degree or two nearer common nature than the Roman: the habits of a republic seem to have helped to form their style of art,—while Raphael and Michael Angelo addressed themselves to popes and cardinals.

The children of Bellino are particularly beautiful. In the sacristy of the Redemptore, there is a small picture by this artist, in which there are two children and the virgin:—one of the two, a tiny angel, is singing from a music book, while the infant Christ, in the other corner, is attentively and seriously regarding his melodious companion. From the full, open, childish,

but beautiful mouth of the first, there pours a gush of sound, as if it was the vociferous call of a child, taking the turns and flows, and prolonged “linked sweetness” of celestial music. Bellino is fond of this expression: he often introduces chorister infants in his pictures. The look of the little Christ is the quintessence of what is pure, and engaging, and serious, in childish expression. In children who are well-treated, and placed in a tolerably protected situation of life, there may be observed a certain air of composure and confidence,—which we would call an air of authority in men,—originating in their ignorance of fear and suspicion, and their habit of finding their desires gratified without trouble to themselves. Their sense of assurance and undisturbed reliance, blends with the consciousness of weakness, the simplicity natural to their early age, and the imperfect expansion of their mental powers, and altogether there is thus produced a physiognomical expression of a most exquisite nature,—which constitutes at once the true and the poetical character of a child’s head, but which, though very commonly seen, it is most difficult to seize. Parmegiano, Correggio, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, gave much of the beauty of this expression, but without its depth, its gravity, its intensity. But the elder Venetian artists, and Titian, convey a fair idea of the sublimity of the original. I have seen no children, in any pictures, at all equal to theirs. The many groupings of infant angels, hanging in festoons from clouds, which we find in the church paintings of Venice, present an astonishing variety of this sort of head, retaining its essentials in each individual instance. But who shall paint this look up to the remembrance of it in the breasts of those who have been most interested to observe it! They who have closely and quietly watched the external indications of the development of an infant’s mind,—putting forth to day a tendril, to-morrow a bud, next day a flower,—spreading, like a woodbine, by clinging to that which it beautifies and enlivens,—they will not expect to see these indications done justice to on canvas. In a child’s face curiosity and love appear like cherubs ready to fly from his eyes: his mind

is ever active, and ever making new discoveries; ever rewarding its own activity, and ever seeking the assistance of others:—here then are all the qualities and circumstances necessary to constitute the very antipodes to misanthropy, and the only very agreeable view of human existence. To be melancholy when regarding a healthy and well-used child, one must think of him when he shall be a child no longer.

In the church of San Zaccaria there is what is called the *chef d'œuvre* of Bellino,—who was the master of Titian. It had been taken to Paris and is now restored to its place. While I was standing looking at this painting, Maria Louisa, late Empress of France, now Duchess of Parma, came in to see it. She had but two attendants with her; her chamberlain, a one-eyed, ugly Austrian officer, called Neipperg, and a female. She was dressed in a very plain black silk pelisse, with an equally simple bonnet over-shadowing her face. It was pale, reserved, and melancholy even to sorrow. Her look was that of one who has long practised self-restraint. She regarded the picture intently for some time.

The church of the Jesuits is of wonderful workmanship. The walls are all covered with mosaic work of verd-antique and marble of Carrara. The steps that lead to the great altar are in mosaic, which so well imitates a superb Turkey carpet, that the eye is actually deceived. The altar is supported by eight tortuous columns of verd-antique, and the tabernacle which contains the sacrament is of lapis lazuli. Here is the martyrdom of Saint Laurence, by Titian, which was also taken to Paris, and is now restored. In the sacristy there is a series of paintings by the younger Palma, representing the history of Helen, the mother of Constantine,—she who was praised in a tone of pious gallantry by Saint Jerome. The roof, by Tintoretto, is in the forcible manner of that artist. Here is the tomb of the Doge Cicogna, under whom the Rialto was built. It was commenced in 1587, and finished in 1591. “He died in the odour of holiness,” says a certain author, “for while he was present at the celebration of the mass in Candia, the host sprung from the hands of the

priest, and placed itself in those of Cicogna!”

The church of La Madona del Orto (already mentioned by me) contains the tomb of Tintoretto, which has no inscription; and there are two of his pictures over the great altar, which, with that of Paradise in the palace of the Doge, and the Slave released by a Miracle, which was at Paris, and is now in the school of the Fine Arts at Venice, are considered by the Venetians his finest works. The Crucifixion, so eloquently praised by Fuseli, is in the chapel of San Rocco. The two large pictures in this church are of the Day of Judgment, and the Adoration of the Golden Calf; there are also several others, smaller, behind the altar. The Idolatry of the Israelites is a noble painting. The figures in the air come like clouds moving in their own element. They seem as if they would pass like gusts of wind. Tintoretto's force appears to me to be chiefly that of movement:—it does not lie deeply in character and intellect, like that of Titian and some of his predecessors. His figures have little or nothing of that majestic weight, that impressive reality, that dignity of the soul, that rich exuberance of life, which we find in those of Titian. His colouring is impressive,—often producing a phantasmagoric effect: his compositions are striking and well-ordered. In one of the smaller pictures, behind the great altar, there is a power shown of the most poetical kind, and the expression is here all that can be wished. A prophet or patriarch is seated, with an open book on his knee, and looking up to heaven. His eye seems to have caught the objects of his faith: he sees what the crowd of men dare not imagine—what it would not be lawful or possible to utter. His characteristic look is severe: he appears to be one of those who lived upon the manna which fell from heaven in the morning, who drank of the water which gushed from the rock, and whose way was marked by a cloud and pillar of fire. His daily communications are with the God of the Hebrews, who is a jealous god, and whose chief minister broke the tables of his law, in a fury excited by the idolatry of his followers. A cross traverses this picture, and forms a

great beauty in the composition. As for the picture of the Day of Judgment, I cannot make any thing out in such a crowd of confused, distorted figures: Michael Angelo's in the Cappella Sistina, seemed to me very turbulent, and nothing more.

The Palace Grimani is well worth the particular notice of strangers. It contains some fine morsels of sculpture, particularly the statue of a Grecian orator, with his arm folded in his robe, from whom eloquence seems pouring, in a full but unruffled stream. There is no violent action in this speaker; no sign of professional oratory. It is not Demosthenes nor Æschines, but more probably Pericles—some ruler of the state,—personally concerned in public measures, conscious of his authority, yet amenable to popular opinion. A passage in Anarcharsis (Chap. 14.) represents Themistocles, Aristides, and Pericles standing almost immovable in the tribune, and, with their hands wrapped up in their cloaks, striking as much by the gravity of their mien as by the force of their eloquence. In the room No. 3, of this palace, there is an admirable roof by Giorgione, the subject of which is the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water. Looking at this, and at the several pictures of Titian in the different rooms;—at his Four Ages in another palace, the most truly and unpretendingly poetical of all the productions of the pencil I have ever seen—with the exception of Poussin's Sun Rise, which is in another of the Venetian Collections;—looking at his Mistress, and his many portraits, can we agree with those who would undervalue the Venetian school as unintellectual and unpoetical? The fact, as it appears to me, is, that this school demands, more than any other, powerful imagination, a quick sympathy with character, a deep feeling of passion in the breast of the spectator, to be rightly appreciated,—and for this reason it has been often misrepresented. It is said that the Venetian painters *do not tell a story*; and this is one reason why they are favourites with me. Painters generally, I think, succeed ill in telling a story: wherever they enter into competition with words they fail: but their noble art can convey to the mind and feeling much of which words can give no distinct or just

idea. Beauty of face and form; the silent dignity of physiognomical expression; the enchantments of scenery, and the various effects of colour, light, and shade,—these constitute the natural domain of the pencil; over these it has peculiar, and even almost exclusive power;—neither poetry nor prose can cope with it in conveying a clear, distinct, lively sense of these to the imagination. The German author of *Observations on the respective limits of Poetry and Painting*, lays it down—very justly as it seems to me—as a fundamental rule, subject to modifications, that *bodies*, and their visible properties, are the painter's business; *actions*, and their accompanying thoughts, the poet's. It is true, that, as actions have their visible indications, they may fairly, and do commonly, become the subject of painting; but in regarding the great specimens of the art throughout Italy, I must say that I have been more struck by that which is called *character* in such works, than by their examples of *expression* with reference to action,—or of a dramatic nature. The immortal artists have never seemed to me so far to surpass the bounds of common intellect and feeling, in the latter as in the former; nor have ever so succeeded to set my imagination wandering into a previously unknown world of beauty and sublimity. The *character* of a countenance reveals itself without words, in spite of words, and better than by words. The *expression* of the features is that which denotes the excited passion of the moment;—sentiments,—and, by means of these, events. Passions may be well displayed by the painter; but can always be better described by the poet: sentiments, and thoughts, can be but imperfectly given by the painter, and they form the glory of poetry. Michael Angelo, and Titian conveyed *character*; Raphael is called a dramatic painter,—but my remembrance of him delights to rest on his exquisite representation of *character*, glowing with all the brilliancy of love, and youth, and fond desire; melting, like the other ripe fruits of the south, with innate sweetness, and rich fragrance. The beauty of the heads of children, in which the great painters so excel, consists in this, that *character* only is

attempted in them—hence also the advantage possessed by this art in subjects of female beauty. I do not say that the painter cannot express sentiment and passion, I only say that the poet can express them better; can bring them home with more force by multiplying their associations; but *innate character* affords the means of triumph to the painter over the poet. In Poussin it is the general classical character that charms us—or, at least, that charms me. His famous death of Germanicus, now at Rome, I did not like. In his slaughter of the Innocents, however, there is wonderful and fearful *expression*.

What is meant, I would ask again, by *telling a story*—on which so much stress has been laid? They are to be pitied to whom no story is told by the view of cattle in a field; of the distant, blue, castle-crowned mountains; of a rustic boy piping by a river side; of an old tree, shading fallen columns, or an ancient tomb. To me, the story which these tell is more touching than that of the Grecian Daughter on canvas, or the Judgment of Solomon. In fact, there is always a story told to those who have philosophy enough to find it out; and they who have not, ought to be humble rather than critical. Look at the Mistress of Titian; look at one of his Venetian Noblemen; look at his portrait of the Doge Grimani in this very palace,—and then say if no story is told in his pictures! The story is of human nature, and earthly circumstance, conveyed in a grand type. The imagination takes its flight from a high stand in contemplating these works. Regarding the Doge, with his cap of office; his thin, sharp, authoritative, but not kingly face,—we see the story of the Venetian republic, better written than if it had been done by Voltaire, and infinitely more interesting than it appears in the series of *historical pictures*, as they are called, that represent the particular exploits of the state.—In the portraits we see the spirit which giveth life,—not the letter which killeth:—the spirit of an aristocratical republic; an active, vigilant, suspicious, but proud and fearless republic; where the chief ruled in the disposition of one who had himself been a citizen, and knew what citizens were; who was liable to have

his head stricken off by his nobles, and the bloody sword shown to the crowded people;—who drank out of the cup of power with a keen relish, because its contents were fresh and sparkling. Nothing in print could give one so just an idea of the republic, as I gain in these pictures, placed where they are. It is not Titian's fault if they convey no story: the herbage of the field suggests nothing, beyond the idea of a bellyful, to the sheep that crops it,—but to minds like those of Thomson, Burns, and Wordsworth its story is beautiful. The stars and planets

— nightly to the listening earth,
Proclaim the *story* of their birth;

and to finely tempered souls the

—meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
tears.

In the room, No. 5, of the Grimani palace, is a roof executed by Raphaël, and Giovanni da Udine, in concert. It is the sole work of Raphaël done for Venice, and he was brought here by a cardinal of the family to do it. There are many other fine pictures here: a Cupid, by Guido; the History of Psyche, by Salviati, the Florentine, who puts a wonderfully sweet character into many of his female heads, though his manner of painting is slight and scumbeling. Some small pictures on wood, by Andrea Schiavone, have great merit; they seem to unite the Flemish and Venetian styles. The artist painted them on morsels of packing cases, and received fourteen sols a day from his employer—that is to say, sevenpence! In the hall of the statues there is a caricature of Socrates, which is most curious, as a piece of history, if it be a genuine antique; also a Roman soldier, which struck me much; and a small naked female, in a reclining posture, evidently ancient, and highly curious, inasmuch as it is exactly such a figure as one of the favourite women of Rubens. This is a style which has not been commonly thought to belong to the ancients,—and an instance of it, like this, proves them to have been universal masters. Nothing can be conceived more unlike the statues in the Vatican than this figure: nor has it any resemblance to the manner of the Elgin marbles: it is fat and greasy,

almost to flabbiness,—but rich and voluptuous.

In the palace Pisani there is Paul Veronese's picture of the Family of Darius presented to Alexander.—There is little internal strength in this artist's characters; but there is much external grace. The Alexander of this painting is an elegant young Italian nobleman, who would never have done the mischief committed by the Alexander of Macedon. The artist's own portrait is introduced in a corner—looking elegance, fashion, and gallantry. He is fond of painting beautiful dogs, of the graceful kinds—such as greyhounds, spaniels, pointers,—and here is one, a chef d'œuvre. The costumes represent the Italian dress of his time,—and we see them here to as much advantage as in a ball-room. As the French have what they call *vers de société*, so the works of Paul Veronese seem to me *tableaux de société*, in the best meaning of such a phrase. There is more of fashion in them than of internal sentiment or deep feeling,—but there is a spirit of real gentility in them; they are not affected or fantastic in their airs and graces.

The school of San Rocco contains almost as splendid a proof of what the talents of one man can effect, as the Luxembourg lately did. The former is enriched with the paintings of Tintoretto, as the latter was with the works of Rubens. This hall, and the chapel attached to it, are splendid beyond description; the staircases and floors are of prodigious pieces of marble, and all that art can do to ornament the roofs and walls has been done. The collection of pictures is a wonderful one; and the effect, altogether, of decoration and architecture, stupendous. It must, indeed, be a country of art and magnificence where such a thing is to be seen! Over the altar in the chapel is the famous Crucifixion, by Tintoretto: his finest large picture, I suppose, beyond a doubt. The effect of the figures is that of shadows rather than men; but this does not take off either from the awfulness or vigour of the representation. The scene thus appears altogether supernatural and lowering; it is as if the graves had supplied the actors of so tremendous an outrage. The painting, on the roof, of San Rocco talking to

the Eternal, is one of the finest in Tintoretto's sweeping style. His manner, in many of the other pictures, appeared to me like that of Bassano. This building, with its contents, is altogether one of the most surprising to a stranger that Venice contains.

The palace Manfrini contains the pictures that gave me the most delight of any I saw at Venice. In the first room there is a Lady, by Giorgione, elegant, pearly, clear-blooded, and noble; a Madonna and child, by Bellino,—the child again singing, and most beautiful; the three Ages of Human Life, by Titian, in which the youth and maiden have looks that, once seen, settle for ever in the soul; three fine pictures by Julio Romano; a Lucretia, by Guido; a small Cartoon, by Raphaël, in which is a figure of Noah, that "ancient mariner," who is here represented so sublimely, that we think of him as Admiral of the Deluge! There is also a small, but indescribably delicious Madonna, (I believe,) by Corregio.—These are what struck me the most; but the palace is full of pictures.

Of the paintings in the Dogal palace I shall say but little: the rooms contain a great number of the works of the most eminent Venetian masters, but nothing like a regular account of the works of Fine Art in Venice is here attempted. In the Sala delle Quattro Porte, is the fine picture by Titian, representing Faith, and the thanksgiving of the Doge Grimani, which was taken to Paris, and has been returned. The Doge, before his election, had been calumniated and disgraced; but his innocence appearing, he was recalled with honour, and elevated to the dignity of Doge. He is on his knees in this picture, expressing his gratitude to heaven: nothing can be finer, or more elevated than his head; nothing more vulgar than the female figure of Faith. How inferior this to Titian's poetical portraits of women! In the mere ideal he is often as coarse, as in the representation of real nature he is refined. In the hall called the college, there is a fine picture, by Tintoretto, of the Doge Mocenigo returning thanks for the delivery of the city from a pestilence: it is a splendid performance, without

much meaning. There is also here a picture by Paul Veronese, in which two figures are very remarkable; a female with a cup, and a page holding up her drapery. In these, that elegance which is of fashion and manner may be compared with Titian's elegance of character. The arms of the lady are those of an exquisite fashionable beauty. The Saint Cecilia, here, is one of the most graceful of all Tintoretto's figures. The Rape of Europa put me in mind of Thomson's "veiled in a shower of shadowy roses"—it is so flowing and garlanded.

All these halls, though stripped of much of their original magnificence, are still splendid and imposing, to a degree that impresses the mind with awe and astonishment. It is their wealth in Fine Arts, however, that chiefly, if not altogether, constitutes their glory. This is imperishable, and in a great measure irremovable. Venice, more than any place I have seen, proves how necessary it is, in order that the fame of a great state may be lasting and complete, that the cultivation of Fine Art should enter amongst its public achievements, and influence the manners of its society. Literature, in its best examples, after a certain time, becomes, as it were, the world's property: the greatest writers are denationalized by the admiration they inspire; their country is every where, for they are every where felt, repeated, named, and honoured. But painting and sculpture remain more exclusively attached to the people amongst whom they have been executed. Further, it may be observed, that the effect of the works of art is much increased, by finding them in their natural places; by which I mean, not arranged as a formal exhibition, but in the situations for which they were originally demanded, and to which therefore they were adapted. At Paris, and even at Rome chiefly, it is in exhibition that the stranger sees the monuments of the finest tastes, and keenest intellects;—but Venice has the advantage over both these cities of presenting them to the eye of her visitor, as the natural products of her opulence, her zeal, and her ambition. She possesses few works but those that were executed within her own bosom; and

for these there appears to have been a regular and large demand, not as the result of a principle of encouragement, or under the dictates of individual taste,—but under the impulse of a glowing public spirit, which seems to have turned to painting as furnishing the most appropriate means for the illustration and conservation of public glory.—There is doubtless, however, a very great difference, between this natural zeal for the elegancies and refinements of art, characterizing an early period of the history of a particular state; mingling with its other youthful energies, and forming its social habits when patriotic feeling is fresh, and the national hopes in their hey-day;—there is a great difference between this disposition, and a slowly and laboriously acquired taste, real or affected, pampered, preached, and displayed, when public manners have subsided from their original vigour, when the public character is no longer strongly marked, and civilization has run as it were to seed.—The latter may be an additional symptom of decline, as the former is one of advancing and maturing glory. This possibility should be kept in view, lest we deceive ourselves by drawing fancied analogies, where there is in fact no real resemblance.

But it is time to conclude this notice of a city, captivating above most to a stranger, who brings an imagination filled with her name, and a sensibility of quick and true echo to the appeals of romantic history, poetical manners, picturesque situation, and splendid monuments of a prosperity now departed. This will easily be believed by the reader who has entered into the spirit of these observations. There is something, even in the sense of confinement which her singular position occasions, that adds to the interest of being her inhabitant. This circumstance seems to bring all her recollections closer about one: we feel to be on the circumscribed stage, where her renown played its glorious part. Our ideas have no room to dissipate; they are locked in by water on every side:—it is Venice, all Venice, and nothing but Venice. One of the most excursive and unrestrainable spirits of modern times has found enjoyment of an intense kind in this consciousness; has

made use of it to inflame the vivacity of his mental impulses, as the high mettle of a gallant steed is inflamed by exercise in a limited ring. Lord Byron's palace, on the grand canal, has not been one of the least interesting objects of regard in Venice during the last few years. Whether he be,

or be not, the "wandering outlaw of his own mind," he is lord over the minds of thousands, a pilgrim to many shrines of fame, a representative of his country's present ability to rival the past glory even of the lands which she most delighteth to honour.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. II.

RICHARD FAULDER OF ALLANBAY.

It's sweet to go with hound and hawk,
O'er moor and mountain roamin';
It's sweeter to walk on the Solway side,
With a fair maid at the gloamin';
But its sweeter to bound o'er the deep green sea,
When the flood is chafed and foamin';
For the seaboy has then the prayer of good men,
And the sighing of lovesome woman.
The wind is up, and the sail is spread,
And look at the foaming furrow,
Behind the bark as she shoots away,
As fleet as the outlaw's arrow;
And the tears drop fast from lovely eyes,
And hands are wrung in sorrow;—
But when we come back, there is shout and clap,
And mirth both night and morrow.

Old Ballad.

On a harvest afternoon, when the ripe grain, which clothed the western slope of the Cumberland hills, had partly submitted to the sickle, a party of reapers were seated on a small green knoll, enjoying the brief luxury of the dinner hour. The young men lay stretched on the grass; the maidens sat plaiting and arranging their locks into more graceful and seducing ringlets; while three hoary old men sat abreast and upright, looking on the Sea of Solway, which was spread out, with all its romantic variety of headland, and rock, and bay, below them. The mid-day sun had been unusually sultry, accompanied with hot and suffocating rushings of wind; and the appearance of a huge and dark cloud, which hung, like a canopy of smoke and flame over a burning city,—betokened, to an experienced swain, an approaching storm. One of the old reapers shook his head, and combing the remainder snow over his forehead with his fingers, said,—“Woes me! one token comes, and another token arises, of tempest and wrath on that darkening water. It

comes to my memory like a dream;—for I was but a boy then groping trouts in Ellenwater—that it was on such a day, some fifty years ago, that the Bonnie Babie Allan, of Saint Bees, was wrecked on that rock, o'er the top of which the tide is whirling and boiling,—and the father and three brethern of Richard Faulder were drowned. How can I forget such a sea!—It leaped on the shore, among these shells and pebbles, as high as the mast of a brig; and threw its foam as far as the corn ricks of Walter Selby's stackyard,—and that's a good half-mile.”

“Ise warrant,” interrupted a squat and demure old man, whose speech was a singular mixture of Cumbrian English and Border Scotch,—“Ise warrant, Willie, your memory will be rifer o' the loss of the lovely lass of Annanwater, who whome'l'd, keel upward, on the hip of the Mermaid rock, and spilt her rare wameful of rare brandy into the thankless Solway. Faith mickle good liquor has been thrown into that punch-bowl; but fiend a drop of grog was ever made out of such a thriftless bason.

It will aiblens be long afore such a gude-send comes to our coast again. There was Saunders Macmichael was drunk between yule and yule—for by ——

“Waes me, well may I remember that duleful day,” interrupted the third bandsman: “it cost me a fair son—my youngest, and my best—I had seven once—alas, what have I now—three were devoured by that false and unstable water—three perished by the sharp swords of those highland invaders, who slew so many of the gallant Dacres and Selbys at Clifton and Carlisle—but the Cumberland Ravens had their revenge!—I mind the head and lang yellow hair of him who slew my Forster Selby, hanging over the Scottish gate of Carlisle. Aye, I was avenged no doubt. But the son I have left, has disgraced, for ever, the pure blood of the Selbys, by wedding a border Gordon, with as mickle Gypsy blood in her veins as would make plebeians of all the Howards and the Percies. I would rather have stretched him in the church-ground of Allanbay, with the mark of a Hielandman’s brand on his brow, as was the lot of his brave brothers—or gathered his body from among these rocks, as I did those of my other children!—But oh, Sirs, when did man witness so fearful a coming-on as yon dark sky forebodes.”

While this conversation went on, the clouds had assembled on the summits of the Scottish and Cumbrian mountains, and a thick canopy of them, which hung over the Isle of Man, waxed more ominous and vast. A light, as of a fierce fire-burning, dropped frequent from its bosom,—throwing a sort of supernatural flame along the surface of the water,—and shewing distinctly the haven, and houses, and shipping, and haunted castle of the Isle. The old men sat silently gazing on the scene, while cloud succeeded cloud, till the whole congregating vapour, unable to sustain itself longer, stooped suddenly down from the opposing peaks of Criffel and Skiddaw, filling up the mighty space between the mountains, and approaching so close to the bosom of the ocean, as to leave room alone for the visible flight of the seamew and cormorant.

The water-fowl, starting from the

sea, flew landward in a flock, fanning the waves with their wings, and uttering that wild and piercing scream, which distinguishes them from all other fowls, when their haunts are disturbed. The clouds and darkness encreased, and the bird on the rock, the cattle in the fold, and the reapers in the field, all looked upward, and seaward, expecting the coming of the storm.

“Benjamin Forster,” said an old reaper to me, as I approached his side, and stood gazing on the sea—“I counsel thee youth to go home, and shelter these young hairs beneath thy mother’s roof. The mountains have covered their heads—and hearken, too,—that hollow moan running among the cliffs! There is a voice of mourning, my child, goes along the seacliffs of Solway before she swallows up the seafaring man. Seven times have I heard that warning voice in one season—and it cries, woe to the wives and the maids of Cumberland!”

On the summit of a knoll, which swelled gently from the margin of a small beck or rivulet, and which, was about a dozen yards apart from the main body of the reapers,—sate a young Cumbrian maiden, who seemed wholly intent on the arrangement of a profusion of nut-brown locks, which descended, in clustering masses, upon her back and shoulders. This wilderness of ringlets owed, apparently, as much of its curling elegance to nature as to art, and flowed down on all sides with a profusion rivalling the luxuriant tresses of the madonas of the Roman painters. Half in coquetry, and half in willingness to restrain her tresses under a small fillet of green silk, her fingers, long, round, and white, continued shedding and disposing of this beautiful fleece. At length, the locks were fastened under the fillet—a band denoting maidenhood—and her lily-looking hands, dropping across each other in repose from their toil, allowed the eye to admire a smooth and swan-white neck, which presented one of those natural and elegant sinuous lines, that sculptors desire so much to communicate to marble. Amid all this sweetness and simplicity, there appeared something of rustic archness and coquetry;—but it was a

kind of natural and born vanity, of which a little gives a grace and joyousness to beauty. Those pure creations of female simplicity, which shine in pastoral speculations, are unknown among the ruddy and buxom damsels of Cumberland. The maritime nymphs of Allanbay are not unconscious of their charms, or careless about their preservation; and to this sweet maiden, nature had given so much female tact, as enabled her to know, that a beautiful face, and large dark hazel eyes, have some influence among men.—When she had wreathed up her tresses to her own satisfaction, she began to cast around her such glances—suddenly shot and as suddenly withdrawn—as would have been dangerous, concentrated on one object, but which, divided with care, even to the fractional part of a glance, among several hinds, infused a sort of limited joy, without exciting hope. Indeed, this was the work of the maiden's eyes alone, for her heart was employed about its own peculiar care, and its concern was fixed on a distant and different object. She pulled from her bosom a silken case, curiously wrought with the needle: A youth sat on the figured prow of a bark, and beneath him a mermaid swam on the green silken sea, waving back her long tresses with one hand, and supplicating the young seaman with the other.—This singular production seemed the sanctuary of her triumphs over the hearts of men. She began to empty out its contents in her lap, and the jealousy of many a Cumbrian maiden, from Allanbay to Saint Bees'-head, would have been excited by learning whose loves these emblems represented. There were letters expressing the ardour of rustic affection—locks of hair, both black and brown, tied up in shreds of silk,—and keepsakes, from the magnitude of a simple brass pin, watered with gold, to a massy brooch of price and beauty. She arranged these primitive treasures, and seemed to ponder over the vicissitudes of her youthful affections. Her eyes, after lending a brief scrutiny to each keepsake and symbol, finally fixed their attention upon a brooch of pure gold: as she gazed on it, she gave a sigh, and looked seaward, with a glance which

showed that her eye was following in the train of her affections. The maiden's brow saddened at once, as she beheld the thick gathering of the clouds; and, depositing her treasure in her bosom, she continued to gaze on the darkening sea, with a look of increasing emotion.

The experienced mariners on the Scottish and Cumbrian coasts, appeared busy mooring, and double mooring their vessels. Some sought a securer haven, and those who allowed their barks to remain, prepared them, with all their skill, for the encounter of a storm, which no one reckoned distant. Something now appeared in the space between the sea and the cloud, and emerging more fully, and keeping the centre of the sea, it was soon known to be a heavily laden ship, apparently making for the haven of Allanbay. When the cry of "A ship! a ship!" arose among the reapers,—one of the old men, whose eyes were something faded, after gazing intently, said, with a tone of sympathy,—*"It is a ship indeed—and woes me, but the path it is in be perilous in a moment like this!"*

"She'll never pass the sunken rocks of Saint Bees'-head," said one old man: "nor weather the headland of Barnhourie, and the caverns of Colven," said another:—"And should she pass both," said a third, "the coming tempest, which now heaves up the sea within a cable's length of her stern, will devour her ere she finds shelter in kindly Allanbay!"

"Gude send," said he of the mixed brood of Cumberland and Caledonia,—*"since she maun be wrecked, that she spills nae her treasure on the thankless shores of Galloway! These northerns be a keen people, with a ready hand, and a clutch like steel: besides, she seems a Cumberland bark, and its meet that we have our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws."*

"Oh see, see!" said the old man, three of whose children had perished when the Bonie Babie Allan sank—*"see how the waves are beginning to be lifted up! Harken how deep calls to deep; and hear, and see, how the winds and the windows of heaven are loosened! Save thy servants—even those seafaring men—"*

should there be but one righteous person on board!"—And the old reaper rose, and stretched out his hands in supplication as he spoke.

The ship came boldly down the middle of the bay, the masts bending and quivering, and the small deck crowded with busy men, who looked wistfully to the coast of Cumberland.

"She is the Lady Johnstone of Annanwater," said one, "coming with wood from Norway."

"She is the Buxom Bess of Allanbay," said another, "laden with the best of West India rum."

"And I," said the third old man, "would have thought her the Mermaid of Richard Faulder—but," added he, in a lower tone, "the Mermaid has not been heard of, nor seen, for many months;—and the Faulders are a doomed race:—his bonny brig and he are in the bottom of the sea; and with them sleeps the pride of Cumberland, Frank Forster of Derwentwater."

The subject of their conversation approached within a couple of miles, turned her head for Allanbay, and, though the darkness almost covered her as a shroud, there seemed every chance that she would reach the port ere the tempest burst. But just as she turned for the Cumbrian shore, a rush of wind shot across the bay,

furrowing the sea as hollow as the deepest glen, and heaving it up mast-head high. The cloud too dropt down upon the surface of the sea, the winds, loosened at once, lifted the waves in multitudes against the cliffs; and the foam fell upon the reapers, like a shower of snow. The loud chafing of the waters on the rocks, prevented the peasants from hearing the cries of men whom they had given up to destruction. At length the wind, which came in whirlwind gusts, becoming silent for a little while, the voice of a person singing, was heard from the sea, far above the turbulence of the waves. Old William Selby uttered a shout, and said—

"That is the voice of Richard Faulder, if ever I heard it in the body. He is a fearful man, and never sings in the hour of gladness, but in the hour of danger—terror and death are beside him when he lifts his voice to sing. This is the third time I have listened to his melody--and many mothers will weep and maidens too, if his song have the same ending as of old."

The voice waxed bolder, and approached the shore; and, as nothing could be discerned, so thick was the darkness, the song was impressive, and even awful.

THE SONG OF RICHARD FAULDER.

It's merry, it's merry, among the moonlight,
When the pipe and the cittern are sounding—
To rein, like a war-steed, my shallop, and go
O'er the bright waters merrily bounding.
It's merry, it's merry, when fair Allanbay,
With it's bridal candles is glancing—
To spread the white sails of my vessel and go
Among the wild sea-waters dancing.

And it's blythesomer still, when the storm is come on,
And the Solway's wild waves are ascending
In huge and dark curls—and the shaven masts groan,
And the canvas to ribbons is rending :—
When the dark heaven stoops down unto the dark deep,
And the thunder speaks 'mid the commotion,
Awaken and see, ye who slumber and sleep,
The might of the Lord on the ocean !

This frail bark, so late growing green in the wood,
Where the roebuck is joyously ranging,—
Now doomed for to roam o'er the wild fishy flood,
When the wind to all quarters is changing—
Is as safe to thy feet as the proud palace floor,
And as firm as green Skiddaw below thee,—
For God has come down to the ocean's dread deeps,
His might and his mercy to show thee.

As the voice ceased, the ship appeared, through the cloud, approaching the coast in full swing; her sails rent, and the wave and foam flashing over her, mid-mast high. The maiden, who has already been introduced to the affection of the reader, gazed on the ship, and, half suppressing a shriek of joy, flew down to the shore, where the cliffs, sloping backwards from the sea, presented a ready landing place, when the waves were more tranquil than now. Her fellow-reapers came crowding to her side, and looked on the address and hardihood of the crew,—who, with great skill and success, navigated their little bark through, and among the sand-banks, and sunken rocks, which make the Solway so perilous and fatal to seamen. At last they obtained the shelter of a huge cliff, which, stretching like a promontory into the sea, broke the impetuosity of the waves, and afforded them hopes of communicating with their friends, who, with ropes and horses, were seen hastening to the shore.

But, although Richard Faulder, and his Mermaid, were now little more than a cable-length distant from the land, the peril of their situation seemed little lessened. The winds had greatly abated, but the sea, with that impulse communicated by the storm,—threw itself against the rocks, elevating its waters high over the summits of the highest cliffs, and leaping and foaming around the bark, with a force that made her reel and quiver, and threatened to stave her to pieces.—The old and skilful mariner himself, was observed, amid the confusion and danger, as collected and self-possessed as if he had been entering the bay in the tranquillity of a summer evening, with an hundred hands waving and welcoming his return. His spirit and deliberation seemed more or less communicated to his little crew; but chiefly to Frank Forster, who, in the ardent buoyancy of youth,—moved as he moved, thought as he thought, and acted from his looks alone, as if they had been both informed with one soul. In those times, the benevolence of individuals had not been turned to multiply the means of preserving seamen's lives; and the mariner, in the hour of peril, owed his life to chance—his

own endeavours—or the intrepid exertions of the humane peasantry. The extreme agitation of the sea rendered it difficult to moor or abandon the bark with safety; and several young men ventured fearlessly into the flood on horseback, but could not reach the rope which the crew threw out to form a communication with the land. Young Forster, whose eye seemed to have singled out some object of regard on shore, seized the rope; then leaping, with a plunge, into the sea, he made the waters flash!—Though for a moment he seemed swallowed up, he emerged from the billows like a waterfowl, and swam shoreward with unexpected agility and strength. The old mariner gazed after him with a look of deep concern,—but none seemed more alarmed, than the maiden with many keep-sakes. As he seized the rope, the lilly suddenly chaced the rose from her cheek, and uttering a loud scream, and crying out,—“*Oh help him, save him!*”—She flew down to the shore, and plunged into the water, holding out her arms, while the flood burst against her, breast high.

“God guide me, Maud Marchbank,” cried William Selby,—“ye’ll drown the poor lad out of pure love.—I think,” continued he, stepping back, and shaking the brine from his cloaths, “I am the mad person myself—a caress and a kiss from young Frank of Derwentwater is making her comfortable enough.—Alas, but youth be easily pleased—it is as the northern song says—

Contented wi’ little and cantie wi’ mair’;

but old age is a delightless time!”

To moor the bark was the labour of a few moments, and fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and sweet-hearts, welcomed the youths they had long reckoned among the dead, with affection and tears. All had some friendly hand and eye to welcome and rejoice in them, save the brave old mariner, Richard Faulder alone. To him no one spoke, on him no eye was turned; all seemed desirous of shunning communication with a man to whom common belief attributed endowments and powers, which came not as knowledge and might come to other men,—and whose wisdom was of that kind

against which the most prudent divines, and the most skilful legislators, directed the rebuke of church and law. I remember hearing my father say, that when Richard Faulder, who was equally skilful in horsemanship and navigation, offered to stand on his gray horse's bare back, and gallop down the street of Allanbay, he was prevented from betting against the accomplishment of this equestrian vaunt, by a wary Scotchman, who, in the brief manner of his country, said, "dinna wager, Thomas—God guide yere wits—that man's no cannie!"—At that time, though a stripling of seventeen, and possessed strongly with the belief of the mariner's singular powers, I could not avoid sympathizing with his fortune, and the forlorn look with which he stood on the deck, while his companions were welcomed and caressed on shore. Nothing, indeed, could equal the joy which fathers and mothers manifested towards their children,—but the affection and tenderness with which they were hailed by the bright eyes of the Cumbrian maidens.

"His name be praised," said one old man, to whose bosom a son had been unexpectedly delivered from the waves.

"And blessed be the hour ye were saved from the salt sea, and that fearful man,"—said a maiden, whose blushing cheek, and brightning eye, indicated more than common sympathy.

"And oh! Stephen Porter, my son," resumed the father, "never set foot on shipboard with that mariner more!"

In another groupe stood a young seaman with his sister's arms linked round his neck; receiving the blessings, and the admonitions, which female lips shower so vainly upon the sterner sex:—"This is the third time Giles, thou hast sailed with Richard Faulder; and every time my alarm and thy perils encrease.—

Many a fair face he has witnessed the fate of,—and many a fair ship has he survived the wreck of:—think of the sea, since think of it thou must—but never more think of it with such a companion."

In another groupe, a young woman stood gazing on a sailor's face, and, in her looks, fear and love held equal mastery. "Oh! William Rowanberry," said she, and her hand trembled with affection in his while she spoke,—“I would have held my heart widowed for one year and a day, in memory of thee—and though there be fair lads in Ullswater, and fairer still in Allanbay,—I'll no say they would have prevailed against my regard for thee before the summer.—But I warn thee,” and she whispered, waving her hand seaward, to give importance to her words,—“never be found on the great deep with that man with thee again!”—

Meanwhile, the subject of this singular conversation kept pacing from stem to stern of the Mermaid—gazing, now and then, wistfully shoreward—though he saw not a soul with whom he might share his affections. His gray hair, and his melancholy look, won their way to my youthful regard, while his hale and stalwart frame could not fail of making an impression on one not wholly insensible to the merits of the exterior person. A powerful mind in poetical justice, should have a noble place of abode. I detached myself a little from the mass of people that filled the shore, and seeming to busy myself with some drift wood, which the storm had brought to the hollow of a small rock, I had an opportunity of hearing the old mariner chaunt, as he paced to and fro, the fragment of an old maritime ballad—part of which is still current among the seamen of Solway, along with many other singular rhymes full of marine superstition and adventure.

SIR RICHARD'S VOYAGE.

Sir Richard shot swift from the shore, and sailed

Till he reached Barnhourie's steep,

And a voice came to him from the green land,

And one from the barren deep:

The green sea shuddered, and he did shake,

For the words were those which no mortals make

Away he sailed—and the lightning came,
 And streamed from the top of his mast;
 Away he sailed, and the thunder came,
 And spoke from the depth of the blast:—
 “O God!” he said,—and his tresses so hoar,
 Shone bright i’ the flame, as he shot from the shore.

Away he sailed—and the green isles smiled,
 And the sea-birds sang around:
 He sought to land—and down sank the shores,
 With a loud and a murmuring sound—
 And where the green wood and the sweet sod should be,
 There tumbled a wild and a shoreless sea.

Away he sailed—and the moon looked out,
 With one large star by her side—
 Down shot the star, and upsprang the sea-fowl,
 With a shriek—and roared the tide!
 The bark with a leap, seemed the stars to sweep,
 And then to dive in the hollowest deep.

Criffel’s green mountain towered on his right—
 Upon his left, Saint Bees—
 Behind—Caerlaverock’s charmed ground—
 Before,—the wild wide seas:—
 And there a witch-fire, broad and bright,
 Shed far a wild unworldly light!—

A ladye sat high on Saint Bees’s head,
 With her pale cheek on her hand,
 She gazed forth on the troubled sea,
 And on the troubled land:
 She lifted her hands to heaven—her eyes
 Rained down bright tears—still the shallop flies.

The shallop shoulders the surge and flies,—
 But at that ladye’s prayer,
 The charmed wind fell mute nor stirred
 The rings of her golden hair:—
 And over the sea there passed a breath
 From heaven—the sea lay mute as death.

And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,
 No breathing wind is near:
 And the shallop sunders the gentle flood,
 And the flood lies still with fear—
 And the ocean, the earth, and the heaven smile sweet—
 As Sir Richard kneels low at that ladye’s feet!

While the old mariner chaunted this maritime rhyme, he looked upon me from time to time,—and, perhaps, felt pleased in exciting the interest of a youthful mind, and obtaining a regard which had been but sparingly bestowed in his native land. He loosed a little skiff, and stepping into it, pushed through the surge to the place where I stood, and was in a moment beside me. I could not help gazing, with an eye reflecting wonder and respect, on a face—bold, mournful, and martial, as his was,—which had braved so long “the battle and the breeze.” He threw

across my shoulders a mantle of leopard skin,—and said, as he walked towards his little cottage on the rock,—“Youth, I promised that mantle to the first one who welcomed me from a voyage of great peril:—take it, and be happier than the giver,—and glad am I to be welcomed by the son of my old Captain—Randal Forster.”

Such were the impressive circumstances under which I became acquainted with Richard Faulder of Allanbay. Now lend an attentive ear to his romantic adventures.

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

ON RIDING ON HORSE-BACK.

But chiefly skill to ride seems a science
 Proper to gentle blood. *Spenser.*

No. I.

A BEAUTIFUL horse should be placed next to a beautiful woman in the scale of sentient beings. Man comes after:—at least, *single* man.—When joined in wedlock, he becomes part and parcel of his wife; and then, —if he is entitled to rank as an individual at all—it is next to her.—As a horse is the next best animal to a woman, so being on horse-back is the next best state to being in love. I make this distinction, because I hold the two states to be incompatible with each other—each, for the time being, necessarily displacing its rival. To be in love, and to be on horse-back, at one and the same time, is no more practicable than to be in two gardens, or enjoy two delicious flavours, or listen to two divine airs, or luxuriate in the sun-shine and the moon-light, or be a distinguished writer in Baldwin's and Blackwood's, at one and the same time.—Let it not be supposed, however, that I would impugn or detract from the merit of either of these states, by insinuating that their incompatibility has regard to any thing but *time*. So far from it, I hold that the man, or woman, who is fond of being on horse-back, will necessarily be fond of being in love: but the spirits—or whatever they may be—which rule these two “blest conditions,” willingly divide the empire of the breast in which they exist—each holding undivided sway by turns: and they are better entitled to “divide the crown” than Timotheus and St. Cecilia were,—for each, respectively, possesses the powers which were shared between those of old:—each can “raise a mortal to the skies;” and each can, in more senses than one, “bring an angel down.”

Before we go further together, I fairly warn the reader, that I shall write these articles as I practise the subject of them—that is, pretty much at random.—It will probably be a kind of *Steeple-chase*: so that if he is

not prepared to follow me over, and perhaps occasionally *into*, a few hedges and ditches, we had better part here.

He will also observe, that I have chosen to drop the periodical *we*.—There were obvious reasons for this. In the first place, when I'm on horse-back I actually *feel* as good as any two; and there is no occasion to “*assume* a virtue” when one has it. In the next place the *we* would have perpetually suggested a very awkward *association* connected with my subject:—viz. that of two persons on one steed: a kind of arrangement not affording “entertainment for either man or horse.” But the most important reason for this most important choice, was to be found in the fact, that the true and peculiar pleasure to be derived from Riding on horse-back is only capable of being enjoyed *alone*. It is true, that an afternoon's ride with a friend is very pleasant;—and there is not a more inspiring and picturesque group to be seen in animated nature than a graceful and well-dressed woman, riding between two cavalier-looking men. But it must not be concealed, that the delights *peculiar* to riding are not to be enjoyed in company. Like those derivable from Poetry, or the high mathematics, they demand the whole undivided man! They are even jealous of suffering the external objects of nature to share his thoughts with them. To saunter among green lanes on a fine sunshiny evening is soothing—to dash through the mud, along a well-frequented turnpike road, in a pelting shower, is animating—to make one's way through the intricacies of Hyde-Park on a full Sunday is no doubt very “pretty picking;” and to canter along between the railing and the carriages,—conscious of being the (apparently) unconscious object on which bright eyes are gazing, is certainly far from being without its merits.—But these are, after

all, merely the Prose Essays of Horsemanship. The *Poetry* of it is only to be enjoyed in galloping along, alone, without end, object, or aim, over Salisbury-Plain, or the Downs at Brighton.—I speak now with reference to us Europeans. To enjoy this poetry in its highest, and what must for ever remain to us its *ideal* state, is probably given to the wild Arab alone, when he is flying, without saddle or bridle, across his native Desert.—I think Lord Byron somewhere mentions having met with an Arab, who described this kind of feeling to him.

By the bye,—and the reader may probably consider this as one of the *high-leaps* at which I hinted in the beginning,—perhaps the most satisfactory reason that can be given, why Lord Byron is the first of our English poets, may be found in the fact of his lordship being, like Major Sturgeon, “the only one in the corps who can ride.”—If Mr. Wordsworth’s Excursion had been performed on horseback, as Mazeppa’s was, he would have got over the same space in half the time; which is all that is wanting to make that work one of the noblest productions of the English Muse. In fact, what is all poetry but “Prose on horseback!”

But my subject—(as my favourite mare sometimes does—and I like her the better for it,)—is running away with me.—As I intend to favour the reader with an interminable series of these articles, I had, perhaps, better at once follow the Giant Molino’s advice—*Il faut commencer au commencement*. To go back, then, to the first year of my life—(for I date my life from the time when I began to ride, and am, therefore, at this present writing, about fifteen years of age)—I shall never forget the feelings of triumphant delight which unexpectedly came over me, when, after I had had a few lessons, I found that I could put my hand into my pocket, and take out my handkerchief, without stopping my horse—which I had several times before attempted unsuccessfully!

There is another event—not quite so pleasant, but not to be passed over, because associated with this delightful period. I was one day bending my body too forward, and

the horse—as in duty bound—threw up his head in my face, and nearly dashed all my front teeth out. My riding-master—(It seems a thing of yesterday!)—instead of commiserating me—pitiable object as I was—with the blood streaming through the fingers that I had clapt up to my mouth to keep my teeth in!—quietly observed, as he turned away to another scholar,—“that’s just as it should be, Sir!—your head had ‘no business there!’”—I have held it up ever since.

One more anecdote connected with this period, and then I’ll “be a man, and put away childish things.” The first time I ever rode out by myself was upon a cunning old mare, nearly double my own age, which had been lent me by a friend. She knew whom she had to deal with, and took her measures accordingly. I had ridden her several times before; but never alone. A superabundant gaiety of temperament was her foible; but that evening she chose to be particularly sedate; and this—together with the exultation arising from having been considered worthy to be trusted alone—had raised my spirits and my confidence to an unusual height; and I generously determined, that the cause of all my delights should, at least, partake them with me.—So I stopped in a green lane, and stood by her side while she cropped the short sweet grass that grew at our feet.—Little did I think, as she stood quietly munching, and at intervals looking about her, what wicked thoughts were working in her head.—I kept hold of the bridle for the first minute, and then dropped it on her neck—still standing by her side. At length, betrayed by her cunning and my own confidence, I sauntered to a few yards distance, still keeping a wary eye upon her, though pretending, both to her and to myself, that I was quite careless and secure about her. The old jade—(I’m seldom tempted to call names—but I really think that such conduct deserves the utmost degree of reprobation—and moreover I’m satisfied that a *young* mare would have scorned to take such a mean advantage—to say nothing of the ingratitude!)—the old jade watched her opportunity, and all of a sudden,—with an insolent toss of her head,

a lofty kick of defiance, and a kind of half sneigh, which had all the sound and expression of a contemptuous laugh,—she leaped over the low fence which separated the lane from the adjoining fields, and was gone in a moment!

For a minute or two I stood like one entranced; but when I recovered, the consternation that seized upon me as I saw her cantering away across the meadows, and the blank despair that came over me when she *disappeared*, are not to be described. My heart sinks within me even now, by the mere force of memory and imagination.—It was nothing less than tragic.

No circumstance of my life, either before or since, ever impressed itself upon my mind so vividly as this did—and yet my life has been since then “a strange eventful history.”—It is fifteen years ago; and yet I could at this moment go to the place, and fix my foot upon the very spot where she started from. I can see her now, in the very position in which she stood the moment before.—The sequel of the story is not worth relating. She was brought to me, safe and sound, about an hour after, by some countrymen who had caught her. I was too delighted to ask how or where, but mounted and rode home,—I verily believe without saying a cross word to her on the subject.—May I not claim a little credit for this placability of disposition?—for where is he, or even *she*, who would have done the like?—But the culprit *looked* repentant; and that was enough for me.—Pardon these egotisms, gentle reader!—or rather rider—or rather both, (for I take it for granted that you *are* both, or you would not have accompanied me thus far)—but when a man is talking about his boyhood—that part of his boyhood, too, which was spent on horse-back—what can be expected of him but egotism?

To take another wide leap, from the beginning of life to the end,—Montaigne somewhere says, that he should like to die on horse-back much better than in bed. For once I am reluctantly compelled to differ from

this most delightful of all talkers, living or dead—not excepting Mr. Coleridge, who is at present *both*.—But Montaigne was a Frenchman, and consequently had no notion of what we call *comfort*. To *live* on horse-back, supposing it were practicable, would probably at once disprove the favourite axiom of all pedestrian sages from the beginning of the world up to the present day—that perfect happiness was not made for human beings. But even if it *were* practicable to live on horse-back, it would, perhaps, be wise to make a provision against dying there. To die in a hard gallop, or a swinging trot, precludes all idea of comfort, or even respectability. If, indeed, we could ride out of one world into the other, it would be different: but this does not seem feasible. And yet they say, that if you “put a beggar on horse-back he’ll ride to the devil.”

This proverb, though it probably somewhat exaggerates the fact, is highly characteristic of the state of feeling induced by riding. Think, too, of “*riding to the devil!*”—How much more satisfactory, and at the same time how much more safe, than going thither in Charon’s steam-boat, lighted with sulphurated hydrogen gas!

There is another opinion of Montaigne’s respecting riding, with which I most unequivocally agree, viz. that those reflections are always the best which we make while on horse-back. In furtherance of this view—I have been thinking, whether it would not be possible to invent a pen that should write—as Packwood’s razors will shave—on horse-back at full speed. If this were but practicable, oh what a set of Articles should these not be! It should go hard but I would “Witch the world with noble horsemanship!” And they should all appear in *THE LONDON MAGAZINE*, if it were only because the Editor of that Work is fond of riding.—“He too, is an Equestrian.”* Indeed, one might swear he knows how to ride, by his style of writing. At least when he is writing *con amore*. Then, he goes as a horse does on turf—making every step *tell*, and leave its mark, as he bounds

* I, too, was an Arcadian.—Greek Epitaph.

gracefully and vigorously along ; and even scattering the dirt handsomely. —On the other hand, when he happens to be writing *not con amore*, I must confess that his prose is apt to get up “on horse-back,” and leave *him* behind.

As I foresee that, in the said gentleman’s Editorial discretion, he is very likely to strike out the foregoing passage ; and as I should not like to see this Article in any respect “curtailed of its fair proportions ;” I fairly warn him, that if he does strike it out, I shall consider that his fastidiousness arises more from the truth of the last sentence than from what he will be pleased to call the compliment of that which precedes it : for he would be more loath than any man I know to be thought capable of writing “prose on horse-back” unintentionally.

If I now abruptly terminate this first paper, it is not because either I or my steed—that is to say, my Article—require to take breath ; but I think it likely that the readers of this hitherto Pedestrian Magazine, not having been accustomed to be carried along in a canter, may desire a relief of this kind.

Neither do I think it needful to apologize for the excursive nature of the path—or rather, the no-path—which I have taken, or may take hereafter. I fairly warned the reader in the beginning what he had to expect. An *iron-rail-way* may have its advantages ; but it is not exactly the place one would chuse for an afternoon’s ride. It is a contrivance well calculated for the removal of heavy weights by the application of an inferior force ; but it is too hard, level, and uniform to suit the disposition of a steed or rider of any taste and spirit. In a road of this kind an old broken-down hack may do the work of half a dozen young vigorous horses on a common-road. But then, what is the

work when it is done, but the removal of so much stones and rubbish?—Shall I confess that I have often participated in the wicked satisfaction of a set of mischief-loving young urchins, whom I have seen clap a pebble in the wheel track of a road of this kind, and then get behind the hedge and watch the coming of the next cargo? At length it approaches, in a dozen little machines drawn by one great horse, and looking like the whole waggon-train of Lilliput, hooked together, and drawn along by Gulliver.—Mean while the giggles from behind the hedge are beginning to be audible. At last, the first waggon arrives at the fatal spot—bump goes the wheel over the ledge which kept it in its track—the whole procession stops—peals of unrepressed laughter burst from the concealed group—and the lumbering waggoner growls out his indignation, without being within reach of the cause of it.

—Stay, I’ll preach to thee!—*Shakspeare*.

Thus are the schemes of science, the labours of industry, and the powers of brute strength, frustrated and brought to naught, by one little pebble, placed by the hand of one little boy!—and thus does the same event furnish at once reflection for the sage, amusement for the idler, and laughter for the child!!

I recommend the above profound reflection as an admirable text for the first IRON-RAIL-WAY WRITER, who may happen to be at leisure to take it in hand. And I strongly recommend the worthy proprietors of this Magazine to purchase the fruit of the said text, (even though it should cost them twenty guineas a sheet)—and send it as a present to any rival work against which they may have a particular spite—if such there be.

In the meantime, I bid the reader farewell till we meet again.

MAZEPPA.

THE SHIRT OF THE HAPPY MAN

(Suggested by a Novella of Casti.)

AN Eastern Prince, like Princes of the West,
 Was once by the Blue-devils sore opprest ;
 At first was merely *meagrimish* and odd,
 Abused his slaves, and tweaked the Eunuchs' noses,
 Upon the toes of his Sultanas trod,
 To kill *ennui*, which worst of mortal foes is ;
 But growing daily worse, with symptoms sinister,
 His Grand Viziér—in English, his Prime Minister—
 Convened the Magi,—charg'd them to consult
 What measures best might suit the sad occasion,
 And on each absentee he fix'd a mulct—
 (Your only plan to guard against evasion.)
 Behold them met, in order for debate :
 Grave was the question—how to save the state ?
 And much the Seers consulted with each other,
 Warm the contention 'twixt each learned brother,
 In speeches *long*, at least, if not *profound*—
 No wonder, then, they talked themselves aground !
 With much of loyalty and eloquence,
 Nothing was wanting but a little sense.
 This to supply they MIRTHVUN called,—rever'd
 By some for wisdom, and by all for beard ;
 Wisdom may be acquired,—*whiskers* are given,
 A special token of the grace of heaven !
 By wigs the Eastern people set no store,
 But venerate the beard that reaches to the floor !

Proud of the bushy honours of his face
 The solemn MIRTHVUN rose up in his place—
 ('Twas on the treasury-bench) a look of age,
 And courtesy, spoke the experienced sage :
 He glanced around him, with a candid air,
 Tow'rd's right and left,—uncover'd to the chair ;
 Gave a slight hem, and then said he, " My friends
 Your reasoning's good, but it to nothing tends ;
 Your arguments are brilliantly obscure,
 They point out every thing—except the cure !—
 The cure, alas, of one to all so dear."—
 He paus'd, while rose a deaf'ning cry of "*Hear!*"
 Wiping his eyes, he next, with faltering voice,
 Proceeded to propose to them a choice
 Amongst the remedies which the stars disclose
 To the astrologer, who their language knows :
 " They silent speak," said he, " yet speak with force
 Unto the sage's eye, who marks their course,
 And bares his head unto the dews of night,
 Watching, for weal or woe, their mystic light.
 To me,—unworthy me,—they have reveal'd
 Much that from you, my betters, is conceal'd :
 This I declare in all humility,
 Impell'd thereto solely by loyalty ;
 And now I have the honour to suggest
 Th' expedient star-hinted as the best :
 Some difficulty, true, attends the plan,
 But zeal, like yours and mine, will never mind it,—
 The shirt of one who is a happy man,—
 'Tis this we want—pray who knows where to find it ? "

Loud was the cheering when he clos'd his speech,
 But none the *where*, the important *where* could teach :
 " A happy man ! " said one—" 'tis settled soon—
 Seek out some mortal in his honey-moon ! "
 At this loud laughing, mixed with cries of " *Order !* "
 Made the assembly on a riot border—
 (Unlike our honourables, who keep before 'em
 " The grace, the manner, and the staid decorum. ")

A wary member, bearing aspect meek,
 Hinted that MIRTHVUN was the man to seek
 The monarch's cure : " the stars, in time of need,
 To what they indicate can surely lead. "
 Cheers rose again, and " MIRTHVUN ! " was the cry,
 But this much honour'd person now look'd shy :
 He own'd the honour—but he knew not why
 He, of all men—danger he'd scorn to mention—
 A minister got up and mov'd a pension :
 The patriot disclaim'd—the House insisted—
 The vote was pass'd, and could not be resisted.
 Th' elected bow'd—profess'd himself unfit
 But hop'd by zeal t'atone for lack of wit.

Possess'd of magic ring, which age and youth
 Could work upon, and force to speak the truth,
 MIRTHVUN set out : he journey'd long and far,
 But seem'd deserted by each friendly star ;
 He visited cits, rustics, cots, and palaces,
 Had expectations rais'd, and found them fallacies ;
 Heard thousands boast of being truly blest,
 Who, ring-touch'd, straight ejaculated " *peste !* "
 (This was in Asia ;—but more secure hope
 Could he have cherish'd in our favour'd Europe ?)
 The Courtiers thought him lost, and had their jokes
 On people much more wise than other folks,
 Who with a planet held a *tête-à-tête*,
 And read the Zodiac like the Gazette :
 The King had been unhappily advised,
 MIRTHVUN's long beard was by the pop'lace priz'd—
 But this was rather ground for shrewd suspicion,
 Than cause to trust him with the King's commission :
 Some even hinted that all was not right—
 MIRTHVUN appear'd—they hail'd him with delight !
 They ne'er had doubted that he would revert
 Triumphant, in possession of the Shirt,
 Which these Court-scholars term'd a *rara avis*,
 " A phenix which by fate ordained to save is ! "
 They added there had been afloat some rumours,
 Offspring of jealousies and grumbling humours :
 Rumours that MIRTHVUN in his task had fail'd,
 Which they, in grief of heart, had much bewail'd
 For their friend's sake,—knowing the Lord's Anointed
 Would crush him in his wrath if disappointed.

The sage declar'd that he had found a wight,
 After much toil, who, in the ring's despatch,
 Profess'd himself contented with his lot—
 But added that the Shirt he had not got.
 " Not got the Shirt !—by Heavens 'tis barefaced treason ! "
 " Pause ere ye judge,—and ponder well the reason :
 To cure his Majesty I have a plan
 My loyal Lords," exclaim'd the smiling MIRTHVUN :
 " It hath been taught me by THE HAPPY MAN—
 But for his shirt—by Alla ! *he's not worth one.* "

TABLE-TALK:

No. VI.

ON THE LOOK OF A GENTLEMAN.

*The nobleman-look? Yes, I know what you mean very well: that look which a nobleman should have, rather than what they have generally now. The Duke of Buckingham (Sheffield *) was a genteel man, and had a great deal the look you speak of. Wycherley was a very genteel man, and had the nobleman-look as much as the Duke of Buckingham.—Pope.*

“He instanced it too in Lord Peterborough, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Hinchinbroke, the Duke of Bolton, and two or three more.”

Spence's Anecdotes of Pope.

I HAVE chosen the above motto to a very delicate subject, which in prudence I might let alone. I, however, like the title; and will try, at least, to make a sketch of it.

What it is that constitutes the look of a gentleman is more easily felt than described. We all know it when we see it, but do not know how to account for it, or to explain in what it consists. *Causa latet, res ipsa notissima.* Ease, grace, dignity, have been given as the exponents and expressive symbols of this look: but I would rather say, that an habitual self-possession determines the appearance of a gentleman. He should have the complete command, not only over his countenance, but over his limbs and motions. In other words, he should discover in his air and manner a voluntary power over his whole body, which, with every inflection of it, should be under the controul of his will. It must be evident that he looks and does as he likes, without any restraint, confusion, or awkwardness. He is, in fact, master of his person, as the professor of any art or science is of a particular instrument; he directs it to what use he pleases and intends. Wherever this power and facility appear, we recognise the look and deportment of the gentleman,—that is, of a person who, by his habits and situation in life, and in his ordinary intercourse with society, has had little else to do than to study those movements, and that carriage of the body, which were accompanied with most satisfaction to himself, and were calculated to excite the approbation of the beholder.

Ease, it might be observed, is not enough; dignity is too much. There must be a certain *retenu*, a conscious decorum, added to the first,—and a certain “familiarity of regard, quenching the austere countenance of controul,” in the other, to answer to our conception of this character. Perhaps, propriety is as near a word as any to denote the manners of the gentleman: elegance is necessary to the fine gentleman; dignity is proper to noblemen; and majesty to kings!

Wherever this constant and decent subjection of the body to the mind is visible in the customary actions of walking, sitting, riding, standing, speaking, &c. we draw the same conclusion as to the person,—whatever may be the impediments or unavoidable defects in the machine of which he has the management. A man may have a mean or disagreeable exterior, may halt in his gait, or have lost the use of half his limbs; and yet he may show this habitual attention to what is graceful and becoming in the use he makes of all the power he has left,—in the “nice conduct” of the most unpromising and impracticable figure. A hump-backed or deformed man does not necessarily look like a clown or a mechanic: on the contrary, from his care in the adjustment of his appearance, and his desire to remedy his defects, he, for the most part, acquires something of the look of a gentleman. The common nickname of *My Lord*, applied to such persons, has allusion to this—to their studied deportment, and tacit resistance to vulgar prejudice. Lord Ogleby, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, is

* Quere, Villiers, because in another place it is said, that “when the latter entered the presence-chamber, he attracted all eyes by the handsomeness of his person, and the gracefulness of his demeanour.”

as crazy a piece of elegance and refinement, even after he is "wound up for the day," as can well be imagined: yet, in the hands of a genuine actor, his tottering step, his twitches of the gout, his unsuccessful attempts at youth and gaiety, take nothing from the nobleman. He has the ideal model in his mind, resents his deviations from it with proper horror, recovers himself from any ungraceful action as soon as possible; does all he can with his limited means, and fails in his just pretensions, not from inadvertence, but necessity. Sir Joseph Banks, who was almost bent double, retained to the last the look of a privy-counsellor. There was all the firmness and dignity that could be given by the sense of his own importance to so distorted and disabled a trunk. Sir Charles B-nb-ry, as he saunters down St. James's-street, with a large slouched hat, a lack-lustre eye, and aquiline nose, an old shabby drab-coloured coat, buttoned across his breast without a cape,—with old top-boots, and his hands in his waist-coat or breeches pockets, as if he was strolling along his own garden-walks, or over the turf at Newmarket, after having made his bets secure,—presents nothing very dazzling, or graceful, or dignified to the imagination; though you can tell infallibly at the first glance, or even a bow-shot off, that he is a gentleman of the first water (the same that sixty years ago married the beautiful Lady Sarah L-nn-x, with whom the king was in love). What is the clue to this mystery? It is evident that his person costs him no more trouble than an old glove. His limbs are, as it were, left to take care of themselves: they move of their own accord: he does not strut or stand on tip-toe to show

———— how tall

His person is above them all; ———

but he seems to find his own level, and, wherever he is, to slide into his place naturally: he is equally at home among lords or gamblers: nothing can discompose his fixed serenity of look and purpose: there is no mark of superciliousness about him, nor does it appear as if any thing could meet his eye to startle or throw him off his guard: he neither avoids nor courts notice; but the *archaism* of his

dress may be understood to denote a lingering partiality for the costume of the last age, and something like a prescriptive contempt for the finery of this. The old one-eyed Duke of Queensbury is another example that I might quote: as he sat in his bow-window in Piccadilly, erect and emaciated, he seemed like a nobleman framed and glazed, or a well-dressed mummy of the court of George II!

We have few of these precious specimens of the gentleman or nobleman-look now remaining: other considerations have set aside the exclusive importance of the character, and, of course, the jealous attention to the outward expression of it. Where we oftenest meet with it now-a-days, is, perhaps, in the butlers in old families, or the valets, and "gentlemen's gentlemen," in the younger branches. The sleek pursy gravity of the one answers to the stately air of some of their *quondam* masters; and the flippancy and finery of our old-fashioned beaux, having been discarded by the heirs to the title and estate, have been retained by their lacqueys. The late Admiral Byron (I have heard N—— say) had a butler, or steward, who, from constantly observing his master, had so learned to mimic him—the look, the manner, the voice, the bow were so alike—he was so "subdued to the very quality of his lord"—that it was difficult to distinguish them apart. Our modern footmen, as we see them fluttering and lounging in lobbies, or at the doors of ladies' carriages, bedizened in lace and powder, with ivory-headed cane and embroidered gloves, give one the only idea of the fine gentlemen of former periods, as they are still occasionally represented on the stage; and indeed our theatrical heroes, who top such parts, might be supposed to have copied, as a last resource, from the heroes of the shoulderknot. We also sometimes meet with a straggling personation of this character, got up in common life from pure romantic enthusiasm, and on absolutely ideal principles. I recollect a well-grown, comely haberdasher, who made a practice of walking every day from Bishop's-gate-street to Pall-mall and Bond-street, with the undaunted air and strut of a general-officer; and also a prim undertaker, who regularly ten-

dered his person, whenever the weather would permit, from the neighbourhood of Camberwell into the favourite promenades of the city, with a mincing gait that would have become a gentleman-usher of the black-rod. What a strange infatuation to live in a dream of being taken for what one is not,—in deceiving others, and at the same time ourselves; for, no doubt, these persons believed that they thus appeared to the world in their true characters, and that their assumed pretensions did no more than justice to their real merits!

Dress makes the man, and want of it the fellow:

The rest is all but leather and prunella.

I confess, however, that I admire this look of a gentleman, more when it rises from the level of common life, and bears the stamp of intellect, than when it is formed out of the mould of adventitious circumstances. I think more highly of Wycherley than I do of Lord Hinchinbroke, for looking like a lord. In the one, it was the effect of native genius, grace, and spirit; in the other, comparatively speaking, of pride or custom. A visitor complimenting Voltaire on the growth and flourishing condition of some trees in his grounds: "Aye," said the French wit, "they have nothing else to do!" A lord has nothing to do but to look like a lord: our comic poet had something else to do, and did it!*

Though the disadvantages of nature or accident do not act as obstacles to the look of a gentleman, those of education and employment do. A shoe-maker, who is bent in two over his daily task; taylor, who sits cross-legged all day; a ploughman, who wears clog-shoes over the furrowed miry soil, and can hardly drag his feet after him; a scholar, who has pored all his life over books,—are not likely to possess that natural freedom and ease, or to pay that strict attention to personal appearances, that the look of a gentleman implies. I might add, that a man-milliner behind a counter, who is compelled to show every mark of complaisance to his customers, but hardly expects common civility from them in return; or a sheriff's officer,

who has a consciousness of power, but none of good-will to or from any body,—are equally remote from the *beau ideal* of this character. A man who is awkward from bashfulness is a clown,—as one who is showing off a number of impertinent airs and graces at every turn is a coxcomb, or an upstart. Mere awkwardness, or rusticity of behaviour, may arise, either from want of presence of mind in the company of our *bettors*, (the commonest hind goes about his regular business without any of the *mauvaise honte*,)—from a deficiency of breeding (as it is called) in not having been taught certain fashionable accomplishments—or from unremitting application to certain sorts of mechanical labour, unfitting the body for general or indifferent uses. (That vulgarity which proceeds from a total disregard of decorum, and want of careful controul over the different actions of the body—such as loud speaking, boisterous gesticulations, &c.—is rather rudeness and violence than awkwardness, or uneasy restraint.) Now the gentleman is free from all these causes of ungraceful demeanour. He is independent in his circumstances, and is used to enter into society on equal terms; he is taught the modes of address, and forms of courtesy, most commonly practised, and most proper to ingratiate him into the good opinion of those he associates with; and he is relieved from the necessity of following any of those laborious trades, or callings, which cramp, strain, and distort the human frame. He is not bound to do any one earthly thing; to use any exertion, or put himself in any posture, that is not perfectly easy and graceful, agreeable and becoming. Neither is he at present required to excel in any art or science, game or exercise. He is supposed qualified to dance a minuet, not to dance on the tight rope—to stand upright, not to stand on his head. He has only to sacrifice to the Graces. Alcibiades threw away a flute, because the playing on it discomposed his features. Take the fine gentleman out of the common boarding-school or drawing-room accomplishments, and set him to any ruder or more difficult task, and he will make

* Wycherley was a great favourite with the Duchess of Cleveland.

but a sorry figure. Ferdinand in the Tempest, when he is put by Prospero to carry logs of wood, does not strike us as a very heroic character, though he loses nothing of the king's son. If a young gallant of the first fashion were asked to shoe a horse, or hold a plough, or fell a tree, he would make a very awkward business of the first experiment. I saw a set of young naval officers, very genteel-looking young men, playing at rackets not long ago, and it is impossible to describe the uncouthness of their motions, and unaccountable contrivances for hitting the ball.—Something effeminate as well as common-place, then, enters into the composition of the gentleman: he is a little of the *petit-maitre* in his pretensions. He is only graceful and accomplished in those things to which he has paid almost his whole attention,—such as the carriage of his body, and adjustment of his dress; and to which he is of sufficient importance in the scale of society to attract the idle attention of others.

A man's manner of presenting himself in company is but a superficial test of his real qualifications. Sergeant Atkinson, we are assured by Fielding, would have marched, at the head of his platoon, up to a masked battery, with less apprehension than he came into a room full of pretty women. So we may sometimes see persons look foolish enough on entering a party, or returning a salutation, who instantly feel themselves at home, and recover all their self-possession, as soon as any of that sort of conversation begins from which nine-tenths of the company retire in the extremest trepidation, lest they should betray their ignorance or incapacity. A high spirit and stubborn pride are often accompanied with an unprepossessing and unpretending appearance. The greatest heroes do not show it by their looks.—There are individuals of a nervous habit, who might be said to abhor their own persons, and to startle at their own appearance, as the peacock tries to hide its legs. They are always shy, uncomfortable, restless; and all their actions are, in a manner, at cross-purposes with themselves. This, of course, destroys the look we are speaking of, from the want of ease and self-confidence. There is another sort who

have too much negligence of manner and contempt for formal punctilios. They take their full swing in whatever they are about, and make it seem almost necessary to get out of their way.—Perhaps something of this bold, licentious, slovenly, lounging character may be objected by a fastidious eye to the appearance of Lord C——. It might be said of him, without disparagement, that he looks more like a lord than like a gentleman. We see nothing petty or finical, assuredly,—nothing hard-bound or reined-in,—but a flowing outline, a broad, free style. He sits in the House of Commons, with his hat slouched over his forehead, and a sort of stoop in his shoulders, as if he cowered over his antagonists, like a bird of prey over its quarry,—“hatching vain empires.” There is an irregular grandeur about him, an unwieldy power, loose, disjointed, “voluminous and vast,”—coiled up in the folds of its own purposes,—cold, death-like, smooth, and smiling,—that is neither quite at ease with itself, nor safe for others to approach! On the other hand, there is the Marquis Wellesley, a jewel of a man. He advances into his place in the House of Lords, with head erect, and his best foot foremost. The star sparkles on his breast, and the garter is seen bound tight below his knee. It might be thought that he still trod a measure on soft carpets, and was surrounded, not only by spiritual and temporal lords, but

Stores of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize.

The chivalrous spirit that shines through him, the air of gallantry in his personal as well as rhetorical appeals to the House, glances a partial lustre on the Woolsack as he addresses it; and makes Lord Erskine raise his sunken head from a dream of transient popularity. His heedless vanity throws itself unblushingly on the unsuspecting candour of his hearers, and ravishes mute admiration. You would almost guess of this nobleman, beforehand that he was a Marquis—something higher than an Earl, and less important than a Duke. Nature has just fitted him for the niche he fills in the scale of rank or title. He is a finished miniature picture set in brilliants: Lord C—— might be

compared to a loose sketch in oil, not properly hung. The character of the one is ease, of the other elegance.—Elegance is something more than ease; it is more than a freedom from awkwardness or restraint. It implies, I conceive, a precision, a polish, a sparkling effect, spirited, yet delicate, which is perfectly exemplified in Lord Wellesley's face and figure.

The greatest contrast to this little lively nobleman, was the late Lord Stanhope. Tall above his peers, he presented an appearance something between a Patagonian chief and one of the Long Parliament. With his long black hair, unkempt and wild—his black clothes, lank features, strange antics, and screaming voice, he was the Orson of debate.

A Satyr that comes staring from the woods,
Cannot at first speak like an orator.*

Yet he was both an orator and a wit in his way. His harangues were an odd jumble of logic and mechanics, of the statutes at large and Joe Miller jests, of stern principle and sly humour, of shrewdness and absurdity, of method and madness. What is more extraordinary, he was an honest man. He particularly delighted in his eccentric onsets, to make havoc of the bench of bishops. "I like," said he, "to argue with one of my lords the bishops; and the reason why I do so is, that I generally have the best of the argument." He was altogether a different man from Lord Eldon; yet his lordship "gave him good œillades," as he broke a jest, or argued a moot-point, and, while he spoke, smiles, roguish twinkles, glittered in his eye.

The look of the gentleman, "the nobleman-look," is little else than the reflection of the looks of the world.—We smile at those who smile upon us: we are gracious to those who pay their court to us: we naturally acquire confidence and ease when all goes well with us, when we are encouraged by the flatteries of fortune, and the good opinion of mankind. A whole street bowing regularly to a man every time he rides out, may teach him how to pull off his hat in return, without supposing a particular genius for bowing (more than for

governing, or any thing else) born in the family. It has been observed that persons who sit for their pictures improve the character of their countenances, from the desire they have to procure the most favourable representation of themselves. "Tell me, pray good Mr. Smirk, when you come to the eyes, that I may call up a look," says the Alderman's wife, in Foote's *Farce of Taste*. Ladies grow handsome by looking at themselves in the glass, and heightening the agreeable airs and expression of features they so much admire there. So the favourites of fortune adjust themselves in the glass of fashion, and the flattering illusions of public opinion.—Again, the expression of face in the gentleman, or thoroughbred man of the world, is not that of refinement so much as of flexibility; of sensibility or enthusiasm, so much as of indifference:—it argues presence of mind, rather than enlargement of ideas. In this it differs from the heroic and philosophical. Instead of an intense unity of purpose, wound up to some great occasion, it is dissipated and frittered down into a number of evanescent expressions, fitted for every variety of unimportant occurrences: instead of the expansion of general thought or intellect, you trace chiefly the little, trite, cautious, moveable lines of conscious, but concealed self-complacency. If Raphaël had painted St. Paul as a gentleman, what a figure he would have made of the great Apostle of the Gentiles—occupied with itself, not carried away, raised, mantling with his subject—insinuating his doctrines into his audience, not launching them from him with the tongues of the Holy Spirit, and with fiery zeal scorching his looks!—Gentlemen luckily can afford to sit for their own portraits: painters do not trouble them to sit as studies for history.—What a difference is there in this respect between a Madona of Raphaël, and a lady of fashion, even by Vandyke: the one refined and elevated, the other light and trifling, with no emanation of soul, no depth of feeling,—each arch expression playing on the surface, and passing into any other at pleasure,—no one thought having its full scope, but checked by some other,—soft, care-

* Roscommon's Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry.

ess, insincere, pleased, affected, amiable! The French physiognomy is more cut up and subdivided into petty lines, and sharp angles than any other: it does not want for subtlety, or an air of gentility, which last it often has in a remarkable degree,—but it is the most unpoetical and the least picturesque of all others.—I cannot explain what I mean by this variable telegraphic machinery of polite expression better than by an obvious allusion. Every one by walking the streets of London (or any other populous city) acquires a walk which is easily distinguished from that of strangers; a quick flexibility of movement, a smart jerk, an aspiring and confident tread, and an air, as if determined to keep the line of march; but for all that, there is not much grace or grandeur in this local strut: you see the person is not a country bumpkin, but you would not say, he is a hero or a sage, because he is a cockney. So it is in passing through the artificial and thickly peopled scenes of life. You get the look of a man of the world: you rub off the pedant and the clown; but you do not make much progress in wisdom or virtue, or in the characteristic expression of either.

The character of a gentleman (I take it) may be explained nearly thus:—A blackguard (*un vaurien*), is a fellow who does not care whom he offends; a clown is a blockhead who does not know when he offends: a gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them. Politeness, and the pretensions to the character in question, have reference almost entirely to this reciprocal manifestation of good-will and good opinion towards each other in casual society. Morality regulates our sentiments and conduct as they have a connection with ultimate and important consequences:—Manners, properly speaking, regulate our words and actions in the routine of personal intercourse. They have little to do with real kindness of intention, or practical services, or disinterested sacrifices; but they put on the garb, and mock the appearance of these, in order to prevent a breach of the peace, and to smooth and varnish over the discordant materials, when any number of individuals are brought

in contact together. The conventional compact of good manners does not reach beyond the moment and the company. Say, for instance, that the *rabble*, the labouring and industrious part of the community, are taken up with supplying their own wants, and pining over their own hardships,—scrambling for what they can get, and not refining on any of their pleasures, or troubling themselves about the fastidious pretensions of others: again, there are philosophers who are busied in the pursuit of truth,—or patriots who are active for the good of their country; but here, we will suppose, are a parcel of people got together who having no serious wants of their own, with leisure and independence, and caring little about abstract truth or practical utility, are met for no mortal purpose but to say, and to do all manner of obliging things, to pay the greatest possible respect, and show the most delicate and flattering attentions to one another. The politest set of gentlemen and ladies in the world can do no more than this. The laws that regulate this species of artificial and fantastic society are conformable to its ends and origin. The fine gentleman or lady must not, on any account, say a rude thing to the persons present, but you may turn them into the utmost ridicule the instant they are gone: nay, not to do so is sometimes considered as an indirect slight to the party that remains. You must compliment your bitterest foe to his face, and may slander your dearest friend behind his back. The last may be immoral, but it is not unmannerly. The gallant maintains his title to this character by treating every woman he meets with the same marked and unremitting attention as if she was his mistress: the courtier treats every man with the same professions of esteem and kindness as if he was an accomplice with him in some plot against mankind. Of course, these professions, made only to please, go for nothing in practice. To insist on them afterwards as literal obligations, would be to betray an ignorance of this kind of interlude, or masquerading in real life. To ruin your friend at play is not inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, if it is done with civility; though to warn him of

his danger, so as to imply a doubt of his judgment, or interference with his will, would be to subject yourself to be run through the body with a sword. It is that which wounds the self-love of the individual that is offensive—that which flatters it that is welcome—however salutary the one, or however fatal the other may be. A habit of plain-speaking is totally contrary to the tone of good-breeding. You must prefer the opinion of the company to your own, and even to truth. I doubt whether a gentleman must not be of the established church, and a Tory. A true cavalier can only be a martyr to the fashion. A Whig lord appears to me as great an anomaly as a patriot-king. A sectary is sour and unsociable. A philosopher is quite out of the question. He is in the clouds, and had better not be let down on the floor in a basket, to play the block-head. He is sure to commit himself in good company—and by dealing always in abstractions, and driving at generalities, to offend against the three proprieties of time, place, and person. Authors are angry, loud, and vehement in argument: the man of more refined breeding, who has been “all tranquillity and smiles,” goes away, and tries to ruin the antagonist whom he could not vanquish in a dispute.—The manners of a court, and of polished life, are by no means downright, strait-forward, but the contrary. They have something dramatic in them; each person plays an assumed part; the affected, overstrained politeness, and suppression of real sentiment, lead to concealed irony, and the spirit of satire and raillery; and hence we may account for the perfection of the genteel comedy of the century before the last, when poets mingled in the court-circles, and took their cue from the splendid ring

Of mimic statesmen and their merry king.

The essence of this sort of conver-

sation and intercourse, both on and off the stage, has somehow since evaporated; the disguises of royalty, nobility, gentry have been in some measure seen through: we have individually become of little importance, compared with greater objects, in the eyes of our neighbours, and even in our own: abstract topics, not personal pretensions, are the order of the day; so that what remains of the character we have been talking of, is chiefly exotic and provincial, and may be seen still flourishing in country places, in a wholesome, vegetable state of decay.

A man may have the manners of a gentleman without having the look, and he may have the character of a gentleman, in a more abstracted point of view, without the manners. The feelings of a gentleman, in this innate sense, only denote a more refined humanity—a spirit delicate in itself, and unwilling to offend, either in the greatest or the smallest things. This may be coupled with absence of mind, with ignorance of forms, and frequent blunders. But the will is good. The spring of gentle offices and true regards is untainted. A person of this stamp blushes at an impropriety he was guilty of twenty years before, though he is, perhaps, liable to repeat it to-morrow. He never forgives himself for even a slip of the tongue, that implies an assumption of superiority over any one. In proportion to the concessions made to him, he lowers his demands. He gives the wall to a beggar:* but does not always bow to great men. This class of character have been called “God Almighty’s gentlemen.” There are not a great many of them. The late G—— D—— was one;—for we understand that that gentleman was not able to survive some ill-disposed person’s having asserted of him, that he had mistaken Lord Castlereagh for the author of Waverley.—

T.

* The writer of this article once saw a Prince of the Blood pull off his hat to every one in the street, till he came to the beggarman that swept the crossing. This was a nice distinction. Farther, it was a distinction that the writer of this article would not make to be a Prince of the Blood. Perhaps, however, a question might be started in the manner of Montaigne, whether the beggar did not pull off his hat in quality of asking charity, and not as a mark of respect. Now a Prince may decline giving charity, though he is obliged to return a civility. If he does not, he may be treated with disrespect another time, and that is an alternative he is bound to prevent. Any other person might set up such a plea, but the person to whom a whole street had been bowing just before.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

Long years have pass'd, pale flowers, since you
 Were cull'd and given in brightest bloom,
 By one whose eye eclipsed your blue,
 Whose breath was like your own perfume.

Long years! but, though your bloom be gone,
 The fragrance which your freshness shed
 Survives, as memory lingers on
 When all that bless'd its birth have fled.

Thus hues and hopes will pass away—
 Thus youth, and bloom, and bliss, depart:
 Oh! what is left when these decay?
 The faded leaf—the wither'd heart!

Sept. 20.

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees,
 Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
 The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
 On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
 And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
 And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
 O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;
 But one cloud at distance rose dense, and increased,
 Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
 When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;—
 'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
 Nor the Moon that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.

Like a SPIRIT, it came in the van of the storm!
 And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form;
 For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
 But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
 O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
 And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
 As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
 Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd;
 'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
 His Vow from the Flood to the exit of Time!

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
 When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds;
 The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
 And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—

In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
 And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire;
 And the sword, and the plague-spot with death strew the plain,
 And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain:—

Not such was that RAINBOW, that beautiful one!
 Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun;

A Pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb ;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.

I gaz'd not alone on that source of my song ;—
To all who beheld it these verses belong,
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord !
Each full heart expanded,—grew warm,—and adored !

Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That Bow from *my sight* pass'd for ever away ;
Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
That Bow from *remembrance* can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong, and unperishing colours of mind ;
A part of my being beyond my controul,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

SONNET.

It is not that she moveth like a queen,
(Although her graceful air I must admire ;)
Nor that her eye shoots forth the falcon's fire,
(And yet her gentle glance is bright and keen :)
Perhaps Diana's hair had scarcely been
Thus braided ; nor the voice of choiring bird
Entirely thus, in old times, sweetly heard,
When that great huntress trod the forests green.
What matters this ?—To *me* her eye is fill'd
With radiant meaning, and her tones are clear
And soft as music, a sweet soul betraying ;
And o'er her flushing cheek (ah ! sensitive child !)
Beautiful pain is seen, too often, playing,
As though to say, " Perfection dwells not even here."

B.

SONNET,

Written in the Woods of Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.

There is no lovelier scene in all the land.—
Around me far a green enchantment lies,
Fed by the weeping of these April skies,
And touch'd by Fancy's great " all-charming wand."
Almost I expect to see a lightsome band
Come stealing thro' the hazel boughs, that cross
My path—or half-asleep upon the moss
Some Satyr, with stretch'd arm, and clenched hand.
—It is a place of beauty : here, half hid
By yellowing ash and drooping aspens, run
The river waters,*—as to meet the sun ;
And in the distance, boiling in its might,
The fatal fall is seen,—the thundering *strid* ;
And over all the morning blue and bright.

B.

* The river (the Wharfe) runs eastward.

LINES

Written for a Young Lady's Pocket Book, near the Ruins of Horace's Villa (so called,) a little above the Cascades at Tivoli.

What do I see? waters that glide
Gracefully slow where olives wave;
The aloes on the mountain-side—
A mound,—perhaps the poet's grave.

What do I hear? an under-sound
From yonder chasm that yawns below,
Which darts a shudder through the ground,
And shakes the flowers that round me grow.

'Tis thus, when moments smoothly pass,
An inward trembling of the soul
Predicts, with fatal truth, alas!
That tow'rs a fearful change they roll.

But let me check those thoughts of pain,
That from black memory take their hue,
For flowery hopes should deck the strain
That comes an offering to you:—

Yes—you shall tread those paths of life
By which the peaceful streamlets roam,
Far from the horrors of the strife
Where 'gainst the dark rock strikes the foam.

LETTER FROM JOHN O'GROATS' TO THE EDITOR,

ENCLOSING SPECIMENS OF A POEM.

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you some extracts from a new poem which a friend of mine threatens to publish. I have perused the work, and shall only say it treats upon every subject; but, principally, on Poetry,—Criticism,—the Fancy,—Nature,—Coleridge,—Waterloo Bridge,—Aristotle,—Walter Scott,—Youth,—Port Wine,—the Author,—Astronomy,—Tom Moore,—Botany,—Intoxication,—Manias,—Radicalism,—Mr. Ex-Sheriff P--rk-ns,—Sunset,—Chemistry,—and other similar subjects. My extracts are, like tea-pots, of various sorts and sizes:—but, if I write a long poem, my sheet will be filled,—and I cannot afford a double letter from this great distance. By the way, 'tis a pity you Magazine Editors will not, like other tradesmen, send travellers round the country to solicit orders and communications; a shilling, or eighteen-penny postage on every communication, is a serious tax to a poor bard, and must debar you from many a choice article.

John O'Groats',
Nov. 8, 1820.

19.

Last year, kind reader, it comes o'er my mind
With Chemistry I was awhile quite thick;
I broke retorts with decomposing wind,
And burnt my house with mixtures phosphoric,
And with voltaic batteries refin'd
Gold, silver, charbon (Anglicè, burnt stick)
But now my folly's chang'd—I'd have you know it,
I've clos'd my lab'ratory, and turn'd poet.

60.

How sweet to hear the sound of rushing waters,
As o'er a rock the sparkling currents dash!

'Tis like the witching voice of Beauty's daughters
 When on your face their vivid glances flash ;
 Or the gay sound of childhood's heartfelt laughter,
 Which oft against my recreant memory clash,
 And bid the forms of long-since *vanished* years
 Appear (*a bull!*) and trickle into tears !

* * * * *

109.

A lovely night, by Styx ! the ocean's hue
 More beautiful than ever seems to me ;
 It vies with heav'n in deepness of its blue,
 And that I deem appears a floating sea
 More distant, yet inviting to the view—
 Oh ! that if there my spirit now might be !
 Oh ! that I dwelt in yon bright twinkling star,
 And view'd this earthly planet from afar !

110.

Calm is the deep—except upon the shore
 Where stretching capes encroach upon its waves,
 And there the bursting breakers loudly roar,
 And hoarsely chafe against their sea-worn caves ;
 The wild fowl's note the distant bay comes o'er
 From where the ooze the silent water laves :
 —But, lo ! a flash—and hark ! a sound proceeds—
 Man, man is there ! some helpless victim bleeds !

* * * * *

120.

I cease this strain—lest such convulsive starts
 Should make the world believe me like that wight,
 Who long hath wafted home from foreign parts
 Tokens his bosom is in wretched plight ;
 Mine is as bad no doubt, but there are hearts
 Of which too little can't be said :—I'll write
 About my sorrows on some future day
 When my *cheveux* are grown more scant and grey.

121.

Now I've no fancy for such public sorrow,
 I keep my woes and griefs lock'd up at home,
 I may, however, change my mind to-morrow,
 And take a fancy in the east to roam :
 Then moodiness and morbidness I'll borrow,
 And send to press a misanthropic tome ;
 But as I take it these loose rambling verses
 Would come but badly from a moaning Thirsis.

* * * * *

190.

John Bull has ever been a very gull,
 A spoonie gagg'd—a flat—so fond of hobbies—

* * * * *

191.

'Tis curious to “embody into rhyme,”
 (As Coleridge terms the art of versifying*)
 The varied things that each have fed a time
 John's lust for Lions—and as I am trying
 To make a book—(a deed I hope no crime)

* Vide somewhere in his *Christabelle*.

Suppose at each, as it is past me flying,
I take a shot, and bag it in my poem—
Well I begin—and here I end my poem.

* * * * *

199.

As lately boxing has become poetical
It ill becomes my verses to speak light of it,
So I will merely add a line p'renthetical,
Which is—Oh! ever keep me from the sight of it!
And, if my stanza can become pathological
I'll weep o'er one who loved with wit to write of it—
Alas! poor Corcoran—Laureate of the ring!
Let me this garland o'er thy coffin fling!

* * * * *

210.

Here comes a lawyer—of his wiles beware!
His smile is death, his frown with danger teems;
Yet, he so softly leads you to his snare,
You think that blessings hover round his schemes;
His words so kind—his promises so fair!
Unto the last he soothes with hope's gay dreams,
Like the decoy which leads the wild fowl on
Till it turns round—and all egress is gone.

* * * * *

229.

But I must cease—nor write a stanza more,
My printer is engag'd—my price is fix'd,
And if I raise my stanzas to twelve score
I fear my publisher would be perplex'd
To sell my book for current shillings four—
So here 'tis done—good, bad, and middling mix'd:
Reader, I ask but little—being shy—
Abuse me if you please—but pray first buy.

N.

LIVING AUTHORS.

No. IV.

LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON's compositions do not entitle him to be called the best of our present poets; but his personal character, and the history of his life have clearly rendered him the most interesting and remarkable of the persons who now write poetry. If he is not, as we have said of another, "the author we would most wish to be," he is certainly the living author who is chiefly "the marvel, and the show" of our day and generation—leaving the word "boast" out of the quotation, as leading to premature discussion.—Whatever general judgment we may pronounce on his qualities as a writer, guiding ourselves by the rules of criticism, there can be no doubt of his standing a towering object in the moral and intellectual

horizon of his age; and he is destined so to endure, and to captivate and astonish the eye of posterity, when all that is common of our possessions is forgotten, and all that is weak and little is crumbled into dust; when the outline of that busy and crowded portion of space and time which is so much to us, will be traced, like that of an ancient city, by a few single, elevated, and imperishable monuments.

It does seem scarcely possible to pay too much for the glorious assurance of so enduring, to be so hereafter regarded;—yet, by Lord Byron, it has been purchased at a most serious, and even appalling expense in more than one kind of earthly good. Never,—in our opinion at

least,—has that which is properly called *notoriety* been so intimately united with the more noble essence of true *fame*, as it is in the case of this writer ; and, what strikes us as more strange still, he even reconciles those dubious and questionable qualities, which fall under the head of empirical, with the acquirement of sterling renown.—The personal interest, we believe, has always been above the poetical in Lord Byron's compositions ; and, what is much worse, they appear to have been, in almost every instance, studiously calculated to produce this effect. It is true, the noble author has never distinctly offered us a professed portrait of himself in any of his heroes ; but his plan, we think, has been a more objectionable one. While he has introduced, in most of them, features so odious and anti-social, that self-exposure in such a light might be regarded as an unnatural offence, and one more directly insulting to moral feeling than the bare practice of vice,—he has boldly and bare-facedly coupled the histories of his braves and villains with the incidents of his own life ; mingled their feelings with even affectedly open disclosures of his own ;—nay, he has sketched from the most sacred recesses of his own privacy, to the injury of other sensibility than his own, accompaniments to the scenes of debauchery, despair, and violence of which he has chiefly formed his poetical representations. Rousseau's confessions were avowedly of himself : whatever may be their absolute truth, they are most curiously true as an exhibition of character : their minute moral anatomy is as stupendous as the system of the blood-vessels and capillary tubes of the body ; and, though indecent and offensive as a piece of self-exposure, they are coupled, all the way through, with so much evidence of actual personal responsibility, that the fancy is kept in subordination to the moral judgment of the reader, and the usual rules of social intercourse and human duty are not respited in his mind. Lord Byron's creations, however, are addressed to the poetical sympathies of his readers, while their main interest is derived from awakening a recollection of some fact of the author's life, or a conviction of an

analogy to the author's own character. A confusion is thus occasioned, in the breast of him whose attention is captivated by the productions in question, unfavourable altogether to right and pure feeling. The impression left on the mind, is neither strictly that of a work of art, to be pronounced upon according to the rules applicable to art,—nor of a matter-of-fact, appealing to the principles of sound judgment in such cases ;—but what is striking in poetry is made a set-off against what is objectionable in morals,—while that which would be condemned as false, theatrical, or inconsistent, according to the laws of poetical criticism, is often rendered the most taking part of the whole composition by its evident connection with real and private circumstances, that are of a nature to tickle the idle, impertinent, and most unpoetical curiosity of the public. This sort of balancing system is not fair :—Lord Byron should either give us Childe Harold, Conrad, &c. as what painters call historical portraits of himself, or he should leave us free to judge of them as we would judge of a statue, or of a picture, or of any strictly poetical personage. As it is, the literary imperfections of the Childe, &c. merge in the personal peculiarities of the author ;—and again, where it might be useful to hold the latter to answer personally for certain licences, rendered stimulating and seductive by irregular and unfit allusions, he escapes from this responsibility into the fictitious hero—after perhaps mortally corrupting principle by touching the sensibility with traits that derive all their force from his own history. The unsoundness of this style of composition, is of a double nature : it depraves the taste as well as taints the purity of the moral feeling.

A personal interest of this nature by no means enters legitimately amongst the qualities that form poetical power and beauty : if the reflection of the author's character must be seen in such compositions as profess to be imaginative, it too should take an imaginative hue, and lie deep and dim in the heart of the strain, going, shadow-like, with all the variations of its current. Lord Byron's egotism, therefore, we

consider to be one of those properties displayed in his works, which we alluded to at the commencement as partaking of an empirical nature. Its effect is to give a prodigious interest to his compositions with the common run of the readers and buyers of books: it forms admirable matter for *table-talk*—not such as that in the LONDON MAGAZINE, but such as is to be heard about the west-end of the town—to be enabled, on his lordship's own authority, to discuss his lordship's remorse, and misanthropy, and withered feelings, and youthful disappointments, and faded hopes!—Lord Byron's genius should be above supplying matter for such heartless gossip:—if he really have (as we earnestly hope he has not) genuine cause for melancholy reminiscences, approaching to the horror of despair, he should "*instruct his sorrows to be proud*;" otherwise his own fine verse tells against himself—

The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
 The suffocating sense of woe
 Which speaks but in its loneliness,
 And then is jealous lest the sky
 Should have a listener, nor will sigh
 Until its voice is echoless.

Griefs revolting in their cause, and poisonous and cureless in their effects, ought to be kept as secret as a mortal cancer,—which no one who pines under it ever thinks of displaying to company, to have its gangrenous colours admired, and made a theme for the exclamations of silly wonder. Sufferings calculated to excite deep commiseration and kind pity, when sustained with dignity, and expressed with reserve, are justly regarded as public nuisances when they court display and are obtruded on our senses,—not merely as offensive spectacles, but as dangerous causes of the deformity of others by operating on susceptible dispositions with their diseased and monstrous influence. Besides, there is but too much reason for suspecting, that there is more of trick than calamity in many of these exhibitions: the seemingly infirm object, who painfully limps on crutches before the passengers in the street, calling their attention to his old, but unhealed wounds; his festering sores which he

must carry about with him to his dying day,—is often known to join the merry dance in the evening, with other active cripples, and healthful bed-ridden! In the pauses of the fiddle they count the gains which they owe to their afflictions,—and chirp over their cups on the strength of the supply which their agonies have procured to them.

Is there no ground for suspicion that Lord Byron's grief, and despair,—which are for ever at the end of his pen, except when he is writing notes to his poems, and those New Moralities, *Beppo* and *Don Juan*,—are in a good measure *feelings of ceremony*. They are certainly excellent prompters of phrase; they supply solemn poetical apparel for public occasions; and invest the person of the author, in the imaginations of the daughters of noblemen, and the wives of tradesmen, with the charm of a melancholy air,—set off by a cap-and-feather look of desperation, and gestures of gentlemanly ferocity. The first play we ever saw, or at least that we recollect seeing, was *Lewis's Castle Spectre*; and, that the exhibition might lose nothing of its full effect on our minds, it was not at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, but in a town far north of the Tweed. We remember well the impression then made on our fancy by the gentleman who played *Osmyn*: his complexion was very sallow, his brows were corked to appear large and black, his physiognomy was sad, and shaded by an ostrich-plume. Now, from what we hear young ladies, and younger gentlemen, sometimes say of Lord Byron, we are inclined to think they contemplate him as presenting just such another image of theatrical woe.

Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
 More than this, *I scarce can die* :—

thus concludes Lord Byron's Farewell, on the occasion of his leaving England, and we have had good reason since to admire the strength of the vivacious principle in his breast. His subsequent productions have seemed to intimate that dying was as far from his own thoughts, as his death is far from the wishes of booksellers, and book-readers, and the admirers of genius, and they who desire to see one of England's most dis-

tinguished children restored to her under circumstances in every way satisfactory. But it absolutely makes one angry, in the midst of high-toned strains of energetic feeling, sounding a requiem over departed glory, or a celebration of immortal genius, or a hymn to natural beauty, glowing and enkindling as the rays of morning, to have our touched sympathies interrupted by the stage-trick of a displayed pocket-handkerchief, or the strut of theatrical magnanimity in martyrdom.

Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;
The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree

I planted: they have torn me,—and I bleed;

I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

Childe Harold, Canto 4.

This is weak if sincere, and weak if affected. Indeed, affected it is, whether it be sincere or not. What we chiefly object to, is the mawkishness of such passages: their decency as confessions, and their consistency with self-respect, and the respect of others, in the mouth of a fashionable nobleman of these days, who writes elsewhere of "lobster salad" and "champaign punch," are matters we leave to his lordship's own reflection. If Lord Byron has ever appeared in Rotten-row on horseback, he seems to us precluded from talking, even in his own poetry, in such a strange ranting sort of way of his sorrows and errors. His station in society, and his manners as an English gentleman, turn the laugh against his sombre heroics. We dare say he has done nothing sufficiently worse than other people, if all were known, to justify, or even render excusable, his rhymed remorse. If we are too severe in saying this, we are sorry for it; but really our own strong suspicion is, however mortifying it might be to his lordship to know it, were he ever likely to see this article,—that he has by no means outdone many of us in improprieties;—that, notwithstanding his numerous hints, which have set his admirers on hunting out *deeds without names* to lay to his door, he is not distinguished by one unpardonable or abominable vice; that, his private history is by no means enriched with crimes of deep dye; and that, were he now to return

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to his native land, and sit down as chairman of a bench of justices at the quarter sessions, he might discharge the duties of his office, with an easy conscience, against all offenders likely to be placed at the bar—with the exception of those very unfortunate persons, who have to answer to their parish officers for "*loving not wisely, but too well.*"—We repeat, that our regret would be most sincere were we to be convinced, hereafter, that we had dealt too hardly by his lordship, in expressing this disbelief: but, though he chooses to tell us that his "springs of life are poisoned," and that he "must bear what time cannot abate," and that he may justly have incurred a mortal wound "for his ancestral faults, or his own,"—we persist in discrediting that there is any thing in the past necessarily calculated to throw a shadow over the future portion of his lordship's life. What his ancestors have done amiss we can forgive and forget, when we know what it is:—whatever it may be, we can overlook Lord Byron's share of the guilt committed by his forefathers, were it only in gratitude for the following lines, in which he so exquisitely introduces us to one of his mothers:

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though always changing in her aspect mild;

From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never wean'd, though not her favoured child!

Childe Harold, Canto 2.

His own sin-roll, we have no doubt, he over-estimates, as well as the criminal horrors of his ancestors: the fuss he has made about his faults we dare say would turn out their worst feature. It was a foolish and a very wrong thing to write the Farewell; and not a well-judged thing to write the Sketch from private life: but it was also foolish and wrong in the public to raise such an outcry in a matter that would not at all have concerned them, but for these unlucky publications, and which they made much more of than even these publications warranted.—To say the truth, then, we long to see Lord Byron once more amongst us, stripped of all the adventitious, and, we must call them, surreptitious advantages, as an author, which

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he has derived from being considered as too bad for repentance, and too desperate to be pitied. We wish to see him trying his strength fairly with other writers, without other pretensions than those which we are confident he has never forfeited—viz. to private honour, and the respectability of an unsullied title.—That he is beloved as a friend we know; that he is generous, or rather magnificent, in his temper; hospitable and kind when occasion serves; frank to forgive causes of offence,—we also know. Although, in the course of this article, we shall have laid grave faults to his charge, they are not faults of an unpardonable nature,—nor are they committed with apparent struggles,—nor hinted at in his confessions,—nor do we believe that he yet repents of them,—nor, when he does, will any very heavy penance be imposed upon him by society. He must not, therefore, pique himself too much on the censure which we shall apply to him in the conscientious discharge of the duties of criticism,—for we have been obliged to state some very large sets-off of good qualities, to be subtracted from the sum total of blame to which we think him fairly entitled.

To return, however, from this—which has become almost a digression. His frequent allusions to his own private history; his almost constant appeals to sickly sensibility by tricked-out representations of disreputable and garrulous sorrow and suffering; and the false and inconsistent character of many of his heroes, in whom strong effect is purchased at the expense of propriety of every kind, constitute faults in Lord Byron's style of composition, palpable to an eye of any discernment. But, more unfortunately, they are hurtfully seductive to inexperienced and uninstructed taste, and most mischievously calculated to give ascendancy to the heterodox judgments, generated in the heat and rankness of fashionable manners. It is the popularity of these faults that has made us feel it necessary to commence our observations by noticing them. We should not have deemed ourselves free to give full vent to our admiration of the marvellous powers of this remarkable intellect, if we had not

at the outset entered a protest against its various heresies. That Lord Byron irradiates the literature of the day by his genius, is incontestable; but that it can be said of him, that he elevates the general reputation of the literature of his country, we doubt. The truth is, he mingles up many questions that are not literary, but of a more serious and important nature, with the consideration of his literary merits. It is his misfortune to have done this; for not only, we apprehend, must a verdict be given against him whenever the inquiry is directed towards moral tendency, personal fairness, and public decency, but the worst faults of his style are, we think, clearly traceable to that looseness of feeling which is the unhappy source of so much irregularity of another nature staining his works—often demanding indulgence, and often forbidding it altogether. Lord Byron's last work is avowedly licentious;—it is a satire on decency, on fine feeling, on the rules of conduct necessary to the conservation of society, and on some of his own near connections. Having said this, we need say no more on its character independently of literary considerations: he would himself, we are sure, allow it to be all we now say; his publisher has done so by scrupling to put his name in the title-page.—The only questions, agreeably to the known frankness of his disposition, which it is probable he would think of discussing, would be the degree of mischief it is likely to do; and whether jokes on the inconsistencies of human professions and practice, and exposures of the ridiculous side of social institutions and domestic observances, have not before been ventured, quite as pointed as *Don Juan*, without incurring on their parents the heavy charge of being arrayed in hostility against the best interests of their fellow men.—We would be disposed to concede a good deal to his lordship on these points: the world has by this time been pretty-well accustomed to see the vivacity of talent employed in raising a laugh against things which do honour to conduct, and passing as pleasantry what is discreditable. Man, in fact, is at once a laughing animal, and a laughable one; he is not, and cannot be,

consistent. His nature is made up of absurdities, as they now appear,—which are probably only enigmas, the solution of which is reserved for another state of being. Hence, very considerable freedom has always been taken with the stricter doctrines of the moralist, and the most essential regulations of social intercourse, in the vivacity of penetrating intellects, seeing through disguises, and solemn hypocrisies,—and necessary, but unreal pretensions, and all the solemn masquerade of serious life. The temptation to irreverent mirth and dangerous ridicule is so great, that we are obliged to seek securities against their effects, rather than to prohibit or severely condemn their exercise. It is now pretty well understood, what these poetical licences are worth; their language may introduce impure terms and images into breasts that would otherwise have remained, for some time longer at least, unsullied: so far they are mischievous and reprehensible; but as to actually furnishing grounds of conduct, or leading to the formation of false principles, we do not think that these evident caricatures of manners are likely to do this. They pass as exaggerations, or caprices on their side: they are considered to be intentionally wide of the truth: their authors are supposed to be prepared to say with Prior,

Gadzooks, who would swear to the truth of
a song!

In our view of the matter, Lord Byron's serious poetry is of a much more deleterious tendency than his late compositions professing levity of purpose. The former is calculated to introduce disease into the heart through admiration excited in favour of false and hateful qualities of character: the latter address themselves only to the unscrupulous, and the experienced. To regard what is improper in them with approbation, would bespeak previous corruption. But the first ruin taste, infect feeling, and unsettle principle: what is showy in them wins and perverts; what is pathetic softens towards temptation; what is horrible familiarizes with evil, and misrepresents nature.

Still, however, it must be admitted, that Lord Byron has carried

the licence of his levities farther than we have been accustomed to see men of his powers of mind care to commit themselves in such irregularities; and it is to be deplored, for his sake, as well as for ours, that, with such undoubted possession of genius as he certainly has, he should only vary his style of writing to make a new trespass. Much, too, do we regret, that a very suspicious circumstance attends the variation: the qualities that are objectionable in both his styles, *equally belong to the class of expedients for cheaply gaining popularity*: they are equally included within the set of resources which groveling souls have recourse to, in the absence of talent, to realize their selfish schemes. Indecency is saleable; so are lampoons; so are pieces of overcharged colouring and staring effect; so are affected confidences, and allusions to domestic discords, private errors, and mental horrors. All of these present baneful stimuli to depraved appetites:—it is lucky for Lord Byron's reputation as a poet, that he has mingled much of the celestial fire, and of glowing feeling of that which is inspiring in the noblest terrestrial objects, with these baser materials of composition: he has done this to a degree quite sufficient to exculpate him from having sought to shelter his weakness by pandering to the baser desires: but what we have stated,—the candour of which we are sure cannot be denied by any reader of his works,—fully bears out what we affirmed of him at the commencement of this article;—viz. that he strangely reconciles those dubious and questionable qualities which fall under the head of empirical, with the acquirement of sterling renown. His pieces are indeed of a “mingled yarn:” the coarse is mixed with the fine; the subtlest texture with the veriest botch-work.—We would point out to his lordship's serious reflection, if we had any assurance of being honoured by his notice, as the features most degrading to the character of the author in his last compositions, those which are calculated to throw doubt altogether on the sincerity of his emotions, and the healthiness of his heart, putting joke and levity out of the question. Vivacious allusions to certain practical irregularities are things which it is to be

supposed innocence is strong enough to resist,—otherwise, the commerce of the world forbids hope of its long-life. But the quick alternation of pathos and profaneness,—of serious and moving sentiment and indecent ribaldry,—of afflicting, soul-rending pictures of human distress, rendered keen by the most pure and hallowed sympathies of the human breast, and absolute jeering of human nature, and general mockery of creation, destiny, and heaven itself,—this is a sort of violence, the effect of which is either to sear or to disgust the mind of the reader—and which cannot be fairly characterized but as an insult and outrage. This is not an English fault; for it affects the sincerity of the writer's design, and the honour of his intentions. Some bad specimens of it exist in foreign literature,—but that of our own country has not hitherto been so contaminated.—Our writers have composed burlesque, and grossness, and caricature, and indecency; but they have not insulted the very principle of goodness, the image of God in the soul of man, by exciting the best affections of the spirit, and leading it to direct communion with the powers that scatter sublimity and beauty over this sublunary scene, in order to startle and shame it, by suddenly confronting it with a Satanic laugh at some mortifying slur thrown on what is best and fairest to human eye and thought,—and dearest to human feeling! To do this is to reduce reader, author, and subject to one general level of contempt: to make us, so far as he has power over us, despise and hate ourselves, him, and all about us.—Degradation of nature is felt to be suffered, when from so exquisite, so elaborate, so painfully exact a description of parental tenderness, hanging over the mortal agonies of a beloved child, as we find in the *Don Juan*, we are suddenly called upon to turn our sympathies to sneering jests and cruel mirth. What is the difference between doing this in a poem, and doing it in real life?—and what should we say of the disposition of him who should turn from the death-bed of a fine boy, round which hearts are breaking, and from which hopes are departing, to crack scurril jokes on human weakness, calamity, and de-

spair? Lord Byron would be as much shocked at this as any man; and, therefore, we must come to the conclusion, that he considers his authorship a mere piece of representation altogether, in which he is to perform the part of the moment,—now in tragedy, now in farce, as Garrick performed *Hamlet* and *Abel Drugger* in the same evening; and Kean, *Othello* and *Harlequin*. This we are pretty sure, from the general evidence of his works, is what he really does; but he ought not to do it to the injury either of personal or public feeling, or even to the perversion of taste.—He ought not, on such a system as this, to write such pieces as the *Farewell*, following them up by certain indelicate caricatures and offensive insults. Professions of tenderness, of generous fidelity, of clinging fondness, made in his own person, and used to the injury of the reputation of another party, are not justifiable, supposing them to be genuine—but if they form only a part of a poetical masquerade, in which the next character, supported by the same individual, may be a malicious satirist, or careless laughing profligate, they are very bad. In the same way, we would object, though with less zeal, to the author of *Beppo* talking so much of the “ruins of his years”—

—— though few, yet full of fate;

of his having calmly “borne good,” and of none having “beheld decline on his brow,” or “seen his mind’s convulsions leave it weak.”—On that principle of acting an assumed part, which we have above referred to, and which can alone render much that he has done at all excusable, he ought to leave his personal identity quite behind the scenes. Kemble, beyond an occasional cough, which he could not restrain, gave no sign of John Philip amidst the misanthropy of the *Stranger*, and the moodiness of *Penraddock*.

If, on this system of versatility and powerful exhibition, reckless of consistency, and careless about binding himself to his own real feelings, Lord Byron commences regular satirist, or rather lampooner, it is quite clear that he will possess great advantages for the infliction of pain, and

the excitement of interest, which, like those other advantages helping him to popularity, that we have been noticing, will be very inconsistent with the dignity of the poetical character, and, may we not add, with that respect for him as an individual, which his high rank and genius so naturally incline people to entertain. His Beppo and Don Juan lead us to fear that he has almost determined to take this course. After declaring it of himself, with reference to his own family, in language sufficiently pompous—

— there is that within me which shall
tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I
expire:
Something unearthly which *they* deem
not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and
move,
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse
of love!

after this heroical, and solemn, and singular announcement from a British Peer, we certainly could not have surmised that his next appearance before the public, would have been as a merry burlesque tormentor of others. Nothing, after the above, seemed left for Lord Byron, but a sort of state existence,—a sort of demi-god sojourning below, in sedate grandeur, and sublime melancholy: instead, however, of being careful to maintain an appearance suitable to this serious self-devotion to immortality, the next time we hear of him, his mouth is full of laughing scandal, and barbed jeers. The incongruity here, is at least startling: such a line as this,—

For one was in debt, and both were in li-
quor, *Don Juan.*

applied to two living individuals by name, for one of whom his Lordship had expressed respect,—is not at all in the style of the verse quoted just above: his lordship's nature seems suddenly changed:—it is as if the statue of Apollo, in the Vatican, had left its pedestal, to appear as that of Pasquin, the squib publisher, in the common Roman market place. He had but just invoked "the desert for his dwelling place,"

With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, *hating no one*, love but only her.

Childe Harold, Canto 4.

all this is very touching—at least it is intended to be so: but if it be mere theatrical strut, it is not worthy of Lord Byron; and if it had been sincere, his next compositions would not have sparkled with jests on the "*bustling Botherby's*" of London, or with lampoons on Wordsworth and Southey. Satire and ridicule are free to Lord Byron as to any other writer; but there is much in his manner of handling these edge-tools, in which by the bye he has been unfortunate before, that renders it proper we should regard his pleasantry and severity as very similar to his melancholy, his mental tortures, and resignation under them,—and give weight to his satire accordingly.

We find our objections have run out to fill a larger proportion of our paper than we had anticipated,—for, when we set out, we felt chiefly our personal inclination to handle favourably the object of our intended remarks. We necessarily, however, put the volumes of this great and prolific author on the table before us, and their collected evidence has compelled us to what we have said. But how much remains to be said of a very different nature, with reference to the real poetical power displayed in these eloquent rhapsodies! We know there are critics who deny that Lord Byron is a distinguished poet,—affirming that his style is often false, and often feeble,—that his sentiments are often unnatural, his imagery tawdry, his effects forced, and in bad taste. We think so too,—and yet affirm him to be one of the greatest of poets. The mere vigour and rapidity of his course would almost be enough to constitute him a great poet, particularly when it is considered through what mighty scenery his course has been directed. He has carried a countless number of readers, with glowing, untiring ardour, over almost the whole expanse of the poetical map, as it includes the marvels of history, of art, and external creation. What traveller in prose has ever conveyed such lively ideas of what is essential and peculiar in the aspect of climes and

situations which have long fed our dreams of beauty, and of wonders, and to the influence of which he has now added tenfold efficacy? Whom have we amongst us to do any thing like what follows to bring home the power of a classical land, and the enchantments of classical monuments, so as to make them bear with force on the mass of public feeling, and give a general elevation to the level of fancy and thought amongst us?

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless
love,
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common
glow :
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient
mount,
He watch'd the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was
wont,
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth
his pallid front.

Morn dawns; and with it stern Albania's
hills,
Dark Sulis' rocks, and Pindus' inland
peak,
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy
rills,
Array'd in many a dun and purple
streak,
Arise; and, as the clouds along them
break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his
beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men
appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the
closing year.

So of Greece:—again of Italy—

Oh Rome! my country! city of the
soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to
thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and con-
troul
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come
and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod
your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and tem-
ples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.
The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless
woe;

An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle
her distress!

This may not be the very purest of all styles of poetry, (though we confess our perceptions are not open to its faults), but at least it is noble declamation, rich with splendour, and sonorous with lofty music. It enlivens the circulation of thought and feeling, and raises the port of the imagination. The principal charm of Lord Byron's poetry consists, we are willing to confess, in its scenery,—but no one we think, but himself, could have brought it to bear so point-blank on the universal sympathy. It is the glory of the places and objects themselves that beams on his page, that has intoxicated his soul, and that inspires the reader: he seems to have been rendered poetical solely by the influence of his subjects—that is to say, when his object is not to make a representation of himself, or to wound others: with these exceptions he speaks as one full of the sacred inflatus. What vivacity of observation is apparent in his descriptions, what zeal in his celebrations,—how quick, varied, and bright, the running flame of his allusions! He is justly entitled to be the most popular of poets, though he is not the best, and though he so often condescends to improper lures of popularity. But he is entitled to be so, because, more than any other modern writer whom we can name, he is the *minstrel of fame*, whose lays are best adapted to gain the common ear, and find their way to the common heart. He fills galleries, long vistas of magnificence, with images of glory, with stories of passion and suffering, with the annals of departed greatness, and the sublimities of the world that never depart: and he issues an irresistible summons to thousands, to millions, to enter these, and admire and venerate what they see, and bow before that might of destiny which, while it seems to reduce individuals to nothing, gives grandeur and importance to the race, by storing human consciousness with

vast and terrible images, that,—better than all the pleasures of existence,—prove its elevation in the scale of nature. Lord Byron, it is true, marks only the stronger divisions of the great picture; he is not skilful in running those cunning, delicate, and fine gradations, which the most refined fancies chiefly delight to distinguish;—but he raises the voice of poetry, as it was wont to be raised, when the excitement of animation in assembled crowds was the minstrel's design. The voice indeed is not now the same in its accents that it was then, but, if it were, it would not have the same effect: the auditors are changed. He, however, conjures up the common inspirations of high and strong feeling: beauty, valour, danger, death, renown, and immortality; and these ideas he passes through the soul like quick-following flashes of lightning. This is his talent: his reasoning is generally bad; his mere "moods of his own mind," when not closely connected with some external cause of excitement, are very bad; his conception of character is monotonous and false; his sentiments are not often profound, and very often mingle in wild inconsistency with each other: he is pensive or enthusiastic on a theme in one page, which in another he treats with sarcasm or expressions of disgust. In style he is frequently tortuous, involved, clumsy, and affected: we are often tempted to suppose he could not himself declare what his meaning was in particular passages, if they were referred to him for explanation. His metaphysics of the mind are in bad taste, and worse philosophy; and on his various offences in regard to moral tendency, and the respect which an author owes to himself, we have already too fully commented to have any occasion again to refer to them. Yet, with all these faults heaped on his writings, and staring the reader in the face, there is a principle of captivating power in them, supreme and triumphant above all faults; defying faults to lessen it; and attracting after the author, wherever he chooses to wander, a following train, formed of a nation's admiration and sympathy. He has awakened, by literary exertion, a more intense interest in his person than ever before resulted from lite-

ature. He is thought of a hundred times, in the breasts of young and old, men and women, for once that any other author is,—popular as are many of his living rivals. He casts his shadow from afar over the surface of our society; and he is talked of in book-clubs and ball-rooms as the only companion which the age has produced to the French revolution! Drawing much from deeper sources than his own, he has rendered palatable what the public taste before rejected. The most musical names of the world,—those that sound, even in the ears of the uneducated, as equivalent to the noblest ideas and the deepest feelings, are closely associated with his; for he has repeated and celebrated them so as to redouble their empire. Athens, Arqua, Rome, and Venice, fall within the territory over which he is lord: he has visited Waterloo as a foreigner, and Thermopylæ as an Englishman; celebrated Napoleon's fall as a friend of liberty, and sung with rapture his triumphs as the bard of despotism: he has received letters from young ladies, anxious for his salvation; has been inquired after by Maria Louisa,—“proud Austria's mournful flower,” in a theatre,—and, in fine, he has *swum across the Hellespont*! He who has claims to have all this engraved on his tomb-stone, need not fear becoming soon a prey to “dumb forgetfulness.”

The principle of *chiaroscuro* will account for much of the strong effect of his pieces. A sombre thought or image is introduced to give high relief to a lovely description: this is often done with too much show of design,—but it is also sometimes done with consummate skill and feeling, of which we have an instance in the following fine stanza.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek
all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful
scorn,
And living as if earth contained no
tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may
find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered
fittingly.

We know nothing, in the whole range of poetry, more true to experience, and at the same time more original, than the thought glanced across the mind in the line we have distinguished by Italics. It gives voice to an impression which has many a day lain on many a heart, without the consciousness being sufficiently awakened to it to define it exactly.—Again, on the other hand, how delightfully does he throw the beauty of silent ceaseless nature, over scenes of moral vicissitude, and historical melancholy!

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

We have living poets—several—whose contemplation is more intense,—whose passion is more exclusively poetical,—whose language is more pure, and expedients more select; but none whose spirit is so active, or range of sensibility so wide. He spreads himself out over nature and history, like a bird of prey; the storm does not beat down his wing, and he sails in the calm sunshine without fainting. The best specimens of poetry which the present day has produced, lie deep and clear like lakes: Byron's verse rushes like a mountain river through many realms; carrying down to one the productions of another;—often shallow, sometimes showing dry bald spots; but usually rushing forwards with vehement impetuosity: sometimes, too, collecting into depths equal to that of the lake—then again pouring onward, as if enlivened, excited, by the call of the roaring ocean.

Eloquence, rather than poetry, forms, perhaps, the great charm of Lord Byron's verses: like some of the loftier passages in Tasso, his finest morsels are generally declamatory;—the objects are all shown off

in exhibition, but the exhibitor is evidently penetrated by their qualities; he anxiously adjusts the display, but he feels them to be worth displaying. His descriptions of scenery, and the exquisite effects of nature, are what we think he does best.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's
crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of
the blest.

Childe Harold, Canto 4.

After passages of this class, the bitterness of sceptical emotion in his compositions seems most marked by energy and earnestness. As a moral philosopher, and even as a misanthrope, he is childishly inconsistent; and his inconsistency would lead us to doubt, or more than doubt, his cherishing any real sentiment corresponding with his expressions in such passages. For instance, in stanza 176, of his fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, he makes it his boast that he can

—reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

This is very school-boy like; but, what is worse, it is not felt with the sincerity of the school-boy; for, in stanza 178, he tells us that he

Loves not man the less, but nature more,
for these pleasures enjoyed in the “pathless woods,” and “by the deep sea:” and then again, in stanza 180, we find him exulting in the idea, that his favourite, the ocean, is in the habit of sending human beings “shivering in its playful spray, and howling to their gods”—then dashing them to the earth,—“where let them lay!”—which last exclamation is bad grammar, and idle rhodomontade.—We could multiply instances of these inconsistencies from all his compositions.

His females are fair and pellucid formations, without distinct features, or definite properties. The female character is reduced in them to a certain intense power of communicating delight to man, and awaken-

ing enthusiasm in his breast:—they love, dazzle, and die. Their model is altogether an Eastern one:

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine.

Bride of Abydos.

They are houris, intended to gratify the pleasures of sense with celestial charms. They are made soft, and silent, and yielding, and devoted; just such blessed creatures as man might wish to form for himself to administer to his enjoyment, exempt from all partnership with him in the dominion of the world. Their looks fall on him like moon-light; their breath sighs in his ear, like the whisper of evening; their forms are delicate as the master-pieces of art; their hair is long and flowing for his fingers to play with; they live but in his countenance, and he adores them as the beauty and delight of his existence. But we must not look in Lord Byron's poetry for traces of that tenderness of soul, which has its depth in reason and will; that concession of self, which has its value in worth and weight of character; that full companionship, and closely and entirely associated sympathy, which give importance and solemnity to the union of the sexes, at the same time increasing its zest.

Haidee, in the *Don Juan*, is by much his best female portrait. Her tenderness seems connected with a greater range of feeling; it is marked by a nobility of sentiment, which is generally wanting to the fondness of Lord Byron's heroines. Perhaps the following stanza may be as proper as any to serve as a specimen of his particular manner in the description of women.

Fair—as the first that fell of womankind—

When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,

Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind—

But once beguiled—and ever more beguiling;

Dazzling—as that, oh! too transcendant vision

To Sorrow's phantom'd-people slumber given,

When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,

And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven—

Soft as the memory of buried love—

Pure—as the prayer which childhood wafts above—

Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,

Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved—how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?

Who doth not feel—until his failing sight

Faints into dimness with its own delight—

His changing cheek—his sinking heart confess

The might—the majesty of Loveliness?

Such was Zuleika—such around her shone

The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone—

The light of love—the purity of grace—

The mind—the music breathing from her face!

The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—

And, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Bride of Abydos, Canto 1.

It is but fair to say, however, that his women are well adapted to his men,—and give a suitable grace to the pictures in which they are introduced. His heroes—the Giaour, Corsair, Alp the renegado, &c. cannot be said to have characters; they are placed in glaring lights; the circumstances around them are disposed for effect; they have certain strong natural instincts. They are brave, vindictive, unfortunate, and unyielding. They all love, fight, despair, and die. Manfred and Lara alone raise intellect above passion; and the poems, of which they are the heroes, are noble creations of a poetical mind.

But which of Lord Byron's is not? They all glow with the fire of genius;—their faults are to be reasoned about; their power is instantaneously felt. Our author is, in short, a genuine master in his art, though his style is false, and his resources are often unworthy of his talents.—We have heard him called a bad poet; but if his poetry be bad, we can only say, that we like it better than much that is allowed to be good. Who denies that *Salvator Rosa* was a genuine artist,—because signs of affectation, and false ambition, are to be discerned in his pictures? Lord Byron's last compositions—*Beppo* and *Don Juan*—are wonderful proofs of the versatility of his powers; but they pitilessly sacrifice personal consistency and dignity in the caprice of a petulant disdain of opinion, or a distasteful avidity for notoriety as a man and an author.

THE LITERARY POCKET-BOOK,

OR, COMPANION FOR THE LOVER OF NATURE AND ART.

(Published by Ollicrs, London.)

A POCKET-BOOK is, beyond all doubt, an useful thing; and morocco and calf may even render it an ornamental one. It was reserved, however, for the present publication to outdo pocket-books of all sorts, great and small, ancient and modern. Had a common person run over the list of previous annuals of this class, he would have decided, at once, against swelling the catalogue. There were the "Gentleman's Diary," and the "Ladies Diary,"—full of mathematical and poetical puzzles, for the benefit and amusement of the respective sexes. Then there was one almanack for "Farmers," and two for "Clergymen;" (none for lawyers), one "London" Almanack, and one "*Celestial*" ditto:—there was (and is) that mysterious volume which is sent once a year into the world, under the name of the celebrated "FRANCIS MOORE," physician,—stamped and lettered in various colours, and valuable as the book of the ancient sybil,—great in its old reputation, and yearly acquiring new;—the wonder of the simple, whether rich or poor,—and bearing about it a load of prophecy which would have sunk any volume, less established, into the very lowest abyss of popular contempt. Besides this, there is "Poor Robin," in which prose and verse, comedy and tragedy, like

Hot, cold, moist and dry, four champions
fierce,

Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms.

And now, lastly, and, beyond all comparison, above its fellows, has arisen "like an exhalation," and still stands the LITERARY POCKET-BOOK! Before this book appeared, there were those which we have quoted above, and many others: one was useful, and another clever; a third ornamental, and a fourth amusing; but *this was all*. Now, our favourite has what the others contain,—always excepting the pictures and prophecies, and a few other trifles; and it has original prose and poetry, which we will not place (even for the sake of comparison), by the side of other

pocket-books; and it possesses really valuable lists of authors, and scientific men, in most quarters of the civilized world; thus yielding literary information *which cannot be obtained in any other work whatever*.

It is time, however, to go somewhat into detail, and to give our readers a few specimens of what the Literary Pocket-Book contains.—It commences with a "Calendar of Birth-days;" or, in other words, sketches of some eminent men whose personal as well as intellectual characters, render their anniversaries more particularly worthy of observance. This "Calendar of Birth-days" is an interesting essay (or rather collection of essays), and is for the most part delightfully written. It is the composition, we have heard, of Mr. Leigh Hunt, and it certainly strongly resembles the style adopted by that gentleman in his little weekly paper called the "Indicator." The eminent men of whom Mr. Hunt has given us such pleasant sketches, are, Epicurus, Montesquieu, Bacon, Galileo, Raphael, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, La Fontaine, Petrarch, Ariosto, Virgil, Bayle, and Horace. We select the following account of Galileo ("the starry Galileo,") not because it is the best, but because it is one of the shortest. We might otherwise have quoted the sketch of Raphael, or of La Fontaine, which are more elaborated.

March.

GALILEO.—Galileo Galilei, who united accomplishments with science, in a manner far from usual with philosophers of his class, was born either at Florence or Pisa, on the 3d of March, (19th Feb. O. S.) 1564. He was the son, some say the natural son, of Vincenzo Galileo, a noble Florentine remarkable for his knowledge of music. Our philosopher made several fine inventions, particularly the telescope, the cycloid in geometry, and the machine by which the Venetians render their Lagoon fluid and navigable. He discovered with his new instrument four of Jupiter's Satellites, and the varieties in the surface of the moon. He also confirmed the Copernican system relative to the central si-

tuation of the sun, and the earth's motion about it. Chaucer, in the most social of lines, has spoken

Of Sanison, Turnus, and of Socrates.

In Galileo's time, the two reigning authorities in all sciences, divine and human, were Aristotle and Moses. The demonstrations of the Copernican system, going counter to the astronomical opinions of the great logician of Greece and liberator of Judea, were thought so blasphemous by the friars, that the author was first ordered to renounce, and was afterwards imprisoned, for daring to renew them. His confinement lasted for more than a year and a half; and his book on the subject was burnt: finally, he was enjoined, for the space of three years, to return once a week to the Holy Office, and repeat the seven penitential Psalms. This is the way in which opinions equally innocent, would be treated now, if the greatest and most calumniated spirits in other times had not, at length, reduced envy and folly to a state of toothless clamour. Milton, then on his travels in Italy, visited his illustrious brother reformer, who was confined, he tells us, for thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominican friars. The interview seems to have dwelt upon his imagination, for he afterwards put him in a well-known passage of the *Paradise Lost*.

He scarce had ceased, when the superior Fiend

Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon,
whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

Galileo's country house was in Valdarno, and looked up at Fesole; to the top of which, he seems to have told Milton that he often transplanted his telescope. Perhaps our philosopher's heretical relapse was the more aggravating (as the old women say), in as much as he had an unconquerable gaiety and facetiousness. He is reported to have said, when he came out from his first sentence, "It's very true though, for all that." When he found out the telescope, a university professor undertook to make a retrospective discovery of it in Aristotle. It was in a passage where the reason is given why the stars are visible in the day time from a deep well. Galileo, who tells us the story himself, adds, in his pleasant way, that such men are like alchemists, who say that the art of making gold was evidently known to the ancients, by the deep fables and fictions under which they concealed it. Our phi-

losopher was remarkable at all times for his vein of pleasantry. He wrote lively poetry, in the style of Berni, and was passionately fond of Ariosto. He was a scholar; wrote with great accuracy and clearness; could play the husbandman in the country; delighted in architecture and painting; designed well; and had an admirable finger on the lute. In his person he was small, but strong and well looking. During the three or four last years of his life he was blind; owing, it is said, to his constant use of his telescope, and the night air: but this calamity neither broke his spirit nor interrupted his studies, which he only turned the more inward, after the manner of his illustrious visitor. He died at Arcetri, near Florence, on the 8th of January, 1642. Galileo was married, and left a son who proved worthy of him.

The following is Mr. Hunt's account of Ariosto. We confess that we should have preferred a notice of Tasso, to one either of Petrarch or Ariosto, though we willingly accept the latter. The misfortunes of Tasso, however, are put on record both in verse and prose, and are perhaps better known generally, than the biography of his brother poet, who

— revelled among men and things divine,
And poured *his* spirit over Palestine.

September.

ARIOSTO.—Lodovico Giovanni Ariosto, one of the most delightful spirits of the south, and the enchanter among Italian poets, was born September the 20th (8th, O. S. 1474,) at Reggio in Lombardy, where his father was Captain of the Citadel. He was left in his 26th year with slender means to take care of four brothers and five sisters; and it is not one of his least honours, that with the usual poetical tendency to enjoy himself, he took the most industrious and affectionate care of them all. He was at the famous battle of Ravenna in 1512, which he speaks of with such animation and pathos in the 14th Canto of the *Orlando*; and among other missions, was twice sent ambassador to Pope Julius the Second. But, though some biographers deny it, he is spoken of as a very indifferent and unwilling politician. However, he was politician enough, in the best part of the art, to restore to harmony the district of Grafagnana, to which the Duke of Ferrara sent him as Governor for that purpose. He was a good while in the service of that prince, and of others of the family of Este, whom he honoured with his panegyrics; but he had almost as little reason to thank that insolent and overweening race, as Tasso after him. He was so arrogantly treated by Cardinal Hip-

polito for declining to accompany him to Hungary, where the climate was unfavourable to his health and time of life, that what with this and other ill returns for the delight he was giving mankind, he took for his device a bee-hive set on fire for its honey, with the motto "*Evil for Good.*" But the natural cheerfulness of his temper was a wealth of which nothing deprived him. Next to writing his poetry, he took delight in gardening and building. He was plain and temperate in diet, but a most delightful companion, particularly in the society of the ladies, by whom he was proportionately beloved. The name of his favourite was Gineura. He was so attached to her, that in one of his sonnets he wishes to be known for a poet, not by a wreath of ivy or laurel, but by a crown of Juniper,—Gineura, in Italian, resembling the word that signifies that tree. He was handsome both in face and person, though he latterly grew large like Boccaccio. His poetry (of which it is needless perhaps to inform our readers, that the translations give no idea) is exquisitely easy, natural, and full of a certain humanity in its wildest departures from it. He makes you feel a knight on horseback, and a magician on griffin-back, with an equal sense of reality; and carries you from story to story, and bower to bower, with a never-ending freshness and variety. But we must kill him, or we shall never have done. He died on the 18th June, (6th, O. S.) 1533.

Following the "Calendar of Birth-days," is a "Diary" for appointments, and other memoranda, together with blank pages for general observations. This Diary differs in nothing from the common Diaries, except that wherever the birth-day of a celebrated man occurs, his name is put down, with the year in which he was born, thus reminding us pleasantly of great spirits, and affording us an opportunity of doing them honour.

The "Miscellanies" consist of a very clever and interesting paper called "Walks round London;" and various pieces of original poetry. From the Walks we select the following, (which is all that we can spare room for)—it takes us at once into the country, and is undoubtedly a very picturesque piece of writing. We understand that it is written by Mr. —, but perhaps he does not wish us to mention his name.

We propose, then, to take a direction to the north-west of the great city, along the Edgware-road, which becomes interesting soon after you have passed through Paddington, the road being less frequented

than most of the others about town. It is bordered on one side by tall elms and undulating fields, and on the other by a fine series of meadows which still preserve their old character of simple open pasturage. Just before we reach Kilburn we shall be tempted to stop and look through an opening on the right into a complete landscape, cultivated and graceful in its effect without formality. The fields nearest to us seem to have burst into soft irregularities, as though the earth had made faint preludings to itself before it knew how to throw up the mountains. These hillocks mark the fore-ground; the middle distance is studded with trees and hedges, and the picture is shut in by peaceful hills. Passing through Kilburn, we continue in the same beautiful road for about half a mile, when we turn into a lane to the left, leading to Wilsden. Here we are perfectly retired and quiet, and may be as meditative as we please. The lane partakes of the *unmodernized* character of the whole neighbourhood: it is edged by strips of grass, and made especially picturesque by the capricious outline of its rich hedges, whose bases are embossed by large-leaved weeds and wild flowers breeding there in secure overgrowth. In this still situation, we shall soon come upon the gates of a mansion standing in the midst of spacious grounds, and having very much the look of an old chateau in a romance. Looking beyond the groups of graceful shrubs which are scattered about on this side the house, our view is bounded by deep groves and glades of large trees, nursing their own twilight. An hundred miles from town, in our opinion, we could not meet with any place more hushed and hidden, where the air could be freer, or the trees more solemn and unbrageous. The house is called Bramsbury, and is the seat of Mr. Coutts Trotter.

The following Song, and Fragment entitled "Grief," are the production of Mr. Shelley, the author of that most powerful dramatic work *The Cenci*.

SONG.

On a faded Violet.

The odour from the flower is gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
Which glowed of thee and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

GRIEF.

A Fragment.

* * *
 * * The lady died not, nor grew wild,
 But year by year lived on: in truth, I
 think,

Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
 And that she did not die, but lived to tend
 Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
 If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
 For but to see her, were to read the tale
 Woven by some subtlest bard, to make
 hard hearts

Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief.
 Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
 Her eyelashes were worn away with tears:
 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead
 —so pale!

Her hands were thin, and through their
 wandering veins
 And weak articulations, might be seen
 Day's ruddy light. * * *

Δ.

The song called "My Nanie O" is
 written by Mr. Allan Cunningham,
 the author of "the Nithsdale and
 Galloway songs." He is certainly
 the best writer of songs which Scot-
 land has produced, with the excep-
 tion—(we are sure he will allow the
 exception), of Burns. There is great
 naïveté and beauty in the lines which
 we have put in Italics.

MY NANIE O.

Red rolls the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
 Mirk is the night and rainie O;
 Though heaven and earth should mix in
 storm,

I'll go and see my Nanie O.

My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
 My kind and winsome Nanie O;
 She holds my heart in love's sweet
 bands,

And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching time so meek she stands,
 So saintly and so bonnie O,

I cannot get one glimpse of grace,

For thieving looks at Nanie O.

My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
The world's in love with Nanie O;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear,
 That wadnae love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
 When dancing she moves finely O;

I guess what heaven is by her eyes,

They sparkle so divinely O.

My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
 The pride of Nithsdale's Nanie O;
 Love looks frae 'neath her golden
 hair,

And says "I live with Nanie O."

Tell not, thou star, at gray day-light,
 O'er Tinwald top so bonnie O,

My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
 When coming frae my Nanie O.

My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
 None ken o' me and Nanie O;
 The stars and moon may tell 't
 aboon,

They winna wrang my Nanie O.

C.

The following, which is part of a
 poem entitled "Ull's Water and its
 Echoes," comes from the pen of Mr.
 Barry Cornwall, who, it seems, has
 been lately among the lakes and
 mountains of Cumberland.

ECHOES.

Ye spirits like the winds!—Ye, who around
 The rocks and these primeval mountains run,
 With cries as though some thunder-god un-
 bound

His wings, to celebrate the set of sun,
 And leaning from yon fiery cloud
 Alarming blew his brazen horn aloud,
 And then with faint, and then with fainter
 voice,

That bade the world rejoice,
 Proclaimed care asleep and earthly labour
 done.

Oh! spirits of the air and mountains born,
 And cradled in the cave where Silence lies!
 As from dusk night at once the tropic morn
 Springeth upon the struck beholder's eyes
 In mid-day power bright and warm,
 So ye, called forth from some unholy calm,
 Mysterious, brooding, and prophetic, seem
 To rise as from a dream,
 And break your spell, but keep the secret
 of the charm.

Not only like the thunder and the blast
 Are your high voices heard, for far away
 Ye gently speak, and as, when life is past,
 The white swan crowns with song her dy-
 ing day;

So in music faint and sad
 Ye perish, who exultingly and glad
 Rushed forward in your earlier course,
 Like rivers from a rocky source
 Fast flashing into light, and sinking soon
 to shade.

Pale poets of the hills! doubtless ye are
 Like those on earth, short-lived and self-
 consuming,

Yet bright, from lightnings which around
 your hair

Stream, and exhausted with too soon re-
 suming

Your shouts, which first were stern and
 strong,

And bore the burthen of your youth along,
 But after, as ye further flew,

Grew slight, but ah! grew weaker too,
 Until alone remained the memory of your
 song.

Unlike the sounds which faintly fall on
 plains,
 Or tones low murmured through some syl-
 van place,
 Your voice in peerless domination reigns,
 Self-evidence of its supremest race :
 What, though the eye may see ye not,
 Ah ! who that ever heard hath e'er forgot
 The teeming harmony that rose and died
 Moaning upon the mountain side ?
 * * * * *

B.

One more short quotation and we
 have done. It is a translation from
 Petrarch by Mr. Leigh Hunt we be-
 lieve, and is very simple and beau-
 tiful.

O glad, triumphal bough,
 That now adornest conquering chiefs, and
 now
 Clippest the brows of over-ruling kings ;
 From victory to victory
 Thus climbing on, through all the heights
 of story,
 From worth to worth, and glory unto glory ;

To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
 Thou reignest now upon that flourishing
 head,
 At whose triumphant eyes, Love and our
 souls are led.

We must now shut up the Literary
 Pocket-Book, recommending it, how-
 ever, to our readers, partly for its
 original matter, and partly for its
Lists (of authors, &c.), which, (as
 we have before said), are really in-
 valuable, and are to be found in no
 other publication whatever. We had
 intended to have given this little book
 a more laboured notice, but it has
 come rather late into our hands, and
 we can only submit to our readers
 the above short and imperfect ac-
 count. Five shillings cannot well be
 laid out more advantageously for a
 Christmas present (to a man, wo-
 man, or child), than in the purchase
 of the Literary Pocket-Book for 1821.

Town Conversation.

No. I.

MR. BARRY CORNWALL'S TRAGEDY.

MANY complaints have been urged
 against our best poets for not direct-
 ing their attention to the stage ; but
 we are happy to learn that *one* of our
 best, has at length resolved to exo-
 nerate himself from any share of this
 blame. A more worthy object of
 ambition than the theatre presents
 to writers of genius and imagination,
 cannot be conceived ; yet how few
 such have recently devoted them-
 selves to its service ! If there be any
 thing in the footing on which thea-
 trical representations are now placed,
 that can account for this backward-
 ness, it becomes pressing indeed that
 the cause, or causes, should be dis-
 tinctly known, preparatory to being
 removed ; for the actual degradation
 of our Dramatic Literature reflects
 shame on the country—shame, too,
 which cannot, by any means, be con-
 sidered obliterated by excellence in
 other departments of composition.
 The Drama is, by distinction, the re-
 presentative of the taste, attainments,
 and manners of society :—no vigorous
 people (unless accidentally, and for
 a short time) ever was without a
 flourishing theatre, reflecting back, on
 the public observation, lively images

of the public feeling, habits, and ac-
 complishments.—To say, then, of a
 civilized nation, that it is totally des-
 titute of a Drama proper to the day,
 is a reproach of a serious nature,
 bearing heavily against its intellec-
 tual claims.—It has certainly been
 but too applicable to England of late
 years : but symptoms have recently
 shown themselves of an awakening
 to a just sense of the animating in-
 vitation which the stage holds out,
 amongst those who are capable of do-
 ing honour to its call. The author
 of *Virginius* has proved that neither
 the size of the Houses, nor the dis-
 position of audiences (as has been
 pretended) is necessarily fatal to the
 success of talent employed in drama-
 tic composition. It would be strange,
 indeed, if a large theatre should be
 proved to be peculiarly favourable to
 nonsense, and hostile to sense and feel-
 ing : we have always doubted this, and
 now disbelieve it altogether. It may,
 indeed, hold many who cannot hear,
 —and the theatres of the ancients must
 have done the same, —but surely
 those who can, are left free to judge
 as correctly as if they were enclosed
 within the walls of a small building.

As for the disposition of audiences, we believe it remains pretty much as it has always been: it is made up of a good deal of hastiness, and of a propensity to be turbulent; joined, however, with a preponderating proportion of natural feeling, and of generous pride in the display of elevated faculty. Talent, therefore, we maintain, has quite as fair a chance at the theatre as elsewhere: much more so, we conscientiously believe, than authors have with the reviewers now-a-days. The manner in which some of the Reviews have behaved to certain deserving writers, is altogether more vulgar, as well as more illiberal, than any expression of pit severity that can be quoted by unsuccessful candidates. People go to the play-house in a very different temper from that in which a party Reviewer sits down to criticize; and it is a temper at once more amiable, and favourable to candid judgment—but we are writing an Essay instead of a Notice.—A Tragedy by Mr. Barry Cornwall is understood to be on the eve of appearance, and we really think a more interesting event, connected with Literature, has not occurred for a long time. Should ill-success attend the attempt, we confess we should consider that fact as furnishing strong presumptive evidence that writers, for some reason or other, connected with the present theatrical system, have not a fair chance on the stage, and consequently act prudently in regarding it with shyness. On the other hand, if good fortune crown the enterprize, the public ought to be congratulated even more than the author—for by this, coming so soon after the success of *Virginus*, the Drama might be considered as raised from its fallen state,—the competition of eminent talent excited in favour of the theatre,—and elegant taste recalled to preside over that portion of the public pleasures which formerly constituted its glory, but which has latterly almost given us reason to believe it extinct. The name of the forth-coming tragedy is announced as *MIRANDOLA*; but we know nothing of the plot, which is very properly kept secret,—except

that we understand the accounts that have appeared in some of the newspapers are mistakes. The name suggests Italy. *Mirandola*, or *Mirandula*, is a place in Italy, famous as the first abode of John Picus, a prodigy of the fifteenth century, who died at the early age of thirty-three, but who had previously distinguished himself in all human knowledge and science. Lorenzo de Medici was his patron and companion, and gave him a villa at *Fiesole*,—a situation which the English reader will have pleasure in associating with such a character, in consequence of the mention made of it in Milton's great poem. John Picus of *Mirandola*, was a scholar after the fashion of his age, but he had an intellect "for all time." At Rome he published 900 propositions, or subjects of discussion, in almost every science that could exercise the speculation or ingenuity of man, and which (says a biographical writer,) "extraordinary and superfluous as many of them now appear, furnish an amazing idea of the boundless extent of his erudition and genius. These he promised publicly to maintain against all opponents whatsoever; and even offered to defray, out of his own purse, the charges of poor scholars, who should undertake the journey to Rome for the purpose of disputing with him." The ambitious polemic, however, was disappointed: this tournament of learning, this keen encounter of wit, never took place: the challenger was accused of heresy in thirteen of his theses, and obliged to fly back to Florence, to claim the protection of his powerful friend Lorenzo.—We do not suppose that the personage in question forms the hero of Mr. Cornwall's tragedy, but a short notice of so celebrated a man, who is not very well known to the generality of readers, will not, we hope, be thought to demand any apology. The coincidence of the name has suggested it.—The tragedy of *MIRANDOLA* is intended for Covent Garden: indeed, that accomplished actor, Macready, seems to render this selection a matter of course, whenever it is practicable to an author.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Kennilworth Castle is the announced title; and we were in hopes that this

first Number of the Third Volume of our Magazine would have been dis-

tinguished by an account of a work, the authorship of which is calculated to recommend criticism, more than the most favourable criticism can recommend it. Were we to say that its appearance has been delayed by an absolute difficulty experienced in transmitting to Scotland the requisite quantity of paper, however incredible such an assertion might ap-

pear, we have good reason to believe we should be saying nothing but the simple fact. *Kennilworth Castle* will, it is understood, be more in the manner of *Ivanhoe*, than of the Scotch series; and from what we hear we are prepared to expect a very successful composition. It is said to be calculated even to rival the *Ivanhoe* in the public favour.

LORD BYRON'S NEW TRAGEDY.

This work, which is, we understand, rather in the nature of a Dramatic Poem than of an *acting* Tragedy, is just announced as being in the press. It is entitled "*Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*." The story is, shortly, that of a Doge of Venice, who, on account of an insult offered to his wife, conspired with some malcontents to overturn the government of his country.—Venice was at that period governed by a council of ten, who discovered the conspiracy, and caused the Doge to be arrested. Faliero was sentenced to die, and behaved in the most abject manner in order to save his life: it was in vain, however, and he was finally executed. It is not a little curious to hear of a prince conspiring against the

land of which he was himself the head? We are told that Signor Foscolo has spoken in warm terms of the mode in which Lord Byron has pictured the manners and customs of Venice: and we have heard also that the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* has pronounced this tragic Drama to be a fine specimen of English composition. If it be so (and we are not without our attention to his opinion) we may congratulate the noble author on an improvement which we could scarcely have expected from his Venetian sojourn. Lord Byron is a poet, and undoubtedly a powerful one; but he is not a writer whose correctness of style has hitherto *particularly* entitled him to our regard.

MR. SHELLEY.

A friend of ours writes to us, from Italy, that Mr. Shelley, the author of that powerful Drama, "*The Cenci*," is employed upon an English historical Tragedy. The title, we believe, is to be *Charles the First*; at any rate that monarch is the hero, or principal person of the story. We hear that Mr. Shelley has expressed his determination to paint a true portrait of the unfortunate English King (it may be made a very captivating one) and to exclude from his work all prejudice,

political as well as moral. If so, the reader of poetry may calculate on being acquainted with a high and imperishable production. We differ entirely with the creeds of Mr. Shelley; but we do not on that account refrain from confessing, that he is unquestionably one of the very first of our now living English poets. We wish, most heartily, that we could bestow on his poetry our praise without qualification; but we cannot.

MR. SOUTHEY.

We understand that Mr. Southey is making preparations for a History of the Quakers, but that those pacific folks are not, at present, very forward in yielding to the wishes which the learned historian has expressed, of seeing the various documents in England belonging to the sect. We hope that this hesitation will not be persevered in. We have great regard for the honest dealings and primitive simplicities of these worthy people; and we verily believe, that their re-

spectability will not be endangered, nor their feelings outraged by their entrusting their papers to the inspection of Mr. Southey. Many facts will necessarily escape and find their way to him; and the chance is, that some of them may be distorted, if *authorities* cannot be referred to. Will it not be wise, therefore, to guard against this possibility, by making the historian at once a friend? The Quakers are not a literary people, and they do not encourage let-

ters. They have however, now, Quaker poets, and we hope soon to find them readers of poetry. They are an useful and respectable class, and the single fact of their shielding

all their poorer brethren from the stigma and calamity of begging, is enough to entitle them to the best consideration of every thinking man.

HORACE WALPOLE.

There was a report some time since, that Mr. Murray had purchased the *Life* of Horace Walpole, written by himself; but we conclude that the work reported of was, in fact, the "Memoirs of the last nine Years of the Reign of George II," lately announced. Walpole was a sprightly and delightful letter-writer, but he had scarcely weight enough for history; and we understand that the

Memoirs (which is a sort of middle title) have much of the pleasant gossiping strain which rendered his letters so popular. By the bye, we observe, that *all* Horace Walpole's Correspondence has been reprinted in an octavo form, so that a reader with moderate means, is no longer shut out from the purchase of these lively letters.

COCKNEY WRITERS.

WE shall here say a word on what the epithet *Cockney*, applied to a writer either of prose or poetry, really signifies,—or ought to signify:—it is worth describing; and, since we have made the *Edinburgh Mohocks* angry, they apply it so blunderingly that it is likely to lose all its point, should we leave it in their hands,—and that were a pity. We suspect they never knew very well what they were about in using it;—but it has served them for a *word* when they have been without an *idea*. It has saved them an expenditure, disproportionate to their means, in argument and wit: they have written *Cockney* against a writer, when they have been unable to write any thing else. Not but that, in some instances, the term has been sufficiently characteristic of the persons to whom they have applied it:—if their cleverness led them to these happy applications, we can only say, that their knavery has made them spoil their own joke; for the term *Cockney*, as now directed by them against an author, only means that they have a spite against his person or his talents.—The author of the article on the Scotch Novels, which appeared in our Magazine, has not, by his subsequent papers, rendered himself quite so agreeable to their feelings as they stated themselves to have found him in his first: in their last Number accordingly he is put down as a *Cockney*!—"an unfortunate Cockney!" Yet we believe it is pretty generally allowed, that he has proved himself to be *too far North* for them; and it would go hard, we suspect, for any of the

Mohocks to show, that, either in virtue of their birth-place or their compositions, they have a better right than he has to quote the motto of the Scottish nation, or brandish significantly the emblem which it accompanies. Our ELIA, too—the pride of our Magazine, and the object of the praise of *their's* under his real name—he is set down as a "Cockney Scribbler!" This gentleman, in his capacity of acknowledged author, they have never mentioned but to eulogize; as, indeed, who does not eulogize his writings for displaying a spirit of deep and warm humanity, enlivened by a vein of poignant wit,—not caustic, yet searching,—and recommending a shrewdness of judgment on men, books, and things, which seems to revive the old times when Magazines were not, and literature and knowledge were the better for it. The author of our *Table Talk*, too, is "a Cockney:" we offer to wager the amount at which Professor Leslie has laid his damages, in the action he has brought against them, that he is not,—and that no reader of his papers thinks him one. They have thus a good opportunity presented to them of getting out of a scrape, if their words are worth any thing. But they will take Shakespeare's advice instead of our bet; "they who can't be honest shouldn't be valiant." They won't risk the wager. Let us, however, proceed at once to tell them what a Cockney writer *is*: they know, as well as ourselves, that these, just mentioned, have no claim to the title.

Cockneys, in general, are little

men; but they are smart, clever, and active; quick observers, and wonderfully occupied with whatever is going on about them. They observe every thing, however, with an immediate and exclusive reference to themselves: being born and bred up in the metropolis renders each, in his own estimation, a member of a privileged class, and all novelties and varieties from their habits, are set down by them as singular exceptions, remarkable occurrences, things to be entered in their journals. They themselves constitute a standard, in their own estimation; and hence they are always measuring other people by themselves. If taller, they are giants; if shorter, dwarfs. Cockneys are thus unpleasantly pert in their manner, without meaning to be offensive: they are prone, too, to make mountains of mole-hills, and this is apt to turn the laugh against them, and cause them to be considered as more ignorant than they are. Place a Cockney amongst the ice-islands described by our late discoverers, and he would be forcibly struck by the magnificence and terror of the scene; but the first object in his thoughts would be himself, and nature's marvels would be ranked high in importance chiefly through their connection with himself. How strange that he should be there! The ice how much more thick than on the Serpentine! How much more cold than in Cheapside! How much he will have to tell when he gets back!—"What do you find most remarkable at Versailles," said Louis XIV to the Doge of Genoa, whom he had compelled to come personally to make an apology? "*Myself!*" replied the Doge: "what most strikes me with surprise is that *I* should be here." This was a Cockney idea; and the Doge of Genoa was, no doubt, a sort of Lord Mayor.—When Mr. Henry Augustus Mug was prime minister at the court of his Mandingo majesty, in the interior of Africa, he looked at the palm-trees and thought of the flower-pots in the windows of Ludgate-hill; he admired the elephant's teeth, because they suggested his turner's-shop; and the white sands and black faces of the land of the Niger, put him in mind of a chess-board newly made. He was saucy to the savages on his right

as a Londoner; and not even his fears could conquer his propensity to cut jokes on their ignorance of knives and forks, in a country which furnished so much fine ivory for handles!

Such is a Cockney;—a Cockney author sublimates all these qualities in his person and writings. By a Cockney author we do not mean a London author;—there may be Cockney authors who never saw London, and *vice versâ*. We allude to writers to whom this term of ridicule may be fairly applied. A Cockney author is likely to be found clever, but with his talent will almost constantly go a certain air of *smallness* belonging to his character generally. He will seem to want actual experience, and be inclined to make up the deficiency by egotism. His good manners will be pert; his observations too minute and particular; he will make too much of all he knows, and too little of what other people, who are not of his set, tell him. Chiefly, however, will his generosity and magnanimity be disgusting—for these will always savour of intolerance and insolence. Such an one happening upon the word *fatness*, as used in Scripture to express the quality of essential richness, would instantly connect the Bible with his own bile, and sicken at the word as nauseous. His poetry will be often beautiful, but quite as often false, and apparently affected; owing to his being unable to observe the due proportion of things, when they have any sort of relation to himself. Should he chance to "have stout notions on the marrying score," we are likely to have him telling us that Shakspeare was an enemy to marriage, not because he has any reason to say so, or because there are not innumerable reasons to say the reverse,—but because a Cockney is always eager to associate himself with Shakspeare, and, out of tenderness to the "bard's" reputation, will not suppose it possible a difference of opinion could exist between them.

We confess we have one of our popular writers, noticed in Blackwood's Magazine as a Cockney poet, chiefly in our eye at present; and we have not scrupled to render our allusions to him pretty plain, because we wish our charges against the Mohocks to be rightly understood. That they have written abominable and unfounded

scandals against this author we know: but that his style and sentiments are not provocative of severity, we would be the last persons to deny.

There are, perhaps, several good writers who might be termed Cockney authors, if it were allowable so to term Doctor Samuel Johnson, whose fondness for London is well known, and whose habits of life are to be traced in the turn and imagery of his compositions. The doctor once went a hunting at Brighton, and he manifested the true Cockney zeal in this novel exercise:—he rode over the hounds, and was, at least, in at *their* death.

In another, but a much better

sense, Steele and Addison were Cockney authors; and, so understood, the author of the articles in the *LONDON MAGAZINE*, on the *South Sea House*, *Christ's Hospital*, *The Two Races of Men*, may claim this distinguishing appellation. The fair influence of London on the works of men of talent, who are either natives of that capital, or who have resided there for a considerable portion of their lives, may be noticed by us in another short Article; and we shall then venture a word or two on the *Edinburgh School of Literature*. It is a very peculiar one. We do not here mean the Mohock school.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XLVII of this repository of literary decisions was published about the middle of December. The announcements of the two great Reviews, as they are called, that precede their publication, make authors experience a sensation not dissimilar to that which news of the intended presentation of the Recorder's report excites in the inmates of stony-hearted Newgate: those who feel themselves liable to the worst, become, in both cases, rather restless about the result. When the Quarterly Review is severe, it is more bitter than caustic: the Edinburgh is generally more caustic than bitter. But the Quarterly, on the whole, has done less harm to Literature than the Edinburgh: its best articles have less brilliancy of display; less liveliness, but more meaning, than the best which appear in the other:—at the same time, it must be admitted, that nothing approachable to its worst has ever been seen in its rival. There is more industry shown in the Quarterly than in the Edinburgh; a greater number of respectable hands are employed in it; the system of its manufacture is better; but we seldom or ever find it so clever as its senior appears in happy articles. There is, however, a pains-taking spirit, and a substantial construction, about the Quarterly now, which reflect credit on its management: furthermore, it carries an air of establishment with it that is imposing: it comports itself as if it constituted a fourth estate of the realm—King, Lords, Commons, and The Quarterly Review; and, considering it in this august

capacity, it must be allowed to bear its faculties meekly. With the exception of some grovelling articles, known to be written by an eminent hack in office,—the discussions of public questions in the Quarterly have a quality of judge-like summing-up about them. The faculties of the writers are all enlisted on the side of what is strong in the country; but their dispositions are not hostile to those who are weak, injured, and distressed. If they could do the latter much good, without seeming to bear hard on the former, they would willingly do so. According to their philosophy, whatever *is* is right; but they would have no objection to make the right a little better, if it could be done without conveying any reflection on it as imperfect. If the Quarterly Review, for instance, had existed in those days when the Recorder's report usually included a few cases of *witchcraft*,—which a regard to the best interests of society had caused to be strictly considered as an unpardonable offence,—it would have maintained the “impropriety of *unsettling the foundations* on which our present code rests,”—but would have declared itself ready to “hail, with deep and unaffected satisfaction, any diminution which can be *proved to be practicable* in the rigour of its letter and administration.” This language, which it holds in its last Number, on the subject of the present inquiry into the criminal laws, it would have held then; and who does not see that, if nobody had ever held different language, we should have vic-

tims burnt for sorcery, as well as hanged for forgery, up to this day? The Quarterly Review, when it strikes the balance, always finds more danger in the alteration, than mischief in the existing practice: on the principle, therefore, of superior forces prevailing, to rest as we are, is the certain result. Now we know that society has been materially benefited by coming to a different conclusion: the argument, therefore, from analogy and experience, is against the Quarterly:—but we did not commence this notice with an intention to combat with it, but rather to compliment it. Its last Number is a well-written, laborious, temperate publication: with little or nothing in it unduly addressed to the bad passions, either of courtiers, or the populace of readers. There is no scandal in it, no polemical intemperance;—there is much amusing matter, some important points for consideration, and several mistakes, we think. A far-sighted view, a profound reflection, a noble glowing magnanimous declaration, or appeal to the spirit of human improvement, which Providence has planted in the highest class of human bosoms, we do not look for in the Quarterly Review: but it states the different cases, in its small way, with an evident labouring after impartiality: it seems like one who, if he were not withheld, would do something: it has an air as if it would be intrepid, were it not timid:—it suggests to our recollection the French farce, of which one of the ladies of the “small suppers” said—“*Ah, poor piece,—how hard it tries not to be bad!*”—The article on Italian Tragedy affords a curious example of what we mean. It really emits smoke towards the conclusion, where it speaks of the destiny of “beloved Italy,”—it gets the length of calling the sceptre of Austria a “leaden sceptre,”—and we now expect the flame of a generous enthusiasm to follow—but no: the poor fellow recoils, *he well knows why*;

Scar'd at the sound his hand hath made;

and the conclusion he comes to is, that he “sees no probability of Italy being other than divided and subdivided, consistent with the peace of Europe, and her own internal hap-

piness!”—This, by the bye, is the weakest article in the Number: we know nothing of the secret of its manufacture; but it seems to us written by some one who had no ideas of his own on the subject, and who has borrowed from another, who has given him wrong ones. What he says of the tragedy of Carmagnola is quite wrong; and that it is so is proved by the inconsistency of his observations. He calls the tragedy *feeble*, yet speaks of its “simple and manly eloquence;” and of the pathos in its principal scene. The chorus, which we gave in Italian, in a former Number of the LONDON MAGAZINE, is allowed to be “the most noble piece of Italian lyric poetry which the present day has produced.” It is not true that “Carmagnola wants poetry:” but its style is simple, condensed, and nervous; it has great colloquial power, and the dialogue is terse and pointed. This is not in the taste of common Italian poetry; nor is it in the taste of Mr. Foscolo’s Letters, or of his tragedy---both of which have great merit, but not of this kind:---and, to say the truth, we suspect that the writer of the article in the Quarterly has profited by Mr. Foscolo’s assistance. The first article in the Number is an ably written paper on Southey’s Life of Wesley: it is temperate, cautious, and very complete. Whoever the writer is, he possesses, admirably, the tact suitable to the Quarterly Review; for he contrives to write as a gentleman and a man of honour, without once running the slightest risk of shocking a single prepossession nursed by what is “fat and full of sap” in venerable establishment. The second article is on New South Wales:---it is slight and amusing. Italian Tragedy comes next, which we have already noticed. Articles four and six---on Frazer’s Tour through Part of the Snowy Range of the Himālā Mountains, and on Belzoni’s operations within the Pyramids---are interesting in consequence of their subjects. Article five, on Mrs. Heman’s poetry, is very laudably intended. The two last papers are on Insanity, and the Criminal Laws. The first is very unaffectedly written, and suitably treats of a most important and interesting subject. Doctor Burrows’s book forms the subject of review, and it is very deserv-

edly praised. It seems clearly established, by facts, that madness is a very remediable disorder, *if medical applications are made early*: but every thing depends on this. The late Doctor Willis averred, that nine out of ten cases of insanity recovered, if placed under his care within three months from the attack:---not only do the tables constructed by Doctor Burrows, but also the returns from *La Salpetriere*, at Paris, justify this assertion. The necessity of uniting medical and moral treatment, and not depending on either singly, is much dwelt upon. The Doctor is of opinion that it is a mistake to suppose that madness is on the increase. But Ireland constitutes an exception, in this respect, to England, Scotland, and France. Doctor Hallaran, the Physician of the Cork Asylum, remarks that "the late unhappy disturbances of Ireland have augmented, in a remarkable degree, the insane lists;" he also mentions the influence to this effect of "the unrestrained use of ardent spirits, that alarming vice, so inimical to domes-

tic peace, to every moral virtue, and to political security." It is shown that there is reason to suppose that suicide, instead of being more common in England than on the Continent, is less so. In the capitals of Paris, Berlin, and Copenhagen, the number of suicides, for the year 1817, is, in relation to that of London, as five to two, five to three, and three to one. The article on the state of our Criminal Law is a very long one: its spirit may be honest; but we are quite sure, that, if it were the question of abolishing examination by torture that were now agitated, the writer would be averse to *change* in the principles and practice of our penal code! The case of a man hanged, in 1814, for cutting down young trees, though the prosecutor, magistrates, and the whole neighbourhood, petitioned for mercy, is thought (by *The Quarterly Review*) to be one justifying such severity:—and it appears Lord Sidmouth thought so too.—So much for a sense of duty in certain bosoms!

PROJECTED ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Just now, when the Royal Society of Science is on the decline, and the Royal Academy of Art is allowed to do no good, a project has started up for the formation of a Royal Society of Literature. The following plan has been published.

Royal Society of Literature, for the encouragement of indigent merit, and the promotion of General Literature. To consist of Honorary Members, Subscribing Members, and Associates.

The class of Honorary Members is intended to comprise some of the most eminent literary men in the three kingdoms, and the most distinguished female writers of the present day.

An annual subscription of two guineas will constitute a Subscribing Member. Subscribers of ten guineas, and upwards, will be entitled to privileges hereafter mentioned, according to the date of their subscription.

The Class of Associates is to consist of twenty men of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character; ten under the patronage of the king, and ten under the patronage of the Society.

His Majesty has been pleased to express, in the most favourable terms, his approbation of the proposed Society, and to honour

it with his munificent patronage, by assigning the annual sum of one hundred guineas each, to ten of the Associates, payable out of the privy purse; and also an annual premium of one hundred guineas for the best dissertation on some interesting subject, to be chosen by a council belonging to the Society.

Ten Associates will be placed under the patronage of the Society, as soon as the subscriptions (a large portion of which will be annually funded for the purpose) shall be sufficient, and in proportion as they become so. An annual subscriber of ten guineas, continued for five years, or a life subscription of one hundred guineas, will entitle such subscribers to nominate an Associate under the Society's patronage, according to the date of their subscription.

The Associates under the patronage of the king, will be *elected* by respected and competent judges. The Associates nominated by subscribers must have the same qualifications of learning, moral character, and public principle, as those who are elected, and must be *approved* by the same judges.

Every Associate, at his admission, will choose some subject, or subjects, of literature for discussion, and will engage to devote such discussions to the Society's *Memoirs of Literature*, of which a volume will be published by the Society, from time to

time; in which memoirs will likewise be inserted the successive Prize Dissertations.

From the months of February to July, it is purposed that a weekly meeting of the Society shall be held; and a monthly meeting during the other six months of the year.

In the best written recommendation of this plan which we have yet seen,* it is said, that, without some such *royal protection*, "literature will continue either neutral or adverse to the service of the country." This is paying but a sorry compliment to the letters and literary men of the country; or rather it is casting a reflection on them which the long course of British genius repels. Is the measure of pensioning twenty writers, at the rate of a hundred a year each, absolutely necessary to enlist the talent, that takes a literary direction in this country, in the service of the best interests of society? We should think not:—though it is very possible that these pensions might attach twenty persons to ministerial newspapers. The writer of the article in question, in his enthusiasm, ventures to anticipate "*another Milton*," as the result of this society; "summoned from the mountains and the valley to 'vindicate the ways of God to man.'" But this anticipation suggests a question:—would Milton have probably been one of "the Associates under the patronage of the king,"—if the Royal Society had existed in his days? We think not. — It is but fair to say, that the writer of the article condemns the narrowness of the proposed construction; wishes the pensions to be thrown altogether into the back ground; talks slightly of them; and desires to see the Society put upon something like the footing of the French Academy, — but to be still more open and comprehensive. In proportion as his ideas take a wider and higher range, our objections to the project altogether increase. The original proposition is "for the encouragement of indigent merit;"—and this it mentions first,

afterwards "for the promotion of the general literature of the country." As an association to give a hundred a year to literary persons to whom that sum is an object, it may alleviate distress; and so far it is worthy of encouragement. It is not likely to do much in the second branch of its undertaking; but the first would be always understood to be its principal object; and there would be no idea entertained of its Associates, but that of men whose fortunes required aid, and whose talents needed patronage. "The Society's Memoirs of Literature," we suspect, would be considered analogous to the musters of the Chelsea pensioners: Mr. Murray would publish the annual volume of course, and put his name to the title page,—but he would not give so much for the copy-right, as for that of one of the Cantos of Don Juan. The writer of the article in the Literary Gazette himself says, that the Associates would be "called the *King's Paupers* by disaffection;" but is there any doubt that ten of them, at least, would be regarded as the "*King's Paupers*" by the affection of his Majesty and his courtiers?—However, as a charitable institution simply, we repeat, we see no objection to the foundation. The labourer is worthy of his hire; and the nature of the thing would be sufficiently understood to hinder it from doing mischief.

But if there be a serious idea now, at this late day, after having so long escaped the nuisance, of establishing in England a ROYAL LITERARY ACADEMY, with the King for patron, and Princes, Dukes, and Earls for members, to smile and bow with their *confrères* the poets and prose writers of the day, we do most earnestly pray that the good sense of the country may take the alarm in time. We really did not expect that we should ever have had to argue such a measure: all our greatest literary authorities have attributed the corruption of French literature to the

* *Literary Gazette*, for Dec. 16. If this paper was written by the Editor, he is a much stronger and bigger man than we described him to be last month. If he did not write it, we think he had better leave advice-giving for the future to the gentleman who did. There was a good paper, too, the week before, in this Journal, on the Almanacks, and Pocket-Books. If the Editor wrote *this*, we owe him an apology; but we owe him none if he wrote the review of *The Earthquake*.

French Academy: Temple and Dryden date the decline of the French style to its existence; and they are right:—while, on the other hand, the most distinguished French authors, even they who have belonged to the Academy, have spoken of it as a focus of intrigue and servility; the contrivance of a despotic minister, in the first instance,—instituted with the design of spreading and rivetting political delusion through the country,—afterwards the seat of adulation, scandal, trifling, and paltry trick. Authors of pure, simple, and independent habits, however prodigious their talents, experienced the greatest difficulty of admission,—or died excluded, that there might be place for sycophants and courtiers. But the object is “to turn the genius of England into the current of English loyalty.” Indeed! What was supposed to be the influence of the French Academy on the public mind of France, with reference to those irreligious and licentious sentiments that proved the downfall of the monarchy? It was not the intention of the academy to take part with the populace:—no:—but it was a very principal means of depraving them. Any conspicuous example of servility and corruption must tend to disorganize society, much more than the official declarations of men, whose places warrant but one class of sentiment, can add to the stability of power. Can any one, who seriously thinks on the subject, suppose, that the cause either of literature, or of the constitution, or of the church, would be strengthened by the spectacle which a Royal Academy of Literature would present amongst us? The Duke of York, possibly president: Mr. Southey, perpetual secretary; Mr. Canning, Mr. Croker, Mr. Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Gifford of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Professor Wilson, Lord Byron, several Bishops, and Lawyers, and Peers, and all the Princes of the blood, members! The mere heterogeneity of the composition would excite ridicule and disgust in the public mind: all their proceedings would be held suspected, or rather odious: having no respect for each other, yet being obliged to observe the civilities of colleagues, they would settle down their minds

to a level of modish scorn, and companionable insincerity. Bickering is better than this: anger makes people sincere. We know it is an opinion entertained at the court of his present Majesty, and expressed by the highest person of that court, that the populace of England are naturally well-disposed, but that they are improperly managed: “they go to public houses, and there they meet with the newspapers: they ought to be induced to give more time to mirth, to spectacles, to games out of doors.” The idea may have its origin in humanity; but, if the tax-gatherer did not prevent the accomplishment of the wish it conveys, we should begin to fear, that, what with a new system for the populace, and a new academy for literature, we were indeed arrived at a new era,—one fatal to old England,—to its old manners, its old principles, and its old renown. If the scheme shall be talked of again, we shall have more to say on it.

The following note, taken from the *Literary Gazette*, contains some further particulars of what has been done, and is doing.

His Majesty has, we believe, intrusted the formation of the Institution, (The Royal Society of Literature,) which has called forth these remarks, to the learned and eminent Prelate, Dr. Thomas Burgess, the Bishop of St. David's. The names of several individuals who have taken part in bringing the design to its present maturity, have been mentioned to us, but we do not feel as yet at liberty to make them public. Suffice it to say, that other branches of the Royal Family have become subscribers; that Ministers give their aid; that many of the most distinguished among the clergy concur in promoting the plan; that the leading members of both the universities are among its friends. The funds are already considerable, and we are sure this public notice will raise them considerably; as heretofore, the only question has been “by whom the Society was projected, under whose auspices formed, and where the subscriptions to establish it in splendid sufficiency were to be made?” Having shown that the highest authority not only sanctions but zealously favours the design; that his Majesty may be considered as its *personal* as well as *royal founder* and patron; we are certain that men of every rank and station in the community will press forward to have the honour of contributing to its endowment and completion.

We have obtained a copy of the first prize questions to be proposed (which, we

understand, will soon be officially announced) and take the liberty of anticipating their promulgation; they are as follows,

1st. For the King's premium of one hundred guineas.

On the age, writings, and genius of Homer; and on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during that period, collected from the writings of Homer.

2d. For the Society's premium of fifty guineas.

Dartmoor, a poem.

3d. For the Society's premium of twenty-five guineas.

On the history of the Greek language, on the present language of Greece,

and on the differences between ancient and modern Greek.

The first has already, if we remember rightly, been a subject of learned discussion, as well as of a recent work, by Mr. Payne Knight. The second is by no means so barren of incident for the highest poetical illustration as its name might seem to import. And the third is replete with interest.

We shall, we trust, be enabled to communicate further details as they arise, respecting a plan so important to Britain and British literature, in sequent Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*.

We trust there will be nothing further to detail on the subject.

THE MOHOCKS.

We learn that Professor Leslie, of the University of Edinburgh, has brought an action for damages against the publisher of *Blackwood's Magazine*; and we apprehend it is now most likely that this respectable publication will be compelled to show its modest face in open court,—an exposure which it has hitherto avoided by heavy secret payments to the parties it has injured.—The cause of the action, and some of the circumstances attending it, are indeed highly characteristic. The article of which the Professor complains, is one signed "*Olinthus Petre, D.D.*;" and it is dated from "*Trinity College, Dublin.*" It forms the only reply *Blackwood's Magazine* has offered to the notice of it taken in our November number; and to the charge, publicly stated against it, in an *Edinburgh Journal*, of having attached James Hogg's name to papers he never wrote, and which were calculated to do the poet serious injury. One might have expected that the Magazine itself would have spoken out on this occasion: it seems to have concerned it so to do: setting the motives and the ability of the attack out of the question, there were *facts* affirmed, which, if true, are sufficient to brand any periodical work to which they may apply, with indelible infamy.—A letter from a correspondent on such a subject does not seem sufficient: but, at the same time, it must be confessed, that certain advantages attended this mode of reply of which the Editor might be happy to avail himself. A real signature, with a real place of abode,—and that one of the seats of learning,—and, in addition, a title

vouching at once for the learning and religion of the party,—must naturally be supposed to confer responsibility and respectability on the defence. The Magazine, itself, the reader might be expected to say, does not choose to appear as an advocate in its own cause; but here is a man of condition and piety, a Doctor of Divinity, resident in a college, the college of a metropolis, who steps forward in an honourable way to say—"I have done part of what you blame in *Blackwood's Magazine*: I am prepared to avow it, for I have done it under a sense of duty; and as no scandalous motive can attach to me, let the general justice of your charge against the Magazine in which I have written, be judged of from this specimen!"

There would be much weight in this: a Doctor of Divinity residing in Trinity College, Dublin, is likely to feel more for his own respectability than for the interests of an *Edinburgh Magazine*: on questions of literary merit as to the writers, either in it, or any contemporaneous periodical work, he may be supposed pretty impartial; and if he deliberately puts his name and address to a severe accusation against an individual, holding a public office of eminence and trust in one of the most famous of the British seats of learning, the first presumption is inevitably against the person accused—for who, in the situation of a Doctor of Divinity, would come openly forward to make such an attack, unless the case was one of notorious crime?

Doctor Olinthus Petre, therefore, of Trinity College, Dublin, would be

able to do much more for Blackwood's Magazine, with the public, than its Editor could do for it: and so the Editor thought:—and so *he made the Doctor*—manufactured him for the purpose! The D. D. *has no existence but in Blackwood's Magazine*: Trinity College, Dublin, never heard of him! This letter is another overt act of that conspiracy against character and truth, carried on by means of fraud, which we have made it our business to expose, which is now exposed, and which we trust will soon be crushed. We say nothing of the nature of the motives by which we are actuated: if the facts are as we have stated them, the *prima facie* evidence is in favour of these motives, for we have made out a strong and crying case of guilt, dangerous to the public, disgraceful to literature, and provocative of the indignation of honourable minds. If the writers in Blackwood's Magazine possess talents for satire and ridicule, let them exert these—but let them be fairly exerted. What we complain of is, that, by a series of tricks and impositions, unknown to criticism and literary discussion before their career, they have outraged private character, prostituted principle, insulted decency, perverted truth, and exhibited a spectacle of venal and spiteful buffoonery under the name of literature, to the corruption of taste, and the gratification of the worst feelings. One of their chief means, in this unworthy vocation, has been to fabricate and forge apparently real signatures. They have done this to give effect to some of their most malicious stabs at reputation; knowing well that the public attention would be thus eminently excited to their charges, and that more credit would be given to them, so recommended, than if they were offered in the common language of periodical works. This deception is of itself sufficient to establish the calumnious, venal, and malicious motive: it converts that, which might otherwise have been deemed criticism, into a private wrong; it gives the injured parties a claim on redress,—and throws distrust altogether upon professions and doctrines offered in the tone of discussion.

The extraordinary usage of James Hogg's name in Blackwood's Magazine, we fully described in our last: it seems to combine more treachery towards the public, and the abused individual, than any case of fraud we can recollect. The fabrication of Doctor Olinthus Petre is about as base. As it concerns Professor Leslie, it seems to *prove* the malevolent motive of the attack upon him. As a mode of replying to us it is beneath contempt: its foundation in falsehood renders it as nugatory as unmanly. The creature who would adopt such an expedient, would not scruple to speak against his own conviction in characterizing our writers; and we have absolute proof that he does so,—for one of those to whom he contemptuously alludes, by a signature in our Magazine, has been highly praised as an author in Blackwood's Magazine,—and the very articles written by this gentleman for us, have been specified by Blackwood's people *as the best in our work*! We mention this only to show the utter poltroonery of these men's minds. They are without even the shadow of an excuse to their own consciousness. They have not a partition of any sort between them and infamy: it must come home hard upon them, even in the secrecy of their own hearts. We have been told that Mr. JOHN GIBSON LOCKART, having been originally included in the action now pending, has given it under his hand, that *he is not the Editor of the Magazine*. The people of Edinburgh are not surprised at this denial: it is well known there that *Doctor Morris*, under the assumed name of Christopher North, is the Editor of the work, and the author of its most malignant articles! Would the DOCTOR have the baseness to make a similar denial? We believe he would; for all the professions of a merry, careless temper, by which it has been attempted to characterize the publication he conducts, have evidently been intended to cover an organized plan of fraud, calumny, and cupidity. The cowardice which denies a perpetrated wrong, is the natural associate of such qualities. Doctor Morris would deny just as firmly as Mr. Lockart.

Miller Redivivus.

DEAR ED.—Do you want any rattle-brained work to make a variety. People say you are too serious—or rather (for there is a great difference in the meaning of the phrases), they say *you are not sufficiently merry*. Do you think your readers would like an *old Joe Miller* done up now and then for them in the following style? If so,—they are of course soon done, and you might command one for every number. Of serious Poetry you will always get enough, and good too, for every body writes now as well as the elect did fifty years ago; but there is a class of readers, not few in number, I believe, who care little for real Poetry, but relish a joke in rhyme. Certain it is, that comic versification is little attempted; so if you will set me down as your JESTER I shall have an easy task, and an office without a crowd of competitors.—Yours very truly,

No. I.

MRS. ROSE GROB.

None would have known that Siegmund Grob
 Lived Foreman to a Sugar-baker,
 But that he died, and left the job
 Of Tombstone-making to an Undertaker;
 Who, being a Mason also, was a Poet,
 So he engraved a skull upon the stone,
 (The Sexton of Whitechapel Church will show it),
 Then carved the following couplet from his own—
 “STOP, READER, STOP, AND GIVE A SOB
 FOR SIEGMUND GROB!”

Grob's Widow had been christened *Rose*,
 But why no human being knows,
 Unless when young she might disclose,
 Like other blooming Misses,
 Roses, which quickly fled in scorn,
 But left upon her chin the thorn,
 To guard her lips from kisses.
 She relish'd tea and butter'd toast,
 Better than being snubb'd and school'd;
 Liking no less to rule the roast,
 Than feast upon the roast she ruled—
 And though profuse of tongue withal,
 Of cash was economical.

Now, as she was a truly loving wife,
 As well as provident in all her dealings,
 She made her German spouse insure his life,
 Just as a little hedge against her feelings—
 So that when Siegmund died, in her distress,
 She call'd upon the Phoenix for redress.

Two thousand pounds besides her savings,
 Was quite enough all care to drown,
 No wonder then she soon felt cravings
 To quit the melancholy city,
 And take a cottage out of town,
 And live genteel and pretty.

Accordingly in Mile End-Road,
 She quickly chose a snug retreat,
 'Twas quite a pastoral abode,

Its situation truly sweet !
 Although it stood in Prospect Row,
 'Twas luckily the corner house,
 With a side-window and a bow :
 Next to it was the Milk-man's yard, whose cows
 When there were neither grains, nor chaff to browse,
 Under the very casement stood to low.
 That was a pleasant window altogether,
 It raked the road a mile or more,
 And when there was no dust or foggy weather,
 The Monument you might explore,
 And see, without a glass, the people
 Walking round and round its steeple.

Across the road, half down a street,
 You caught a field, with hoofs well beaten,
 For cattle there were put to eat,
 Till they were wanted to be eaten.
 Then as for shops, want what you will,
 You had'nt twenty steps to go,
 There was a Butcher's in the row,
 A Tallow Chandler's nearer still ;
 And as to stages by the door,
 Besides the Patent Coach, or Dandy,
 There were the Mile-End, Stratford, Bow,
 A dozen in an hour or more,
 One dust was never gone before
 Another came :—'twas monstrous handy !
 Behind, a strip of garden teem'd
 With cabbages and kitchen shrubs,
 'Twas a good crop when she redeem'd
Half from the worms, and slugs, and grubs.
 Beyond these was a brick-kiln, small
 But always smoking ; she must needs
 Confess she liked the smell, and all
 Agreed 'twas good for invalids.
 In town she always had a teasing
 Tightness on her chest and weezing ;
 Here she was quite a different creature :—
 Well, let the worldly waste their health
 Toiling in dirt and smoke for wealth,
 Give her the country air, and nature !

Her cottage front was stuccoed white ;
 Before it two fine Poplars grew,
 Which nearly reach'd the roof, or quite,
 And in one corner, painted blue,
 Stood a large water tub with wooden spout—
 (She never put a rag of washing out) :
 Upon the house-top, on a plaster shell,
 " Rose Cottage " was inscribed, its name to dub ;
 The green door look'd particularly well
 Pick'd out with blue to match the tub.
 The children round about were smitten
 Whene'er they stopp'd to fix their eye on
 The flaming knocker, ('twas a Lion) ;
 Beneath it was a large brass knob,
 And on a plate above was written
 " MRS. ROSE GROB."

Here she resided free from strife,
 Except perpetual scolds with Betty,

For the main objects of her life
 Were two—and form'd her daily trade,
 To cram herself, and starve her maid—
 For one no savings were too petty,
 For t'other no tid-bit too nice.
 After her dinner, in a trice,
 She lock'd the fragments up in towels;
 She weigh'd out bread, and cheese, and butter,
 And in all cases show'd an utter
 Disregard for Betty's bowels;
 As if in penance for her sins
 She made her dine on shanks and shins,
 (Was ever such a stingy hussey!)
 And reckoned it a treat to give her
 Half a pound of tripe or liver,
 First cutting off a slice for Pussey;—
 Nay, of all perquisites the damsel stripping,
 She would'nt even let her sell the dripping!

No wonder Betty's un replenished maw
 Vented itself in constant grumbling,
 Which was in fact her stomach's rumbling
 Reduced to words, and utter'd from her jaw.
 But not content with this, the maid
 Took all advantages within the law,
 (And some *without*, I am afraid),
 So as to balance her forlorn condition,
 And get full payment for her inanition.

The washing week approach'd:—an awful question
 Now agitated Rose, with pangs inhuman,
 How to supply the Mammoth-like digestion
 Of that carnivorous beast—a washerwoman!
 As camel's paunch for ten days' drink is hollow'd,
 So their's takes in at once a ten days' munching;
 At twelve o'clock you hear them say they've swallowed
 Nothing to speak of since their second luncheon,
 And as they will not dine till one,
 'Tis time their third lunch were begun.
 At length provisions being got—all proper,
 And every thing put out, starch, blue, soap, gin,
 A fire being duly laid beneath the copper,
 The clothes in soak all ready to begin,
 Up to her room the industrious Betty goes,
 To fetch her sheets, and screams down stairs to Rose,
 La, goodness me! why here's a job!
 You ha'nt put out a second pair.
 No more I have said Mrs. Grob,
 Well, that's a good one, I declare!
 Sure, I've the most forgetful head—
 And there's no time to air another!
 So take one sheet from off your bed,
 And make a shift to-night with t'other.

On Rose's part this was a *ruse de guerre*,
 To save th' expense of washing half a pair,—
 But as the biter's sometimes bitten,
 So in this instance it occur'd,
 For Betty took her at her word,
 And, with the bright conception smitten,
 Sat up all night, and with good thrift

Of needle, scissors, thimble, thread,
 Cut up *one* sheet into a *shift*,
 And took the *other* off the bed!
 Next morn when Mrs. Grob, at three o'clock,
 Went up to call the maid,
 And saw the mischief done by aid
 Of scissors, thread, and needle—
 There's no describing what a shock
 It gave her to behold the sheet in tatters;
 And so by way of mending matters,
 She call'd her thief, and slut, and jade,
 And talk'd of sending for the Beadle!
 La! Ma'am, quoth Betty, don't make such a pother,
 I've only done exactly what you said,
 Taken one sheet from off the bed,
 And made a *shift* to-night with *t'other*!

H.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER.

AN EXPLANATION OF AN ANCIENT BAS-RELIEF, IN MARBLE, REPRESENTING THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER: COLLECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF SEVERAL LEARNED AUTHORS AND ANTIQUARIES.

THE wealth of the British Museum in ancient monuments has been of late years daily encreasing:—while the collections of some other countries have been impoverished by the arm of retributive justice, this celebrated repository has been extending its possessions, and adding to its fame by the acquirements of hardy but honest enterprize, and the judicious employment of the means afforded by national opulence. New rules have been adopted for the management of this great institution, all dictated by a liberal, and at the same time thoughtful, regard to the gratification of the public, and the improvement of art and science. Little has been conceded in a temper of mere vanity, or fondness for foolish display: the British Museum has not been thrown open, like a public garden, for all comers of all ranks and descriptions:—but each in whom rational curiosity, or a particular pursuit, begets a wish for admission, find the proper degree of facility in realizing their wish. The forms of admission have nothing about them of unnecessary severity: they are simply calculated to preserve the collection from injury—or rather perhaps, we might say, to protect the student, and the rational observer, from the inconvenience and unpleasantness of ignorant crowds, and stupid starers, in a place where all the associations ought to be favourable to contemplation and feeling.

The subject of this notice, and of the accompanying plate, is one of the late acquisitions made by the Museum. It is an exquisite Bas-relief, of great and undoubted antiquity, which was an hereditary possession of the Colonna family at Rome: but the casualties of unhappy Italy have had a melancholy effect on private fortunes,—and the British Museum had an opportunity of purchasing this curious relic, which its managers did not neglect to improve. The following accurate description will not, we are sure, be thought too minute for the importance of the subject.

Many authors have written on the subject of this beautiful piece of sculpture; but they very much differ in their accounts: it is presumed that the following extracts, selected from their works, will clear the matter up, or at least nearly so.—The back ground of this bas relief, represents Mount Parnassus, the dwelling place of the Muses. Near the top is Jupiter, in a sitting posture; his long sceptre in his hand, (not his thunderbolt, as Addison has

it; for he is here the Benignant, not the Terrible, Jove) and the eagle at his feet. Here are the Muses, the symbols of Apollo; in short, here is Apollo himself; here is the whole apparatus of the oracle—the bow, quiver, and lyre, his usual symbols;—here is the Cortina at the feet of Apollo. This instrument, resembling a little mound, on which the belts of the quiver are resting, is a vessel, serving as a cover, or top, to the sacred tripod,—on

which the Priestess sat: its shape is that of half an egg-shell, and it is hollow within. One author says, that the back ground is meant to represent Mount Olympus; another that it is Mount Helicon; but these mountains had no cave that we know of; whereas Parnassus had the Antrum Corycium, as Pausanias tells us. It is therefore Parnassus. In the first division, in the middle of the marble, the subject of the apotheosis of the poet is proposed among the Muses;—the first, seated, is Clio, holding a volume in her right hand, denoting history; in her left, a lyre. The second is Urania, standing, and apparently speaking to Clio, and also pointing to a Globe; she may be supposed to be reciting the acts of gods and heroes to her sister muse, of which the poems of Homer relate many. The third, Calliope, leaning on the right side of the cave, and holding also a volume, has been commissioned by the others to propose the subject to Apollo, who seems graciously to assent, as does his Priestess at his left hand. These two last figures have been a stumbling-block to several learned authors, who have written on this subject; they made out the nine Muses, but did not know what to call the *two female figures*, as they termed them, at the entrance of the cave. The learned and modest Montfaucon durst not even venture a conjecture on them. Though Apollo is in the costume of the Muses, it is easily perceived that about the breast *he* is not formed like a female; on ancient coins and medals he is frequently represented in this manner, and is then called Apollo Musagetes, or conductor of the muses. In the Towneley gallery, at the British Museum, are two bas reliefs, and an ancient head, in marble, of Apollo, resembling, in the disposition of the hair, and in the character of the face, the head of a Muse. It is clear, therefore, that this figure is no female, but the god himself.

Nearly at the top of the rock, Polyhymnia, deputed by the rest, after Apollo's consent has been obtained, makes the same request to Jupiter; she has ceased to speak, and stands in an exulting attitude at hearing Jupiter's approving answer. The Muse behind her is Erato: she has heard the approval of Jupiter, and shows her joy by the haste she makes in dancing down the rock to communicate the happy tidings to her sister Muses. The next is Euterpe, who is sitting, and holding a double flute, her usual emblem, and which she points at an inscription,* the purport of which is, that Archelaus, the son of Apollonius, of Briene, is the sculptor of this marble. Terpsichore seems to desire Erato to moderate her joy, in order that they may not

interrupt two others, who are singing the praises of the new divinity; she holds in her left hand a cithara, and with her right hand seems in the act of imposing silence. The two next, who are celebrating the praises of the poet, are Melpomene and Thalia, who preside over theatrical representations; the one with the open book marks time with her right hand.

In the lowest division is the representation of the solemnity. It is in the inside of a temple ornamented with drapery. The capitals of pilasters appear at equal distances; the rest is covered, to increase the sanctity of the place, destined to the future honour of the poet. Homer appears larger in size than usual, agreeably to his present character, and is sitting in a chair of state, a fillet round his head, and a long sceptre in his hand. Close before him stands an altar; which is marked with two letters—A A—the initials of the artists' name. Tellus, or the Earth, and Chronus, or Time, are crowning him; to show that at all times, and at all places, his merit will be known. Two young females support his seat: they are kneeling; the one on his right, with an implement of war, such as the Amazons are said to have made use of, in her hand, represents the Iliad; that on his left has an aplustre, or small streamer of a ship in her hand, and represents the Odyssey. Near the feet of the chair are two mice; some say that these may allude to the Batrachomiomachia, or battle of the frogs and mice, a ludicrous work attributed to Homer;—had the artist meant this, he would surely have been impartial enough to have represented some of each species of the combatants; but this cannot be: as the mice are evidently represented gnawing at a volume, or scroll; they must, therefore, be emblematical of Homer's enemies, and those, who, like Zoilus, were envious of his fame. The remaining figures do homage to this new deity, and are about to perform a solemn sacrifice to him with the slaughter of a bull, which has a protuberance on his back, and is thus shown to be of the species of the country of the artist, Ionia. Near the altar stands a youth, in the character of Mythos, or Fable, crowned and attired as a young priest: in one hand he holds a prefericulum, or small pitcher; in the other, a patera. History, represented as a female, sacrifices by throwing something on the altar. The next figure is Poetry, who holds two lighted torches upwards: after this come Tragedy and Comedy; they assist at the sacrifice; they have both benefited by the works of Homer. Tragedy is veiled; she is attired with more dignity than Comedy, because her personages are heroes and persons of

* ΑΡΧΕΛΑΟΣ ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝΙΟΥ
ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ ΠΡΗΝΕΤΣ

the first quality. This division ends with five figures close together; Nature, Virtue, Memory, Faith or Fidelity, and Wisdom; all these go in company with Homer; these qualities form the merit of his works. Nature is represented by a child which stretches its hand out to Fidelity; Virtue raises her hand towards heaven; Memory is the hindmost of all; Faith holds the finger on the mouth; and Wisdom holds the hand under the chin. All the figures in this division have their names below them.*

One more figure remains to be noticed; it is left for this place, as it is in a manner a subject by itself. It is the figure of an old man in a philosopher's habit, standing on a pedestal, at the left side of the cave. The learned have puzzled themselves, and their readers, much, in endeavouring to discover whom this figure is meant to represent; one says that it is an Egyptian priest, and preceptor to Homer; another, that it is Hesiod; a third, that it is Linus; a fourth, that it is Pisistratus, the Athenian Tyrant, who collected and compiled the, till then, scattered works of Homer; a fifth says that it is Lycurgus; &c. &c. &c. A learned Doctor says, with Millin, that it is Olen of Lycia, the institutor of the Delphic oracle, who flourished prior to Homer; Spanheim and Schott say that this figure is meant to represent Bias, of Priene, one of the seven sages of Greece, and town's-man of the artist; that the instrument behind (about which so much has been written and said) is a tripod, with the Cortina, or cover, on it. They seek to confirm this last explanation by the relation of the story of the Ionian fishermen, who, having found a golden tripod, and applied to the oracle to know to whom to give it; received for answer, to the wisest; and it was ac-

cordingly given to Bias; Bias sent it to Thales; he sent it to another, and so on, till at last it was returned to Bias; and he sent it to the Temple of Apollo, at Delphos. It seems very probable that this figure represents one of the two latter personages, Olen or Bias. A learned antiquarian says that this beautiful piece of sculpture was executed at Smyrna.

Kircher says that this marble was found, towards the middle of the 17th century, about ten miles from Rome, near the Appian Way, at a place now called Frattochio, in the Agro Frerentino of the ancients. There, it is said, stood both the Villa and Temple of the Emperor Claudius. Suetonius tells us, in the life of that Emperor, that he was fond of Greek literature, and that he frequently quoted Homer, both in the Senate and on the Tribunal of Justice. It is well known that the villas of the Romans were full of the works of Grecian artists; this bas relief may probably have been brought from Ionia, or from Greece, to Italy, ready executed; and perhaps obtained in a similar manner as the works of art were obtained in our time in Italy. This bas relief was many years in the family of Prince Colonna, at Rome; it was brought to England about fifteen years ago, and is now placed in the third room of the Towneley gallery at the British Museum.

December, 1820.

J. CONRATH.

The names of authors who have written on the subject of this bas relief:—Kircher, Fabretti engraved it at Rome, Cuper, Heinsius, Spanheim, Gronovius, Wetstein, Kuster, Fabricius, Winkelmann, Schott, Montfaucon, Addison, D'Hancarville, Millin;—it is also mentioned in the Admiranda, and in the Museo Clementino.

THE DRAMA.

No. XII.

CHRISTMAS.—The managers of the winter Theatres have opened (as the phrase goes,) the "Christmas campaign." This is the season, indeed, for the patentees and pastry cooks to thrive in. Pantomimes and cakes abound, and one gaudy night is succeeded by another, and another, and another, till we almost grow tired of feasting, and late hours, and jokes, and the company of children. ---Now is the time when business is but a name, and drollery is the order of the day. Now George Barn-

well awakes from his summer sleep, and kills his good uncle, in order that apprentices, and boys "from school," may not come to an untimely end. Now tragedy rears up her gorgeous head jewelled, and crowned, and

with sceptered pall comes sweeping by—

to the delight and astonishment of the ignorant. Now Farce is languidly approved, and Comedy is set at nought; whilst Harlequin is welcomed, and Columbine admired: and

* ΚΟΤΜΕΝΗ ΧΡΟΝΟΣ. ΙΑΙΙΑΣ. ΟΔΥΣΣΕΙΑ. ΟΜΗΡΟΣ. ΜΥΘΟΣ. ΙΣΤΟΡΙΑ. ΠΟΙΗΣΙΣ. ΤΡΑΓΩΔΙΑ. ΚΩΜΩΔΙΑ. ΦΤΥΣ. ΑΡΕΤΗ. ΜΝΗΜΗ. ΠΙΣΤΙΣ. ΣΟΦΙΑ.

now the GREAT CLOWN, applauded
and wondered at, shines forth

Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar ;

the Lord of the ascendant for a lunar month.---Hail to the peerless and sage Grimaldi ! The mover of the muscles of men,---whose quaint monosyllables (sudden as the thunder shock, and potent as the word which opened the cave in the forest of Bagdad,) can banish seriousness and put sorrow to sleep : he comes, once in a year, with an influence fatal, as the Syrian Star,---to the pockets of servants and scholars ; and yet we welcome him and wish him long.

Can our graver readers pardon us this involuntary apostrophe ? --- We trust they will ; for Grimaldi is a great man, and merits more praise than we have given or can give.---Oh ! in this holiday season, a little latitude must be taken (if not allowed) by us weary writers on the theatre : we cannot go on eternally lauding the same high talent, tolerating the same mediocrity, and lavishing our wit or anger on the old offenders against truth and nature. Let us be allowed to break our bounds for once, and enjoy a Number of the Magazine as well as our readers. We would have this article even *taste* as it were of the mirth and manner of the times,---be crowned and frosted over with new images and sparkling jokes.---And (if it may be also) we would fain have it somewhat substantial too---spiced and yet not heavy,---elegant, though it certainly is not expensive.

We heard two gentlemen discussing a play-bill the other day :---one observed to the other, that we should soon have those d--- pantomimes and nothing else ; and we immediately set him down at 0 in our private estimation. What ! abuse a pantomime when Christmas is coming : it is a treason against the reign of merriment : it is in bad taste, as well as an offence against things established. We have surely enough of tragedy and farce throughout the other quarters of the year, either on the stage or off. It is true, that we like to read a tragedy, and to be occasionally stimulated by it till we forget our manhood, (do we then forget it ?) and weep at

fictitious woe : but there is a season for all things ; and we see no reason why Harlequin should be ousted from his ancient throne to make room for Melpomene, or the gay Thalia. Mrs. Siddons is gone, and Miss O'Neil, and Mrs. Jordan, and they have left the stage unprovided with successors : but the Clown from the "Aquatic Theatre" (silent comedian !) still lives, unrivalled and alone ; and shall we refuse to enjoy that part of the Drama which is still so completely and satisfactorily filled ? It must not be.

Here are we, then, in the merry piping time of Christmas, enjoying idleness even as though we were still boys.---How gay are the shops ! How full are the streets,---the carriages, the confectioners' chairs !---all the journeymen of all the tailors are put in requisition. The hatter brushes up his hats : the milliner beguiles young ladies of their coin with scarlet and winter colours : the furrier's shop has in it a world of comfort.---There is an odour haunting the corners of streets, where women selling baked apples sit, and pyemen loiter with their hot temptations. There spiced-gingerbread is vauntingly proclaimed, and the contractors for lotteries confess, in large letters, that a *few* tickets "may still be had." But, above all, the play-bills flaunt about, (like beautiful coquets environed by lovers) careless, as it were, of admiration, because secure of notice from all.---First "Covent Garden," in mighty capitals, discloses the secrets of the coming night. Then "Drury-lane" in rival letters speaks also of itself, and, perhaps in smaller type, acknowledges its own attractions. Then the Minor Theatres,---the Olympic---the Surrey (" 'twas called the Circus once,")---Astley's,---the Sans Pareil, &c. &c. follow in gay and gaudy lines, pouring out their profusion of entertainment, in titles which the vulgar can neither understand nor resist.---Wood Demons, Brazen Shields, and Fatal Masks :---Dancers, and Horsemen, and Vaulters :---Fire Eaters, and Jugglers, and Quadrupeds of various shape and intelligence,

White, black, and gray, with all their train,
may be seen at---really a too cheap

a rate. The modesty of these gifted artists is in proportion to their merit: they own their talent (what else can they do, when "crowded audiences" applaud?) and yet you are charged—a mere nothing. We are ashamed to mention the trifle that is demanded to witness the high mysteries of legerdemain; and a *lusus nature* (a giant or a dwarf) may be seen for a piece of coin, of which Brummel knew not even the name or value. But, amongst all the varieties of Christmas, the Pantomime, with Grimaldi at its head, stands ever, and must ever remain, pre-eminent.

PANTOMIME was the child of an Italian brain. It is true, that, in the ancient dramas, there were pantomimic exhibitions; but they were for the mere purpose of affording illustrations, or supplying defects in the regular tragedies, and were not a separate and independent amusement. Harlequin—Columbine—Pantaloon—and Clown (titles sacred in youthful fancy) are of modern race, and Italy was the birth-place of all. The "*Commedie dell' Arte*" from which our pantomime sprung, were not originally confined to dumb show; but Harlequin and his merry-men tossed about their wit upon the stage, and embodied in their plots the story of the day. They did not speak from book, but relied upon their faculties to produce something humorous, and seldom failed.—They were the improvisatori of the stage: and, dressed in pantomimic costume, like our present worthies, and confined to a single character, they shot forth their arrows of satire, under the entrenchment of a mask and a coat of folly.—It was thus, indeed, with our old English Motleys, who were the true wits, and almost the only moralists of their time. Now, our Doctors in Divinity assume the responsible part of the Motley's task, and their lectures are "tedious and brief," and sometimes even to the purpose: but the *wit* is divided between the Reviewers and the "Gentlemen," who write on the drama. It might have been better, perhaps, for the stage, if the authors of Comedy and Farce had caught the mantle of wit when it dropped from the shoulders of its old possessor; but "it was not to be" we suppose:—as

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it is, they have gathered together the coarser particles of humour, while we have acquired that which is more ethereal; and with this dispensation of fate we are disposed to rest content.

Although pantomime has lost its speech, or only (like the son of Cræsus) utters in the person of the clown an exclamation on extraordinary occasions; yet we do not repine. The tongue is still, but the muscles are put upon double duty: the dancing is more abundant: the leaps more lofty, and the grimaces of the clown are beyond comparison more effective. Nothing can be more disagreeable than that mixture of talk and dumb show, which we see in some of our Melo-dramas. We wish either the words or the distortions away, and we don't much care which. In pantomime we have the pure unadulterated silent comedy. Were Harlequin to speak, he would be nothing. At present, he is a glittering mystery,—a thing between fairyism and humanity, to be admired and not comprehended; a word would cause him to fall from his elevation, and we should see, in his stead, a mere man, throwing himself into ridiculous attitudes:—the thing would be absurd. What is there, we should like to know, in that round black ball of a head, by which he could hope to attract the notice of his gentle Columbine, or to acquire the reverence of every butcher, and baker, and toyman with whom he deals? absolutely nothing. He would be like a lord stripped of his title; and would be despised without ceremony, as a creature below the ordinary standard of men. Columbine too, and Pantaloon—they were born for nothing but to dance and smile,—the one in an irresistible, and the other in a ludicrous manner: we hate any innovation on the established system, and Miss Tree does not please us (though she is encored by the galleries,) when she departs from the silent beauty of Columbine, to whistle, or shake tremulous notes from a single or double flageolet.

Of all the Harlequins, Bologna is the best: he is not now quite so active as some of his younger rivals, but he has still the most grace, and he understands what is called "the

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business of the stage; that is to say, he is always moving about, and almost always expressive. His excursions are not confined to one quarter of the stage: he never stands as an idle spectator, but, when still, his attitude is to entice admiration, or to betray some feeling appropriate to the scene. Barnes is the best Pantaloon; but we have no good Columbine; and, with regard to Clowns, there is only one—Grimaldi. Of him we have spoken before.

We purpose for the future to make our dramatic article more a chronicle of theatrical events than we have done in this present number. We shall at present leave Mr. Elliston's new entertainment of "Pocahontas," and Friar Bacon or the Brazen Head, and so forth, for the purpose of saying a few words respecting the new tragedian.

MR. VANDENHOFF.—This gentleman, who had, we hear, acquired high provincial reputation, has performed several characters in London. He made his debut in *Lear*; but we cannot think that he succeeded in giving a faithful portrait. *Lear* is not a mere fretful querulous old man, with a "voice shrill as an eunuch's,"—tottering about the stage "in full possession of his incapacities:" his wrongs have made him mad, and his madness has sublimed and lifted him, for a time, beyond the ordinary weaknesses of age. His frame is no longer delicate, nor his voice tremulous, nor his step weak; but he is able to outface the storms which would have withered him in his hours of silken happiness. Frenzy has done this for him;—if it had not, it must have killed him. *Lear* is seen

Contending with the fretful elements

which would have blown his aged limbs aside, like the weak and youngling branches of a sapling tree, had they not been strengthened and upheld by fever. It is true that he says he is

A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man, but this is said rather with reference to what he *was*, when he knew himself, than to what he is. He has the full recollection of his injuries upon him, and of the infirmities which

made those injuries doubly heavy; but since the era of his madness, he has lived without the knowledge of himself: Mr. Vandenhoff gave us the picture of an old man, tetchy and weak, but the voice with which he claimed alliance with the heavens, and bade the thunder "sing his white head," and

Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,

was thin and powerless. The passages in which he succeeded best were those of the tenderer cast, and we think that he mistook his forte, and neglected the knowledge which his partial success in *Lear* might have given him, when he selected the fierce and sordid character of Sir Giles Over-reach, for his second performance. Altogether, though there were certainly some indications of genius, we are of opinion that Mr. Vandenhoff's *Lear* was a failure, partly from a misconception of the character, and partly from causes arising from physical defect. He acted throughout in an artificial tone,—imitating Mr. John Kemble, evidently, but with little of that internal working of the soul, which (we are told), made Mr. Kemble's curse so tremendous,—shaking his frame and convulsing it, while he groaned up the bitterness of his spirit, and in stifled accents, and with shaking hands, called on all "nature" to hear him:—it had little of this, and it was entirely without those overpowering bursts of passion which at times rendered Mr. Kean's *Lear* so startling and effective. We did not entirely approve even of that gentleman's performance of this character, but it is impossible to place Mr. Vandenhoff's acting for a moment, either in *Lear* or Sir Giles Over-reach, by the side of that wonderful tragedian, who is now "wasting his sweetness" on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Kemble's *Edgar* was admirable. It has been so often criticised that we refrain from doing more than merely adding our brief testimony to corroborate the praises of others. Miss Foote looked very pretty in *Cordelia*.

We have seen *Coriolanus* also, and the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*. We are told that Mr. Vandenhoff was the representative of Sir Giles Over-reach; but we protest that we

should not otherwise have known it. In Sir Giles he spoke in his natural voice, which is rather deep (not very powerful), and thick, and altogether distinct from the weak shrill notes which he produced on the previous Saturday. As Mr. V. will probably not perform Sir Giles again, we will not go into the unpleasant task of detailing what we conceived to be failures. This gentleman has very considerable talent, but we think he wants *forming*; his action and manner are frequently constrained, and his voice seems to say that he has prescribed for it a limit which it must never overstep. If Mr. Vandenhoff could see Mr. Kean in Othello, or Mr. Macready and Mr. C. Kemble in Virginius, he would perceive that they give themselves up to the passion of the moment without fear, —and this is the secret of their success. Mr. C. Kemble's Wellborn was entirely excellent: there was an easy, airy, cavalier spirit in it, that we think no one else could have given: he seemed at first as though he would have given away his goods and chattels for an old song, and afterwards that he would have fought with a lion to have regained them. We confess that we like Farren's Marall: it was too lean perhaps, and too like Dr. Pinch, or the worthy seller of medicine in Romeo and Ju-

liet, but it was well played: Munden's Marall was better; he looked like a *thriving* villain (Mr. Farren did not), and his villainy and meanness were rounded and shadowed off in the true spirit of a comic artist: he seemed as though he had dined with Mr. Justice Greedy frequently, and come away better for his fare.

The Coriolanus of Mr. Vandenhoff was less original than his Lear, but more effective: it was a plain imitation of Mr. John Kemble, but it was nevertheless better than Mr. V.'s portrait of Sir Giles Over-reach. — Upon the whole we think Mr. Vandenhoff a meritorious actor, but decidedly inferior both to Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kemble. The latter gentleman "played him down" as it is called in Massinger's play: — with Mr. Macready he has not yet come in collision.

If it be not impertinent we would fain ask the managers of theatres why *Shakspeare's* Lear is not performed. The trash which Tate has had the impudence to mix, like base alloy, with the fine ore of our great poet, is not only bad, but frequently un-dramatic. We wish that some performer would have the spirit and good sense to revive the Lear of Shakspeare. We will promise him our best word if that be worth any thing. A.

BELZONI'S NARRATIVE OF HIS OPERATIONS AND RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT AND NUBIA.*

WE have never seen a work that more palpably bore on its face evidence of being dictated by a fearless, candid, and naturally judicious character. The author introduces himself to our acquaintance in a very unaffected manner, in a short preface. He tells us that he is not an Englishman, but that he preferred writing his book *himself*, to running the risk of having his meaning misrepresented by another: it is our duty to say, that he has succeeded in giving us a very perspicuous, amusing, and manly narrative; in which the manner is as lively as the details are important. No single individual has yet effected so much in the way of

discovery and elucidation of those celebrated monuments of an antiquity, which was also antiquity to the generations that we term ancient; and the monuments of which surpass, in stupendous character, those of Greece and Rome, as much as these latter surpass our modern productions. Mr. Belzoni seems to be in possession of some absolute and peculiar faculty, at once adapting him for this sort of research, and impelling him to the perils and labours which are inevitably connected with it. He seems to have been directed to some of his most valuable conclusions by a sort of instinct, sharpening his external senses to in-

dications that existed not for common observers, and suggesting a train of deduction from them quicker and surer than the usual course of reasoning.

His style of narrative has the effect of exciting a strong interest in what relates to himself personally: and this is increased by the remarkable fact of his having been accompanied up the Nile by Mrs. Belzoni,—without the accommodation of servants and equipage, but as a married couple, taking by themselves a jaunt of pleasure or business in a civilized country! Their only attendant was a young Irish lad.—Mrs. Belzoni is, on more than one occasion, introduced to us in the attitude of presenting a pistol when necessary,—and she seems to have made very light of the inconveniences and dangers of the journey. We owe to this lady an amusing appendix to her husband's work, under the title of "*Mrs. Belzoni's trifling Account of the Women of Egypt, Nubia, and Syria.*"

The following is Mr. Belzoni's account of himself, his family, and the principal results of his labours in the East:—

My native place is the city of Padua: I am of a Roman family, which had resided there for many years. The state and troubles of Italy in 1800, which are too well known to require any comment from me, compelled me to leave it, and from that time I have visited different parts of Europe, and suffered many vicissitudes. The greater part of my younger days I passed in Rome, the former abode of my ancestors, where I was preparing myself to become a monk; but the sudden entry of the French army into that city altered the course of my education, and being destined to travel, I have been a wanderer ever since. My family supplied me occasionally with remittances; but as they were not rich, I did not choose to be a burthen to them, and contrived to live on my own industry, and the little knowledge I had acquired in various branches. I turned my chief attention to hydraulics, a science that I had learned in Rome, which I found much to my advantage, and which was ultimately the very cause of my going to Egypt. For I had good information, that a hydraulic machine would be of great service in that country, to irrigate the fields, which want water only, to make them produce at any time of the year. But I am rather anticipating. In 1803 I arrived in England, soon after which I married, and,

after residing in it nine years, I formed the resolution of going to the south of Europe. Taking Mrs. Belzoni with me, I visited Portugal, Spain, and Malta, from which latter place we embarked for Egypt, where we remained from 1815 to 1819. Here I had the good fortune to be the discoverer of many remains of antiquity of that primitive nation. I succeeded in opening one of the two famous Pyramids of Ghizeh, as well as several of the tombs of the Kings of Thebes. Among the latter, that which has been pronounced by one of the most distinguished scholars of the age to be the tomb of Psammuthis, is at this moment the principal, the most perfect and splendid monument in that country. The celebrated bust of young Memnon, which I brought from Thebes, is now in the British Museum; and the alabaster sarcophagus, found in the tombs of the kings, is on its way to England.

It is due to the interests of science, as well as to the reputation and interests of this very meritorious individual, to enter an indignant protest against the cabals and persecutions, to the evil influence of which he has been exposed by the envy and cupidity of beings, who, destitute of his sagacity, courage, and industry, grudged him the precious results of these qualities. The French Consul, Drouetti, and his agents, renegadoes, &c. of various nations, conducted themselves towards this solitary and inoffensive traveller, in a spirit of intrigue and injustice, that, we regret to say, there are but too many examples of, under similar circumstances, staining the name of the nation in question. By Count Forbin, too, the present director of the Museum in France, our traveller has been most meanly treated. That weak-minded, small-souled person, had neither the sagacity to do any thing worth mentioning himself, nor the honour or gratitude to acknowledge what was done for him by another. Mr. Belzoni, however, unfortunately for these parties, can tell his own story in a plain but strong way: he has the ability to put the facts clearly before the public,—a circumstance which his enemies did not probably suppose likely, in consequence of Mr. B.'s not being a man of what is commonly called learning. He is, however, a man of shrewd sense, and that is often more to the purpose. A direct attempt to assassinate him was the cause of his quit-

ting Egypt so soon; and a temporary stoppage has thus been put to his investigations; but he has already secured for England some first-rate prizes,—objects whose names convey celebrity, or rather immortality,—and made discoveries which secure for himself that fame which must have been the chief animation to his exertions. We allude particularly to the Head of Memnon, which is now safely lodged in the British Museum; and the discovery of the entrance into the second pyramid—an operation suggested by infinite sagacity, and executed with a hardihood and industry unparalleled.

We shall make a few amusing extracts from this volume—chiefly calculated for the miscellaneous reader:—those who are interested in the subjects must be referred by us to the work itself. Of the private life of the Bashaw of Cairo the following is a sketch:—

The Bashaw is in continual motion, being sometimes at his citadel, and sometimes at his seraglio in the Esbakie; but Soubra is his principal residence. His chief amusement is in the evening a little before sunset, when he quits his seraglio, and seats himself on the bank of the Nile, to fire at an earthen pot, with his guards. If any of them hit it, he makes him a present, occasionally of forty or fifty rubies. He is himself an excellent marksman; for I saw him fire at and hit a pot only fifteen inches high, set on the ground on the opposite side of the Nile, though the river at Soubra is considerably wider than the Thames at Westminster Bridge. As soon as it is dark, he retires into the garden, and reposes either in an alcove, or by the margin of a fountain, on an European chair, with all his attendants round him. Here his numerous buffoons keep him in continual high spirits and good humour. By moonlight the scene was beautiful. I was admitted into the garden whenever I wished, by which means I had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of a man, who from nothing rose to be viceroy of Egypt, and conqueror of the most powerful tribes of Arabia.

From the number of lights I frequently saw through the windows of the seraglio I supposed the ladies were at such times amusing themselves in some way or other. Dancing women were often brought to divert them, and sometimes the famous Catalani of Egypt was introduced. One of the buffoons of the Bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard; which is no trifle among the Turks;

for some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard: he borrowed some Franks' clothes of the Bashaw's apothecary, who was from Europe, and, after dressing himself in our costume, presented himself to the Bashaw as a European, who could not speak a single word either of Turkish or Arabic, which is often the case. Being in the dark, the Bashaw took him for what he represented himself to be, and sent immediately for the interpreter, who put some questions to him in Italian, which he did not answer: he was then questioned in French, but no reply; and next in the German and Spanish languages, and still he was silent: at last, when he saw that they were all deceived, the Bashaw not excepted, he burst out in plain Turkish, the only language he was acquainted with, and his well known voice told them who he was; for such was the change of his person, particularly by the cutting off his beard, that otherwise they could scarcely have recognised him. The Bashaw was delighted with the fellow; and, to keep up the frolic, gave him an order on the treasury for an enormous sum of money, and sent him to the Kaciabay, to present himself as a Frank, to receive it. The Kaciabay started at the immensity of the sum, as it was nearly all that the treasury could furnish: but upon questioning this new European, it was soon perceived who he was. In this attire he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again.

Camel dealers in the East seem to be pretty much on a par with horse-dealers in the West. At an Arabian marriage, our author saw a dramatic entertainment performed, of which he gives the following account:—

When the dancing was at an end, a sort of play was performed, the intent of which was to exhibit life and manners, as we do in our theatres. The subject represented an Hadgee, who wants to go to Mecca, and applies to a camel-driver, to procure a camel for him. The driver imposes on him, by not letting him see the seller of the camel, and putting a higher price on it than is really asked, giving so much less to the seller than he received from the purchaser. A camel is produced at last, made up by two men covered with a cloth, as if ready to depart for Mecca. The Hadgee mounts on the camel, but finds it so bad, that he refuses to take it, and demands his money back again. A scuffle takes place, when, by chance, the seller of the camel appears, and finds that the camel in question is not that which he

sold to the driver for the Hadgee. Thus it turns out, that the driver was not satisfied with imposing both on the buyer and seller in the price, but had also kept the good camel for himself, and produced a bad one to the Hadgee. In consequence he receives a good drubbing, and runs off.—Simple as this story appears, yet it was so interesting to the audience, that it seemed as if nothing could please them better, as it taught them to be on their guard against dealers in camels, &c.

This was the play, he says; the ridicule of the farce was directed against Europeans.

The afterpiece represented a European traveller, who served as a sort of clown. He is in the dress of a Frank; and, on his travels, comes to the house of an Arab, who, though poor, wishes to have the appearance of being rich. Accordingly he gives orders to his wife, to kill a sheep immediately. She pretends to obey; but returns in a few minutes, saying, that the flock has strayed away, and it would be the loss of too much time to fetch one. The host then orders four fowls to be killed; but these cannot be caught. A third time, he sends his wife for pigeons; but the pigeons are all out of their holes; and at last the traveller is treated only with sour milk and dhourra bread, the only provision in the house.

Mr. Belzoni forcibly describes his view from the top of the first pyramid at sun-rise:—

We went there to sleep, that we might ascend the first pyramid early enough in the morning, to see the rising of the sun; and accordingly we were on the top of it long before the dawn of day. The scene here is majestic and grand, far beyond description: a mist over the plains of Egypt formed a veil, which ascended and vanished gradually as the sun rose and unveiled to the view that beautiful land, once the site of Memphis. The distant view of the smaller pyramids on the south marked the extension of that vast capital; while the solemn endless spectacle of the desert on the west inspired us with reverence for the all-powerful Creator. The fertile lands on the north, with the serpentine course of the Nile, descending towards the sea; the rich appearance of Cairo, and its numerous minarets, at the foot of the Mokatam mountain on the east; the beautiful plain which extends from the pyramids to that city; the Nile, which flows magnificently through the centre of the sacred valley, and the thick groves of palm trees under our eyes; all together formed a scene, of which very imperfect ideas can be given by the most elaborate description. We descended to admire at some distance the

astonishing pile that stood before us, composed of such an accumulation of enormous blocks of stones, that I was at a loss to conjecture how they could be brought thither.

Of the ruins of Thebes he says,—“it appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence.” Nothing, we think, can be more animating than the following description of one of the temples of this “hundred-gated” capital.

Having then set the people to work in another direction, where also I had hopes, I took the opportunity to examine at leisure the superb ruins of this edifice. In a distant view of them nothing can be seen but the towering propylæa, high portals, and obelisks, which project above the various groups of lofty palm-trees, and even at a distance announce magnificence. On approaching the avenue of Sphinxes, which leads to the great temple, the visiter is inspired with devotion and piety: their enormous size strikes him with wonder and respect to the Gods, to whom they were dedicated. They represent lions with heads of rams, the symbols of strength and innocence, the power and purity of the Gods. Advancing farther in the avenue, there stand before it towering propylæa, which lead to inner courts, where immense colossi are seated at each side of the gate, as if guarding the entrance to the holy ground. Still farther on was the magnificent temple dedicated to the great God of the creation. It was the first time that I entered it alone, without being interrupted by the noise of the Arabs, who never leave the traveller an instant.

Again,

I had seen the temple of Tentyra, and I still acknowledge, that nothing can exceed that edifice in point of preservation, and in the beauty of its workmanship and sculpture; but here I was lost in a mass of colossal objects, every one of which was more than sufficient of itself alone to attract my whole attention. How can I describe my sensations at that moment! I seemed alone in the midst of all that is most sacred in the world; a forest of enormous columns, adorned all round with beautiful figures, and various ornaments, from the top to the bottom; the graceful shape of the lotus, which forms their capitals, and is so well proportioned to the columns, that it gives to the view the most pleasing effect; the gates, the walls, the pedestals, and the architraves, also adorned in every part with symbolical figures in basso relievo and intaglio, representing

battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings, and sacrifices, all relating, no doubt, to the ancient history of the country; the sanctuary, wholly formed of fine red granite, with the various obelisks standing before it, proclaiming to the distant passenger, "Here is the seat of holiness;" the high portals, seen at a distance from the openings to this vast labyrinth of edifices; the various groups of ruins of the other temples within sight; these altogether had such an effect upon my soul, as to separate me in imagination from the rest of mortals, exalt me on high over all, and cause me to forget entirely the trifles and follies of life. I was happy for a whole day, which escaped like a flash of lightning; but the obscurity of the night caused me to stumble over one large block of stone, and to break my nose against another, which, dissolving the enchantment, brought me to my senses again.

But his description of what he encountered in the galleries of the mummies is, for picturesque effect, more striking than any other passage in the book, and with this our extracts from it must close.

What a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my

throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choaked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri: of which I found a few hidden in their breasts, under their arms, in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth, that envelop the mummy.

A superb volume of plates accompanies the work, which may be purchased or not, at pleasure.

THE EARTHQUAKE,

A TALE.*

WE are absolutely sickened by this:—not by the work itself, though it is very absurd and very offensive, but by the fraud of which it is attempted to be made the means. It is expressed on its title-page to be by the author of "*The Ayrshire Legatees*:" we have no hesitation to declare that it is *not* by the author of the *Ayrshire Legatees*: we scruple not to run the risk of affirming this

in the most positive manner, so strong is the internal evidence that the pen employed in the one is not that which has traced the other. This is another deception from the source of so many: the real and able writer of the *Ayrshire Legatees* has taken a desperate step to turn suspicion from himself;—and he must feel the unpleasantness of the imputation very strongly,—peculiar and

* Three Volumes, Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell and Davies, London, 1820.

pressing indeed must be the reasons he has for casting it far away from him,—otherwise he would never have had recourse to so extraordinary a measure as this. Of all authors in the world the author of the *Earthquake* was the least fitted for his purpose; but then the probability is, he was the only one who could be depended upon to render the service wanted. There was, therefore, no choice.

The story of the Ayrshire Legatees has been given in a series of papers that have appeared and ceased* in Blackwood's Magazine; and certainly we have read no articles in that work at all equal to them in point of substantial talent. They consist of the correspondence of a Scotch clergyman and his family, who have come up to London to take possession of a large legacy; and who convey their observations on the metropolis to various persons, male and female, whom they have left behind them. The letters are very varied; the old clergyman addresses his substitute in the ministry, and his elders; his wife relates the disasters of her marmalade and cheese, and the troubles of her domestic economy in the English capital, to her good gossiping cronies of the congregation; and the young lady and gentleman (son and daughter) convey their sense of the novelties of their situation, and show much capacity for conforming themselves speedily to the fashions of London, and discharging the heavy duties attached to those who unexpectedly become heirs of a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds.

The characteristic qualities of these papers is that of shrewd observation of the world; close intimacy with the habits, opinions, and dispositions of an acute, thoughtful, serious, but loquacious class, to be found only about the small towns and villages of Scotland;—great familiarity with the ruling politics of Kirk-sessions, and the independant and critical discussions of presbyterian tea-tables;—unaffected and natural language,—lively, but unpretending,—well adapted to the various personages, and indicating

the author to be eminently possessed of vigilant common sense, guiding and controuling the exercise of his fancy.

We do not know who has written the papers; but we scruple not to confess, that they immediately suggested to us the author of the *Scotch Novels*. We saw in them much of the same superabundance of scriptural allusion, which forms a marked feature in the *Scotch novels*; of the same close acquaintance with the foibles, and the vanities, as well as the virtues and usefulness of the Scotch religious character; the same ability, on quitting the sphere which seemed the author's favourite and his peculiar province, to acquit himself well in the delineation of widely distinct manners, and in giving a true and strong expression to the aspect of life in very dissimilar situations;—the same assurance of a hand practised in the actual ways of the world, where people of talent take the air of men

Who think of something else besides the pen,

and handle their pens the better for it:—above all, much of that admirable disposition to balance the evil against the good in the human heart, and to draw character fairly, instead of displaying it in a hideous exaggerated mask, such as the ancient actors employed to strike the sight of the distant spectators in their huge theatres.

We were sorry to see, in these papers, the author condescending to derive his interest occasionally from rather offensive sketches of private characters, *in their private and domestic capacity*, the names not being concealed. It was particularly objectionable to do this in a work notorious for private scandal,—but what we most regretted was, the *date* of these sketches. They evidently came from the hand of some one fresh from a visit to London; who had been received in the houses of the persons, who now served him for the subjects of satirical and pleasant description: one who had had access to good society, and was not indisposed to convert this privilege into a source of

* We observe in their December Number they have again taken up the *title*: but the spirit is gone; the original author has withdrawn. Nothing can be more dull than the *New Series*

materials for articles, rendered stimulating and attractive by personality, that might be profitable either to the writer himself, or to the persons connected with the *Magazine*. Mr. Wilberforce's prayer-meetings, and Mr. Charles Grant's parties, were conspicuously introduced, and the former sharply ridiculed.

We certainly did think it possible that Sir Walter Scott might have got up these sketches: but we hear that he disclaims them entirely, and we are glad of it. We never, with our feelings for this eminent man, could have thought of attributing to him any thing like baseness of motive; but we did think it far from unlikely, that he might have unwarily been induced, under the influence of a particular private connection, to contribute to the support of a work, the malice of which he is rendered by his nature incapable of feeling, yet may, under the particular circumstances of the case, be excused for disbelieving. The too great personality of the papers certainly would be a fault chargeable against him, were he their author; but this does not go to the length of grossness or scandal:—it would simply constitute an impropriety, of a nature to call forth animadversion sufficiently strong to prevent its repetition. But, we repeat, Sir Walter Scott denies having had any thing to do with the papers in question; and we willingly take his word for it, and shall cease connecting his name with any thing that has appeared, or may appear, in *Blackwood's Magazine*—unless good reasons (which we do not anticipate) should be given us to break this resolution.

Immediately after our first allusion to Sir Walter Scott in regard to this subject, an advertisement appeared, in all haste, announcing "*THE EARTHQUAKE, a Tale, by the author of The Ayrshire Legatees.*" It was advertised in a very peculiar way; and great desire was shown to attract particular attention to the notice. Why? The tale is one of the worst and weakest of the extravagancies produced in the present extravagant period.

It is very clear that Sir Walter Scott did not write *The Earthquake*: there needs no ghost from the dead to tell us this. It is very clear also

that the author of the *Earthquake* is not the author of the *Scotch Novels*. Who he is we cannot pretend to say; but if he ever wrote the *Ayrshire Legatees*, we engage to swallow all the numbers of *Blackwood* in which these papers have appeared!—We have heard it reported that we owe this *Earthquake* to Mr. JOHN GALT; but cannot affirm that the report is correct. No one, however, who knows any thing of Mr. Galt's famous tragedies, would ever suspect him of being the writer of a set of acute, close, unaffected representations of actual life, in the shrewd, homely language, of the minister and members of an Ayrshire congregation of presbyterians!

The author of these tragedies, however, *might* write *The Earthquake*, and perhaps did. To give the reader an idea of the peculiar qualities of this work, we may refer to what we have said of the *Ayrshire Legatees*; only asking him to conceive all that is most opposite to what we enumerated as the characteristics of these papers. What power is shown in the tale, is of a ranting melo-dramatic turn: all the contrasts are forced and theatrical; the means unnatural and violent; the display of human nature, artificial and false; the language often silly, and often ludicrously elevated. The clumsiness of the author's hand is shown by the excessive coarseness of his devices: no Christmas pantomime was ever more wonderfully awkward than the machinery of this tale;—the author cannot lead a dialogue through a page without violating probability, and shocking the sense of fitness. His sarcasms, and his "*asides*," as author, are in the raw, hard, forced, unpractised manner of the member of a speculative society. Nothing genial, or cordial, or easy, or unaffected, is discoverable in the strain of composition. It is all calculated for representation, and this is not more artfully done here than in an after-piece at Astley's.

Such is the general character of the work: but from the extent of this censure we except a good part of the second volume, the scene of which lies amongst some of the mountainous parts of Asia. The author seems here to have lively recollections of actual adventure assist-

ing him: from the dedication to Earl Guilford, we learn he has travelled in the East,—but so far as painting goes, and indeed every thing else,—sentiment, passion, feeling, incident—it is far, far behind Anastasius.

On the day when the city of Messina was destroyed by an earthquake, the magistrates were assembled in the cathedral, one of the few edifices that had withstood the convulsion. The galley-slaves, it is said, were the objects of *dread*, but were all peaceably collected, and *fast in fetters*. The *records of the tribunals being lost*, it was proposed to release those who had been *longest* under punishment; the reason here given for this discharge being no reason at all;—if any meaning attaches to the circumstance, it would imply the impossibility of knowing who had been longest or shortest under punishment. One of the felons liberated turns out to be a very remarkable personage:—“the smallness and neatness of his *ears* and hands, are the indications of a *mind* disposed to respect the feelings of others; but the glossy smoothness of his *skin* shows that he is a constitutional voluptuary!”

He who would believe that this passage was written by the author of the Ayrshire Legatees, must have *larger ears* than Don Birbone,—for so the smooth-skinned galley-slave was named by his fellow prisoners, on account of his gentlemanly carriage. Why he was in fetters no one knew—not even the police officers,—“for he was a convict before the last pestilence of which all their predecessors died.” What with plagues and earthquakes, the public registers were liable, it seems, to be very imperfect. Our author, however, afterwards lets us into the secret: the special *crime* committed by Don Birbone, entitling him to the fetters, was *saving a child from being devoured alive* by a gentleman, his fellow passenger. We beg the reader to be assured that we are here simply following the ingenious recital of the author.

At the liberation of the galley-slaves, we are introduced to the Baron Alcamo “a long-winded philosopher,” and Francisco, the Baron’s nephew, a young man “distinguished for a *singular acuteness of tact*,” who “having no reservation in his

expressions, was often excessively provoking.” There was, says our author, “a thoughtful air about him that might have been mistaken for silliness;” and his acuteness of tact was further shewn “in believing those things which correct philosophy denies.” The “defect of his intellect” was “mysticism;” and “the *basis* of his reflections, and the *fulcrum* of his feelings, was a persuasion that the whole frame of the world, with all the living inhabitants of the earth, constitute but one machine.”

This practical nephew, and his philosophical uncle, take interest in Don Birbone. “What are you fit for,” inquired the philosopher. “Nothing,” said the outcast:—the Baron’s heart was melted, and he hung his head in sorrow.” To the nephew of the acute tact, the galley-slave described himself “as one doomed to perdition.” In the next page the Baron Alcamo “bruises his thumb as he plied the knocker for admission” into his own house.

A Count Corneli is dug out of the ruins of his palace by Don Birbone. The Count had married a sister of the Baron Alcamo, and accordingly, after his resurrection, sought refuge in the house of the philosopher. The nephew “was much struck with his wan and troubled countenance”—yet the man had just been dug up, an exercise which does not improve the complexion—“eyed him inquisitively, and said nothing.” It appears that between Don Birbone, and the Count Corneli, there is a mysterious connection. The Don soon enters the Baron’s apartment: “do not be afraid of him, my lord,” said Francisco, the nephew,—because the Count thanked his disinterrer with warmth!—The indications in the Ayrshire Legatees are managed differently, and we think on the whole better!

The language in which all this detail is conveyed, is as childishly extravagant, vague, and incorrect, as might be expected from the nature of the incidents: a cold character says the author “obtains the homage usually paid to virtue, by merely abstaining from doing as little wrong, as it is negative in good.” This is downright nonsense.

Don Birbone sits down at the

Baron Alcamo's table, without introduction, or any excuse whatever: here he regards Francisco's pretty sister, with an expression that savoured more of the galley-slave than the gentleman: "Francisco shuddered, and wished his sister at Jerico!" But soon the young man "began to feel the latent energy of his own powers, and said *beware!* with the frown and sternness of an avenger." This is not at all like the Ayrshire Legatees.

Francisco, simply guided by his *tact*, takes upon himself to forbid Count Corneli his uncle's house, on the presumption of a connection between him and Don Birbone: to the latter he says—"whatever may have been the *crimes and errors* of your past life, be assured that they have given you no *warrant* to obtrude your infamy into this house." Our author has a most extraordinary manner of turning his phrases,—very different from that of people in general. Who else would ever have thought of telling a man that his guilt did not *warrant* him to obtrude his infamy!

At last we have an overt act, proving that the Count and the Don are indeed old acquaintances. As a finishing specimen of style and manner, we give the following passage—which, we think, will render it unnecessary to trouble our readers with more in the way of proof of the imposition which the title-page of these volumes attempts to practise on the public. The Don seizes the Count in the Baron's dining-room:—

"Come, wretched man, come!" and he dragged him from the room with the energy of a demon. The Count made no resistance. His teeth chattered; his face became of a gangrene yellow hue; his eye-balls distended and glassy, and his arms and limbs lost all power of action. His appearance was indeed so livid and hideous, and the image of it remained so clammy in the recollection of the spectators, that it was some time before they were sensible he had been actually withdrawn from their sight!

This clamminess of an image in the recollection, will constitute a sticking place to readers, we think. Few, we apprehend, will have the courage to venture forward in the slough. The book, however, really mends. In the second volume it is a good deal better: in the third it becomes again almost as silly as in the first.

It appears that Don Birbone is the real Count Corneli: the person who has assumed the name and title is one Castagnello, the son of an Italian opera singer, and an English lord. The Count in early life had taken a dislike to his wife:—"our inclinations are not in our own power," as a high authority says. He had a son, however, by her,—and "the pleasure he experienced in looking at his child, was as a glimpse of the clear blue sky, seen through the rolling darkness and gloomy fires which accompany the eruptions of Mount Etna!"—*Very like a whale*, indeed. The Count immured his wife in a convent: only he forgot to say she should be detained there. She accordingly soon left it, and naturally fell into the hands of robbers; the chief of whom was Castagnello. The Count falls into their hands at the same moment. Castagnello sees the whole case, without any explanation. The husband and wife depart each their own road. The band of robbers is broken up; and Castagnello, an adventurer, meets with the legitimate son of his father, Lord Wildwaste—a name of itself sufficient to prove that the author of the Earthquake is not the author of the Ayrshire legatees. Much rant and nonsense take place between them, Castagnello's evil star predominates; and his brother leaves him an outcast and wanderer. Events take him to Florence; where he finds the Irish family of Kenelsmore, the eldest daughter of which Lord Wildwaste, who has got to Florence before him, marries,—and the youngest, who is disgustingly and weakly described by the author, Count Corneli, who has also taken Florence in his way, seduces, and destroys. Castagnello thus enlarges his experience of the Count's good qualities; and thus acquires a mastery over him by which he compels him to cede the title and possessions of Corneli for seven years;—so that Castagnello becomes the Count, and the Count goes about his business on an allowance.

The latter gets into scrapes and jails. More than the seven years have passed: nothing has been heard of the real Count by Castagnello, who, at last, ventures to Messina, trusting that the people of the town will have forgotten the features of him whose substitute he is, during

his long absence, and that he will be taken for the nobleman. Things are in this state when the earthquake happens, and Don Birbone the galley-slave turns out to be Count Corneli. Soon after the recovery of his title, *the Count murders his son, and is hanged*, and Castagnello retires to Mount Caucasus, and becomes one of the fathers of the propaganda.

The author in conclusion informs the reader that the "moral of his tale is not susceptible of being explained with facility in words."—So, without more words, we take our leave of the *Earthquake*, which certainly well justifies its title—for the *shocks* it inflicts are severe and numerous—that is to say if the reader have either sense or taste to be assailed.

MELMOTH THE WANDERER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF BERTRAM, &c.*

We have this extraordinary and striking novel, of which we might say much, now before us:—the time evening; the scene our study, the lamp well-trimmed, and the fire comfortable. A quire of long paper, and a bundle of mended-pens, tempt us with the look of preparation:—Nothing to interrupt us between this and two hours past midnight—up to which time we know we can count on our eye-lids retaining their rigidity. It is a work worth writing about: it is not like *The Earthquake*: there is power in it,—terrible, offensive power—it is full of enormous faults; and contains no absolute beauties;—yet it rivets attention, absorbs interest—in short, it is one of the very best possible subjects for criticism. It is just such a

subject as we want for a good article: and a good article we shall certainly write upon it—but as the devil's in it—(we mean in the novel; he is the chief agent) we cannot do it *now*: it would take six pages, and our remaining space will scarcely suffice—(so says a note just received from the printing-office) for articles that must appear "*to keep up the symmetry of the Number*—."—The symmetry of the Number! there is no resisting that phrase. There are papers just before which we would willingly take out,—but that would be losing time, says the printer: and the printer is despotic in the Magazine. The editor is only his prime minister; the publishers his secretaries of state. Melmoth, however, shall be reviewed.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XI.

The principal novelty that invites our notice is a small volume of ballads (six and a duet) by Wesley Doyle, Esq. an amateur well known as a singer of much "expressive power," in very high circles of Metropolitan society.

If the character of a people is to be traced through its ballads, that, of the English nation has undergone, of late, a very striking transition—a transition that marks very essential alterations in mind, and in its adjuncts, manners—and one that indicates a vast declension towards that species of voluptuousness which most certainly leads to the enervation of the stronger faculties, and their ab-

sorption in sensations so luxurious and enchanting, as to forbid all possibility of return to the nobler impulses that distinguish the heroic ages. Mr. Doyle's compositions, though they, in a degree, meet the desiderata of the time, are yet more free than most of the modern ballads, from the characteristics which betray whilst they allure: and it is amongst the particular recommendations of his publications, that while they are simple, effective, and sufficiently in the modern style, to satisfy fashionable expectancy, they have yet in them nothing that good taste would particularly revolt against.

* Four Vols. Edinburgh, 1820.

A ballad, to be truly popular, and thence to be taken as reflecting the national character, must be of a kind to catch the ear, and to move the heart; to sink into the memory, and to live by tradition. It must, of course, seize the topics of the times in which it is written, and must image the feelings that are the most prevalent, or the actions in which the genius of the people most earnestly engages.

It affords a curious commentary upon these observations, and one which is apparently at variance with the hypothesis, that the songs of something more than a century ago, most in estimation, were many of them mad songs, such as the *Mad Tom*, and *Mad Bess*, *From Rosy Bowers*, and *Let the Dreadful Engines of Eternal Will*, of Purcell. This peculiarity, however, appears only to present a modification of the desire of intense feeling which we now witness, extending itself towards allegory, or personification. The art of concentrated expression was not then so well understood as now, and it was thought necessary, previously to qualify extraordinary vehemence of sentiment, by investing it with the character of insanity. Force, however, was the principal agent: what in modern language is called elegance was almost totally unknown; and the music was rendered effective by accent, by harmony, and by divisions, all of which are in the modern ballad applied by graceful melody, and by the charms of glittering accompaniment.

But the grand difference between the poetry of such compositions up to the middle of last century, and those at present (and from the words the notes took their colouring) is in the expression of the passion of love. In the first instance, it appeared to be the object of the poet or the lover to purify his thoughts from every grosser passion, and to chasten his approaches from every sign of sensuality that could offend the almost impersonal delicacy of the deity at whose shrine he worshipped. In a word, the poets of that age sought to keep down sense, by exalting sentiment to its natural place of prerogative and dignity, and thus to give lawful supremacy to the intellectual faculties over mere sensuality.

With these specimens of art, which

had their origin and their circulation amongst the higher classes, was connected another species of ballad, which applied itself to the sports, to the incidents, or to the grander national predilections of the remaining orders of society. Among these, were hunting songs, and sea songs, together with the various love episodes that arose out of the latter, and made up a singular combination of sentiment and description. *The Storm*, and *Black Eyed Susan*, *Stand to your Guns*, and *Sweet Poll of Plymouth*, were bold and beautiful picturings, equalled perhaps, but scarcely surpassed, by any of the writings of Dibdin, who came next in succession, the most fertile, ingenious, picturesque, and sensitive of all our song writers. He wrote, indeed, too multifariously for his fame, and attenuated the striking merit of his thoughts, by beating out and expanding them over so vast a surface. But he led and governed the convivial feelings, and the lighter moments of the great bulk of his countrymen, during a very long period, neglected or forgotten as his productions now seem to be. The songs of Arne and Jackson, which, just before his day, had their range amongst the more scientific class of singers, and which found their place principally in the chambers of Dilletanti, are as completely lost. We now and then hear one or two of the best; but as to popularity, they are no more.

Of the present school of "ballad mongers," Mr. Moore, (to whom Mr. Doyle's work is inscribed) is the parent, and he has with irresistible success, contrived to reverse the construction of 50 years ago, and to convey to the impulses of sense, the supremacy so long awarded to sentiment. Yet he blends them both so intimately, and softens away all that used to terrify or disgust with such art, that were it not for the flushing cheek, and the burning glow, without which it is hardly possible for youth to read his compositions, the change might at first escape detection. He mingles tender feelings and reflection with the warmest passions; and the solution is so perfect, that it is almost impossible to detect the dangerous agents, disguised as they are, but not reduced by the other ingredients. The principal evil of these composi-

tions, is to be found in the idea that necessarily enters with them, viz. that love of variety is not only very universal, but very agreeable, and exceedingly pardonable; that upon the whole, it is fated to the lover to change, and that for the deserted fair one "to love again, and be again undone," is the natural resource against vacuity and ennui.

The musical structure of the modern ballad demands, that the melody be flowing and generally simple, that the accompaniment should (commonly) be showy, and such as to conceal defects; while it supports the powers of the singer, it should allow of those licenses, the pause, acceleration, or restoration, *tempo rubato*, strong emphasis and striking contrasts, with due allowances for the introduction of spontaneous ornaments, the flowers that spring up to deck and diversify the general level verdure. To these the grander requisites should be added, that the song ought not to embrace more than a compass of nine or ten notes, and the recipe is complete.

With the greater and the better part of these *postulata*, Mr. Doyle has complied. There is, however, more simplicity and strength than is generally to be found in such publications, with less of glare and show. His melodies are set off by few or none of the ornaments of accompaniment, and there is an indication of *manner* about them, which obviously proceeds from his yet immature acquaintance with the art of writing. But his songs have received the stamp of approbation from Dilettanti of a high class, and in some of the most polite assemblies of the metropolis they have been heard with delight, as the long list of subscribers for whom they have been principally printed, establishes. They come, therefore, to the public with all the powerful recommendation of a fashionable *imprimatur*, no less than by their intrinsic merit.

The tenth number of *Dramatic Airs*, is by Mr. Wilson; its theme, the sestet in the Haunted Tower "*By mutual love delighted*." There is in this composition a strong manifestation of power, and we should almost be tempted to say a waste of power, so little pains has the author taken to avail himself of his subject.

Mr. Clementi's number of the *Operatic Series*, now in the course of publication, presents a model in this species of composition. The art with which he has continually combined detached parts of his theme (*Batti, Batti*) keeping the whole in view from the commencement to the close, is admirable. Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, introduces portions of his theme at more distant intervals, and but for an inconsiderable space. He aims, perhaps, too much at diversity; by which construction the charm of the air is often hidden, and the chain of interest more broken than befits a lesson of this kind. Nevertheless, there is contrivance and a command of various materials, but they are wrought too much into the shape of *cadenza*. The composition would thus seem to want air, and might weary attention, were it not redeemed by the rapidity, variety, and spirit of the successions.

Toujours Toujours, an air with variations for the harp, by Dizi, loses the sentimentality of the instrument in the search after execution. The whole is too loose and straggling to be very impressive, besides that it adheres too much to the same forms.

Yes my Love Yes, a ballad by the same composer, is an answer (we presume), to *No my Love No*. At a moment when we have such august example for considering the difficulty of "commanding our inclinations" to be insuperable, it is an extremely generous enterprise to endeavour to illustrate the constancy and forbearance of our (the male) sex, and to place us upon an equal footing with the trusting fidelity of our more sensitive and delicate idols. If Mr. Kiallmark could republish his song, and obtain permission to dedicate it to royalty at this particular moment, he might do a material service.

Your affections could ne'er be so fickle and rearing,

To treat him with scorn you so lately approved;

Ah, when you first charmed me with looks so endearing,

You meant to be constant, and thought that you loved.

Then may you be blest, for I never can blame you,

Though torn with an anguish I cannot express;

Mid the friends of my bosom, believe me,
I'll name you
The first and the dearest,—Oh! yes,
my love, yes!

The Songs, Ducts, and Glees, introduced into Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, selected and composed by H. R. Bishop. The interspersions of music with the scenes of our bard is one of the circumstances which may be taken as symptomatic of the necessity of some change in the preparation of our musical dramas. Last year we had the Comedy of Errors thus dished up, and now a second instance occurs. Storace selected from the Italian Operas. Mr. Bishop has written upwards of forty works for the stage, and now he appears to fly to selection, while entire Operas have yielded to these musical plays. Mr. B. has in both taken a very judicious and not less ingenious part. His own compositions are particularly original, at the same time the music has a quaintness that assorts well with the age of the poetry. With a like regard to chronology, he has adapted the part songs to the music of our old composers, and in this compilation, we find *From the fair Lavinian Shore, When first I saw your face*, and other such, well arranged to Shakspeare's words. His own compositions are entitled to great praise, particularly the duet, *Orpheus*

with his Lute, which, except that it partakes of the manner of his former production, *As it fell upon a day*, bears no resemblance to any thing we know; it is also fanciful and expressive. The songs too range well with the rest, and we have seldom seen of late so beautiful an adaptation, (which we suppose it to be) as *Bid me Discourse*, a truly elegant and beautiful song. Upon the whole this publication has far more to recommend it than the generality of works for the stage.

We close our article by a novelty in musical composition, dignified as the list of composers has been by noble authors; namely, by two songs, the production of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. *Oh wear for me this Blooming Rose* has the simplicity as well as the peculiar accent which appertains to a national air. It is light and pretty. *I love thee dearly* is of more pretension. We should be suspected of a courtly disposition were we to class them far above the middle rate of modern ballads. We are, however, in the habit of seeing many worse from the hands of professors, and not so many better from any hands. Indeed, classing Mr. Moore amongst the amateurs, we may fairly say, the profession is greatly outgone in these things by Dilletanti.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Royal Academy.—On the 10th of December, being the Anniversary of the founding of this Institution, the formal re-election of the officers took place. Sir Thomas Lawrence was re-elected President;—Mr. Fuseli, keeper;—Mr. Howard, secretary, &c. Medals were distributed as prizes to the successful students, whose names are as follow:

Mr. Watts, for the best copy of an Ostrich in the School of Painting.

Mr. Sharp, for the second best copy in that school (the original, the infancy of Bacchus, by Poussin).

Mr. A. Morton, for the best Drawing, from the living model.

Mr. Pitts, for the best Model, from the living model.

Mr. Wood, for the best Model, from an antique figure (one of the dying sons of Niobe).

Mr. R. Williams, for the best Model, from the same figure.

Mr. George Allen, for the best Archi-

tectural Drawing, being the plan and elevation of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn-square.

Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE then addressed the students. After expressing his displeasure at the slow and inefficient progress in certain respects of the Students of the Life Academy, he pointed out the course which he considered most proper for them, as aiming at the grand object of art to pursue. It was with sincere pleasure that the President noticed the continued and decided improvement of the Students of the Antique, and he recommended to them strenuously to endeavour at a progressive improvement, and to remember the uncertain tenure by which all excellence is held.

Sir Walter Scott, Bart. has been, upon the resignation of Sir James Hall, unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, at the fullest meeting of that learned body that ever assembled. This honour, which is the highest that

Scotland has to bestow on literary or scientific eminence, was, we are informed, entirely unsolicited either by the distinguished personage who has received it, or by any of his friends.

Cleopatra's Needle.—This celebrated monument of antiquity has been presented to his Majesty George IV. by the Pacha of Egypt, and is expected to arrive shortly from Alexandria. It is intended to be set up in Waterloo-place, opposite Carlton Palace. The weight of the column is about 200 tons, the diameter at the pedestal seven feet. This magnificent column was obtained through the influence of S. Briggs, Esq. the British Resident at Grand Cairo, with the Pacha of Egypt.

Moore's Almanack.—The recent death of Henry Andrews, of Royston, the compiler of *Moore's Almanack*, has been noticed in the Journals:—we extract the following remarks from the Monthly Magazine:—

“The sale of *Moore's Almanack*, in his hands, rose to 430,000 copies per annum—yet honest Andrews never got above 25*l.* for his labours! This prodigious circulation arose from the astrological predictions with which the worthy calculator was required to fill it, and with which it is allowed to be filled, though printed for a public company, and revised and sanctioned at Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishop of Canterbury! Andrews himself laughed as much at his own predictions, and their success, as any one of the most enlightened of his readers; but the circulation of the *Almanacks* depended on their insertion, and he was expected to supply them, or lose his employment. Of course he predicted *secundum artem*, and followed his books and the stars, with indicated events in various ratios of *probability*; and if one in ten came true, it satisfied the superstition, folly, and credulity of the dupes of dreams, omens, signs, and prophecies, who were his readers, and who, in spite of education and philosophy, still constitute a majority of this great nation.”

Patent Coffins.—In the Consistory Court, November 8, Sir W. Scott gave judgment in the cause of the Patent Iron Coffins,—the Church-wardens of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, having refused to inter the body of Mrs. Gilbert, of that parish, on due notice being given by her husband, the plea being that the body was deposited in an iron coffin. The case was brought before the court, and Sir William Scott delivered his judgment in an able and impressive speech, in which he recapitulated at length the grounds on which the right of interment rested. On the principle that the parish derived profit from interments, and that iron coffins resisted the operation of decay longer than those

of wood, he decided, that the persons who brought them *should pay for a longer lease of the ground occupied.* Coffins of lead were subject to an extra charge—why should not those of iron? He recommended that the body in question should be interred without extra fees, at the same time, without prejudice to the rights of the parish—and he would confirm a table of new fees for future cases, after proper examination.

Italy.—Florence.—A literary journal is announced under the title of *Antologia*, which is intended to give translations of the best and most interesting essays selected from the periodical publications of France, England, and Germany. This undertaking is to be conducted by an association of men of talent qualified to prosecute it with vigour and ability. It will, no doubt, stimulate the Italians to an emulation of those countries in periodical literature, and may open the way towards a more free communication between them, and their more enlightened rivals of the North. Of late many translations from the most classic English poets have been published in Italy by Leoni.

Bonn. M. A. G. Schlegel.—This celebrated writer has commenced a periodical work, devoted exclusively to the philological and philosophical treasures of Indian Antiquities, hitherto known in Europe merely by detached and scattered fragments. It is entitled “*Die Indische Bibliothek*,” and four numbers are to be published in the course of the year, although at no definite period of appearance. The first Number contains, 1. A survey of the actual state of Indian Philology. 2. Effusions of Indian Poetry, preceded by three short treatises, viz. on the Epic rhythm of the Indians, on the German Hexameter, and on the Orthography and Pronunciation of Indian words. To these succeeds an imitation, in 425 verses, of a poem, entitled “the Descent of the Goddess Garga,” accompanied with explanatory mythological notes. 3. An article on “*Nalus carmen Sanscritum e Mahabarati*,” edit. F. Bopp.

Sweden Gas-light.—This admirable method of artificial illumination has been just adopted at Stockholm by a brewer, who has introduced it into his establishment; this is the first time of its being employed in that city.

A Course of Lectures, on German Literature, under the immediate patronage of His Serene Highness Prince Esterhazy, is about to be delivered in London, by Andrew Staehle, LL.D. The Lectures will be in the German language. The following summary may serve to give a more distinct idea of the nature of the Lectures: Condition of German Poetry towards the middle of the past century.—Klopstock.—

Lessing as poet and critic—influence of English Literature.—The *Hainbund* in Göttingen, and merits of its members, Voss, Miller, Stolberg, &c.—Review of the Lyrical Poets of this period.—Wieland, Schiller, Göthe.—Observations on several plays of Schiller and Göthe, and in particular on Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* and Maria Stuart, and Göthe's *Faust*, *Tasso*, *Iphigenie*.—Views and object of the Schlegel school and their conflict with Kotzebue.—Fouqué and Jean Paul.—The Poets of the War of Liberation.—Körner.—Latest state of Poetry.—Müllner, Grillparzer to Uhland, &c. Prospects in the future.

Languages.—According to a "View of all Languages and their Dialects," published by Mr. F. Aderburg, Counsellor of State to the Emperor of Russia, their number amounts to 3,064—viz. in all Asia 937—European, 587—African, 276—and African, 1,264.

An Island Damaged.—An Island near Java, called Fisherman's Island, is stated to have been rent asunder by the force of storms, which took place early in January, 1820.

Giants.—Doctor Titler, in a letter which he has inserted in the *Calcutta Mirror*, states that he found the joint of a human finger in the bed of a river, near Rossur. This fact, which does not at first seem very extraordinary, will appear in a very different light, when we add that it is twice the size of the joint of an ordinary man—*Ergo*, the person it belonged to must have been twelve feet high!

Apocryphal Scriptures.—A curious Volume has lately been published, entitled the *Apocryphal New Testament*, which contains the various Gospels, Epistles, and other Holy Books, attributed, during the first three centuries to the Apostles of Jesus Christ, and their companions. Apocryphal, it has been said, does not so properly mean spurious, as *secret, hidden, esoteric*; and therefore the Apocryphal Scriptures, according to this doctrine, were those communicated only to the priesthood, or to the more informed and gnostic laymen. The *Protevangelion* is one of the books contained in this Volume, and it is said to be the earliest in chronological order. It is affirmed, that there are proofs, in Matthew's Gospel, of his having recognized it as genuine.

Royal Society.—November 30th being the usual day for the election of officers for the ensuing year, Sir Humphry Davy was appointed President, in the room of the late much respected Sir Joseph Banks. On the 7th December, Sir Humphry Davy, on taking the chair, in a short address, adverted to the objects of the Royal Society; he adverted also to those Philosophical Associations whose objects were similar, but confined to particular branches of science. The present state of the Sciences, and the great share which the Royal Society had in their improvement, were next pointed out; and as connected with chemistry, he recommended the subjects of fluorine, and the amalgamation of ammonia and mercury.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN NEWS.

France.—Chateaubriand is appointed Minister to the Court of Prussia: the ultra sentiments of this man of talent, and the appointment of the Count Blacas, who is an ultra without talent, may excite suspicion that the politics of the Thuilleries have lately taken a bias to that side. The Duchess de Berri having interceded with the King of France for the lives of the criminals Gravier and Bouton, convicted of making the attempts upon her life and that of her infant, by exploding powder under her window, his Majesty has commuted the

sentence of death to one of perpetual imprisonment and hard labour. "*Merciful change!*"—adds a poor time-serving print, pretending to the character of *liberality*. Yet this print is one of those which maintain the propriety of substituting for the punishment of death that of imprisonment. If life is not to be forfeited, liberty ought to be in certain cases, and there never was one of more unmanly atrocity than this.

Germany and Naples.—The accounts respecting the intentions of the Allied Powers with regard to Naples are, as usual,

contradictory. Most of them, however, agree, that some proposition or overture has been made on the part of the Allied Courts to the King of Naples, requiring some changes to be made in the Neapolitan Constitution for the purpose of rendering it more monarchical. The French papers add that the King of Naples has been invited to a personal interview with the Sovereigns; and that this summons has been coupled with an intimation that his non-acceptance of the invitation would be considered a proof of his being under personal restraint, and held therefore to justify hostilities. Nothing of this is certain. The government of Naples is preparing assiduously for the worst. The troops are said to be on a respectable footing.

Spain.—Fears as to the stability of the new constitution in Spain have been entertained;—rumours of a counter-revolution, and doubts of the King's sincerity, have agitated the Spanish people, whose inquietude was increased by his Majesty's absence from the capital. Remonstrances were made to him on the latter point, and he returned to Madrid. The public feeling has been since a good deal tranquillized,—but a groom of the king's bed-chamber, with a colonel and a priest, have been examined touching their share in anti-constitutional plots. The municipality of Madrid has delivered a spirited address on the subject.

The United States.—The message of the President of the United States, to Congress, is a document that has always been regarded in this country with considerable interest; the nature of the American constitution being such as to lead its chief magistrate farther into *discussion* than the heads of governments usually venture in addressing their subjects. The message of November 14th, 1820, has been received since our last Number was published. It is a document of rather a *deprecatory* nature. The President sees “*much cause to*

rejoice, taking all circumstances into consideration.”—“Pressures on certain interests, it is admitted, have been felt;” these are traced to the transition of Europe from a state of war to one of peace, and to the *fluctuations in the amount of the circulating medium*. The permanent blessings of the constitution are held out as a sufficient consolation for temporary difficulties. The American public debt is stated to amount to about ninety-two millions of dollars, having been reduced nearly sixty-seven millions since 1815. The income of the state is given at 16,700,000 dollars; its expenditure 16,800,000; making an excess of the latter of 100,000 dollars,—to which must be added a loan of three millions, included in the above amount of income. Here, therefore, is a deficiency of income of rather more than three millions of dollars. The American President describes the question pending with Spain as still unsettled:—he alludes to the contest of the latter with her colonies as going on very favourably for the Independents, and anticipates their success, in a manner, to show that the wishes of the American government are strongly on their side. A question between the two powers on the construction of the first article of the treaty of Ghent, has been mutually referred by Great Britain and the United States to the decision of the Emperor of Russia.

Saint Domingo.—Christophe, the black tyrant of Hayti, has put himself to death, in consequence of a military revolution; and considering the activity of the other chieftain of the island, president Boyer, and the universal horror of despotism which the savage reign of the late emperor produced, there is every probability that the whole island will be united into one republic.

Turkey.—Ali Pacha still holds out in his blockaded fortress; and the reports vary as to the probability of his speedy reduction.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

His Majesty is stated in the *Times* to have been recently seriously indisposed: so much so as to have had sixty ounces of blood taken from him at two operations. The *Court Circular* affirms that the indisposition was only the effect of a trifling cold.

The Duchess of Clarence was safely delivered of a female child, at five minutes past five o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 10th. The infant was prematurely born, but, with the mother, is likely to do well. The young Princess is presumptive heir to the throne, after the Duke of York. The child has been christened Elizabeth, in obedience to the commands of his Majesty.

A singular *diplomatic fracas* is said to have taken place at Vienna: not only words, but blows also, are mentioned to have occurred. Lord Stewart, (brother of Lord Castlereagh), our Ambassador at the Austrian Court, is represented to have had a squabble with Prince Metternich,—and a challenge and a *slap on the face*, both inflicted by the Englishman, are stated to have been the consequences. The altercation had reference to the discussions agitated by the Congress at Troppau; and the Sovereigns there assembled, we hear, took the part of the Austrian Minister. It has been requested that Lord Stewart should be recalled: and it is said Sir Charles Stuart.

Ambassador at Paris, is to take his place.

The letters from St. Helena reach down to the recent date of the 7th November, at which period Buonaparte enjoyed good health, although it has been reported for several weeks (on the authority of advices, both direct and indirect), that he was seriously indisposed: he is, however, frequently subject to fits of despondency, which last for some days together, when he remains secluded as well from his friends as from visitors. The circuit to which the ex-Emperor was formerly limited has recently been extended, and he is permitted to ride and walk in a space of not less than fourteen miles.

M. Naldi, the celebrated buffo-performer at the Opera, lately met an untimely death at Paris, by the bursting of a self-acting cooking apparatus. M. Naldi was invited to dine with his colleague M. Garcia, who, agreeably to his wish, showed him this novel operation of cooking, when the former imprudently stopped the heat-regulator: an explosion instantly took place, and the lid severed the skull of M. Naldi, and laid him dead on the spot. M. Garcia received a wound on the head, but it is hoped that it is not dangerous.

The Queen—The addresses to the Queen go on with unabated vigour; they are adopted at public meetings with all the show of oratory and crowded assemblage. On the other hand, addresses to his Majesty, professing a loyal attachment to his person, are got up in privacy, with closed doors, and under precautions to guard against the intrusion of strangers, similar to those of Free Masons. It being understood that hostile measures of some sort are still in contemplation against her Majesty, Mr. George Canning has resigned his place in the Administration, and has thus gained some credit for consistency. This gentleman, our readers know, continued abroad during the late investigation before the House of Lords. An address to the King has been carried in the Common Council of London, praying his Majesty to dismiss his Ministers: the following was the royal reply:

"It has been with the most painful feeling that I have heard the sentiments contained in the address and petition now presented to me by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the city of London.

"Whatever may be the motives of those by whom it is brought forward, its evident tendency is to inflame the passions and mislead the judgment of the unwary and less enlightened part of my subjects, and to aggravate the difficulties with which we have had to contend."

Subscriptions have been raised to support

individuals who have fallen under the displeasure of the powerful, for displaying an attachment to the Queen's cause; and in several instances prayers have been put up for her in the churches. At Grinshill church, near Shrewsbury, after the clergyman had repeated that part of the Litany, "That it may please thee to bless and preserve all the Royal Family," the clerk, instead of saying "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," repeated with a loud and distinct voice, and most solemn countenance, "*Not exempting our most religious, gracious, and ever-revered Queen Caroline!*" The congregation were, of course, astonished at this deviation from the service: the man was reprimanded by the minister, and, we believe, afterwards pardoned. On several occasions the private meetings for addresses to his Majesty have been converted into public ones, and addresses carried very different in sentiment to the desires of the original authors of the assemblage. The Duchess of Bedford, the Countess Fitzwilliam, the Marchioness of Tavistock, and Lady Ossulstone, have been mentioned among the visitors at Brandenburgh House. A meeting of the county of Durham went off with great eclat: petitions were carried to both Houses of Parliament, praying the restoration of her Majesty's name to the Liturgy. Earl Grey spoke at this meeting.

It is said that the king had lately some conversation with the two poor Owyhee chiefs who were kidnapped by the Americans, and who were exposed to so much distress in this country. The *Literary Gazette* says, "The King was amused with their conversation, through an interpreter, and asked a good many questions. Among other things, the elder chief told him he had *six wives*; upon which his Majesty good-humouredly observed—'Notwithstanding which you left your country! well, I have but *one*, and I find that enough to manage!' " We hope this anecdote is untrue. His Majesty has never attempted to *manage* his wife: and the subject does not seem one for jesting when we reflect on the shock that has been given to the feelings of allegiance, and the sense of decency, by the most injudicious system of attack adopted against the Queen Consort. Sentiments, such as these, do not necessarily involve an opinion in favour of her Majesty's conduct; they merely express what all dispassionate persons think in regard to the proceedings of her enemies.

Executions.—Much attention has been recently excited to the subject of capital punishment; and the putting to death of fourteen persons within the short space of one week, in the course of last month, has given an additional impetus to public feeling on this subject. The fact is certain,

that in no country of Europe is the shedding of man's blood by the public executioner so common as in England; in no country is the ignominious, disgusting, and profligate spectacle of these legal slaughters of such frequent recurrence. Nor is person or property the safer for it: quite the contrary. The very offences which the law is known to punish most unsparingly, increase day by day. People ask if *death* is the only expedient to remedy evils which wise and thoughtful rulers might avoid, or correct by measures of wisdom? The outrages of pickpockets, in the streets, have become lately quite a source of alarm to passengers; and Judge Garrow, the other day, took occasion to say, that mercy was not to be expected by *boys* found guilty of violence in this way, — for the frequency of the crime required severe example. Good God! is the gibbet then our only resource! because the lower orders of our population are steeped in ignorance and brutality, because the civil order of society is deranged by unpopular and injudicious public measures, — are we to look to the gallows as our only resource? We remember the Recorder of London stating something of the same nature in regard to infants of ten and twelve, convicted of capital crimes. "They must be *hanged*," said he; "for these young rascals multiply." — This is a terrible doctrine. On the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 5, six persons were put to death before the Debtor's Door, Newgate. One of these was a woman, *Sarah Price*, aged 43, for uttering forged bank notes: another *Fuller Harnett*, an officer in the army, belonging to a most respectable Irish family, for a private forgery. *John Madden*, another of these unhappy persons, had also been found guilty of uttering forged bank notes. The woman, from her exemplary conduct in prison, had been led to suppose, by the religious visitants, that her life would be spared. She, and they, however, were dreadfully mistaken. For *Lieutenant Harnett's* life not only was interest made, but a humane individual came up from the country, to offer some most forcible reasons for extending mercy to him, which he supposed his Majesty's government might be unacquainted with. Nothing, however, was of any avail. *Madden* had been offered permission to plead guilty to the minor offence, which subjects to transportation; but he refused, was found guilty of the fatal crime, and was hanged, having rejected the indulgence of the Bank. His companion, who had accepted that indulgence, but who, on *Madden's* refusal, was obliged to be included with him in the joint trial, was told, by the Recorder, that he should not suffer for the other's obstinacy, but that mercy

would he extended to him: yet, strange to say, he was *included in the fatal death warrant*, and it was only late on the night before his execution, that the Ordinary of Newgate procured a reprieve on the representation of this fact! Eight more were hanged on Monday the 12th. One of them uttered a piercing shriek as the drop fell. Poor wretches!

The *Blucher Packet* lately fell in with the wreck of a schooner, and rescued three seamen, the wretched remainder of seven. They had been nineteen days exposed to the weather, the waves, and starvation: the day of their deliverance would most probably have put an end to their sufferings by death. The only sustenance these poor creatures had left was the skin of half a pig's head, which they agreed to suck by turns, and three quarts of water.

It would appear that the human frame is capable of bearing inanition longer than many suppose. On the 22d November, *Elizabeth Steers* was discovered in an old chalk well, in the parish of Doddington, Kent. She had fallen in on the 8th of that month about six in the evening. She had nothing to subsist upon during the fourteen days and nights that she was in this situation, but a little water in a hole at the bottom of the well. During her agonising confinement she repeatedly heard the voices of persons passing that way; but could not make her own voice reach them, being at a depth of nearly forty feet below the surface of the earth. She had endeavoured to form steps by raising pieces of chalk; but they had constantly given way, thus increasing her despair at every disappointment. She received very little injury from her fall, and was rapidly recovering the effects of her accident.

An awful accident has taken place in the East-Indies, at Hurdwar, where there seems to be a place peculiarly appropriated to the religious ablutions of the natives. Sepoys had been stationed to prevent too great a pressure of people on the steps leading to the water. But two parties, who had before quarrelled about precedence of bathing, made a rush against each other, and the whole crowd, guards and all, got awfully jammed, in a situation that admitted of no relief. The unfortunate beings were crammed together with such violence, that bodies, legs, and arms, were entwined, and their shrieks were piercing in the extreme. About thirty were taken up from under the others, alive; and among them a young woman who had been in the centre. Four hundred, at least, perished.

Mr. Cobbett has been cast in an action for damages, brought against him by *Mr. Wright*, who had formerly been connected with him as his publisher. The action was for slander uttered against *Mr.*

Wright's character, in the Political Register. Mr. Cobbett defended himself; spoke highly of his own *unsuspecting nature*, and the Jury showed their sense of his defence by giving a verdict of 1000*l.* damages against him. This has renewed his bitterness against Sir Francis Burdett.

A most extraordinary fact has transpired, seeming to involve the character of Mr. Frederick Accum, the well known chemist, whose work on the adulteration of articles of food has made so much noise. The account is thus given in the public prints; but as, from the nature of the examination, it may be considered an *ex parte* statement, we rely on it that Mr. Accum will be enabled to place the affair in a different light. Mr. Accum has long been a subscriber to the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street; many of the books there had for some years past been found in a mutilated state; and this evil seeming to spread in the library, Mr. Searle, under librarian, made a representation on the subject to the managers, intimating his suspicion that Mr. Accum was the offender. They were loth to believe such a thing of a gentleman of his

reputation. The other day Mr. Accum entered the library at his usual hour, between five and seven o'clock. Though Mr. Searle, who was on the alert, could not see exactly his proceedings, a pile of books being interposed between them, he states that he had reason to suppose that Mr. A. had torn out some leaves from Nicholson's Journal. An application was made to Bow-street, and a warrant granted to search the house. A great number of torn leaves were found, which corresponded with the deficiencies of the books in the Institution. The prisoner maintained that the leaves belonged to books his own property: but failed to make this out to the satisfaction of the Magistrate. Mr. Birnie observed, that, however valuable the books might be from which the leaves had been taken, yet the leaves separated from them were only waste paper. If they had weighed a pound, he would have committed the prisoner for the value of a pound of waste paper; but as that was not the case, he discharged him. The managers of the Institution might bring their action.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, December 22.)

One year having now elapsed since the commencement of our labours, it might perhaps be expected that we should enter on a general review of the comparative state of British commerce at the close of the years 1819 and 1820. But besides that such a review, to be of any general interest, would necessarily extend to a length far exceeding the just limits of this department of our Journal, it would be, in a great degree, superfluous to our readers, who have, we trust, found in our monthly reports, an accurate and impartial statement of the most important features of our commerce, and a constant endeavour to execute, in every particular, the plan which we originally proposed. Of the new commercial regulations of foreign countries, affecting the commerce of the United Kingdom, and which we have successively noticed, the most important appears to be the new Tariff decreed by the Spanish Cortes. From the sentiments avowedly entertained by the ministers, we had hoped the introduction of a liberal system. Whether the plan of rigorous prohibition, or of duties so high as nearly to amount to a prohibition, will have the effect intended of excluding foreign goods, and encouraging the national manufactures; or whether these are in a condition to supply the whole consumption of the nation, are questions which

experience must decide; but according to the ideas generally entertained of the state of manufactures in Spain, the second question would be decided in the negative. The deficiency will, therefore, be supplied by contraband; and how little the most rigorous prohibition, combined with the most vigilant and expensive system of surveillance, can prevent contraband, may be seen by referring to our article "Sweden" in this month's foreign commercial report, where we shall quote some very striking facts respecting that kingdom. The revolution in Portugal is too recent to have produced any great commercial changes; and the newly-modelled government of Naples, having its attention occupied by the troubles in Sicily, and the apprehensions of foreign invasion, has not yet been able to pay much regard to commercial concerns. In Germany, the Southern States which propose to form a joint commercial arrangement, have sent their deputies to Darmstadt, for the purpose of negotiating on the subject; and it is said that the result promises to be favourable to the interest of the German manufacturèrs and merchants, but nothing has yet been done; nor has the German Diet taken any decisive steps respecting the trade and manufactures of the Confederation.

In our home markets, we regret to be

obliged to notice this month a very considerable depression in the prices of some of the most important articles of colonial produce, occasioned not so much by the season of the year, as by the unexpected failure of some great houses in that line, which has spread consternation, or made the holders anxious to sell for money, at a considerable reduction of the prices.

Coffee.—The market, after remaining in an uncertain and declining state for above a fortnight after the date of our preceding report, fell in the course of the succeeding week from 5s. to 7s. per cwt. This week there have been only two inconsiderable public sales, and the prices may be stated much the same as in the beginning of the week; there seems, however, a greater inclination to purchase, especially St. Domingo: the last price realized was 118s. but there are now few sellers under 120s.

Sugar.—Though the depression in the prices has not been quite so considerable as in coffee, yet the alarm among the West India merchants, since the late failures, and the consequences of many persons being indirectly involved in money transactions, had the effect of occasioning a dull market: some large holders appeared determined to force sales either from choice or by way of precaution, to be prepared with money in case of emergency. Hence large parcels have been disposed of on lower terms; and though there are still purchasers of refined for the spring delivery, they will not come forward unless parcels are offered below the market currency.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette.

Nov. 25.	34s. 7d.
Dec. 2.	35s. 2d.
9.	34s. 5½d.
16.	34s. 10d.
23.	34s. 8¾d.

Cotton.—The market has been in a depressed state the whole month. The sales that have been effected have been chiefly for exportation. At Liverpool, considerable business has been doing in cotton, but at prices exceedingly low. The sales in five weeks, from the 18th November to the 26th December, were 42,490 bags. The arrivals during the same period, 27,029 bags.

Tea.—At the India sale, Boheas sold 1d. to 1½d. higher than at the preceding sale. Congo, common ½d. lower; middling and fine Congo at nearly the same rate. Twankay, 1½d. higher. Hyson, 2d. and Gunpowder, 3d. below the prices at last sale.

Spices.—The East India Company has declared for sale on the 12th February,—

Cinnamon	130,000 lbs.
Cloves	31,000 lbs.
Nutmegs	100,000 lbs.

Mace	34,000 lbs.
Oil of Mace	1,000 lbs.
Saltpetre	1,000 tons

The demand for pepper has increased, there being no Company's pepper declared. Cloves are also more in request, as the quantity is not only very small, but, as report says, the whole of the Company's stock in England. The quantity usually declared in former years has been 100,000 lbs., latterly 50,000 lbs., and now only 31,000 lbs.

Indigo.—There is every appearance of improvement in the prices of, and the demand for, Indigo; the quantity at present in the warehouses of the East India Company is stated to be inconsiderable; and if a sale should be declared, it is expected to be a very small one. The purchases made at last sale bear a premium of 8d. per lb., and some holders even ask 1s.

Fruit.—The arrivals of fruit during the last two weeks are extensive beyond all precedent; the quality in general uncommonly fine: and though the demand is very great, the supply seems too much for the market: prices are low, and holders anxious to effect sales. Figs seem to be of inferior quality this year.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The demand for rum has been very languid lately, and prices declining. Brandy has fluctuated, but the prices have been constantly low, and the best Cognac may now be had at 3s. 6d. Geneva has remained without variation.

Corn.—Though the ports, as we stated last month, are shut against all importation, the prices have in general continued to decline, and we are more and more confirmed in our opinion, that the ports will not be open for these twelvemonths to come. We understand that considerable quantities of oats have been exported to Hamburgh, France, and other parts.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

The Leipzig Michaelmas Fair.

Leipzig, December 3.—Our Michaelmas Fair has been one of the most distinguished that we have had for many years. We had reason to anticipate this, because we had news that the great Russian fair at Novogrod had been uncommonly brilliant, and the magazines there nearly cleared by large purchases for China and Japan: a great many Russians, Poles, and Greeks, had therefore come to Leipzig, to make new purchases. The Polish Jews were the most numerous. The goods most in request were manufactures of silk, leather, and iron; also woollen cloths and linens. Many great houses dealing in these articles sold their whole stock, and received large orders. One house from Glasgow sold to

the amount of 200,000 dollars, and could have sold for 120,000 dollars more, if it would have given credit. A single manufacturer from Iserlohe sold 60 cwt. of needles, and might have sold as many more. The quantity of cotton yarn was immense, and large sums were lost upon it, as it was not dearer than the raw cotton itself; viz. No. 4, which, during the continental system, was 5 rix dollars per lb., was now 15½ Groschen. (24 to a rix dollar.) Cotton itself was a mere drug, on account of the great sale advertised at the India House in London.

There were French silk goods to the amount of 15,000,000 francs, and on the whole goods to the value of 22,000,000 dollars (nearly 4,000,000 sterling) at the fair, exclusive of jewellery and *bijouterie*. There were in fact few manufactures that did not find an extensive sale; especially woollen articles, as Merinos, bombazines, cachemires, &c. The printed calicoes were not quite so successful. *In this article the English brought nothing new, and were therefore quite eclipsed by the French, Saxon, Berlin, and Swiss manufacturers.* The English goods were, however, in immense quantities, which tended to depress the prices. The fine cloths of Aix-la-Chapelle, Sedan, Verviers, &c. &c. were much in demand, chiefly for Russia. Ordinary German cloths also sold well. A Frenchman residing in England brought 70 or 80 bales of English cloths, kerseymeres and calmuks, and bartered the whole with Jews, for Bohemian and Saxon wool, about 2000 cwt. The flannel and woollen manufacturers of Halle, Potsdam, &c. had a good fair, but silk goods a most brilliant one; especially those who brought articles calculated for the East. Many waggon loads of silk goods were sent for, by extra post, during the fair, all the warehouses being cleared. English laces had a prodigious sale, to the great injury of the Saxon lace manufacturers, who cannot sell so low as the English, who employ machinery. The Bohemian glass manufacturers, who have of late years carried their manufactures to a high degree of perfection, were very successful. Leather was one of the articles most sought, especially sole leather from Aix-la-Chapelle, Malmedy, and Maestricht. The price of this article is very high, because Buenos Ayres hides are scarce in England, Holland, and the Hanseatic cities. The linen and damask manufacturers of Silesia, Lusatia, and Bielefeld, did a great deal of business, especially those of Bielefeld, whose goods were much in demand by the

Russians. The Silesians have received large orders from Bremen and Hamburg. The Greeks purchased large quantities of furs; the French hareskins and bristles. The Nuremberg toy and hardware manufacturers were satisfied. It is many years since so much wool has been sold and exchanged: the fine wool was soon sold; middling was likewise much in demand, especially for the Netherlands. All the wool in Austria, Moravia, and the county of Barby, has since been bought up: the price has every where risen considerably. There was but little demand for indigo, and cochineal woods. We have not had for many years so bad a fair for coffee and sugar.

Sweden.—In the most valuable work, "Essay on the Statistics of Sweden," by Mr. P. A. Granberg, we found the following data respecting the proportion between the quantity of fine manufactured goods, made in the country and that annually consumed. "In 1814 the fine and middling cloth manufactured in the kingdom was 183,000 ells, of coarse, 124,000. If we divide the first quantity among the 140,000 respectable families, there will be hardly a pair of breeches for each member of a family; for the wife and children nothing. In 1813, there were 664,588 women who took out licences to wear silks. Our own manufactories produced 82,000 ells, making about three inches for each of those women; but for the men nothing. Whoever pleases may divide the seventy-eight ells of lace-net, that were made, among the wives and daughters of the 11,000 persons of rank in the capital, few of whom, we presume, will claim their share. The inference from these data is obvious. Our manufactories pretend to furnish us with all we want; we see here how far they succeed. It is evident that the quantity of goods which a nation requires is procured in spite of the most rigorous prohibitions, and that such prohibitions do not prevent importation, but only deprive the state of the revenue it might derive from a duty on the goods, deteriorate the moral character of the nation by leading to the commission of artificial crimes, and in the end do not even give the national manufacturers the intended advantage of maintaining a competition with foreigners, since a smuggled article is generally cheaper than one that has paid a duty."

The commercial notices from various foreign places are of so little importance at this time that we have omitted them for the sake of the account of the Leipzig fair, and the above article from Sweden.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather remaining mild and open has afforded particular facility for the operations of this season. The wheats have been well got in, are up, and look uncommonly healthy and strong, some indeed, perhaps are too luxuriant, but the excess will not be long unchecked by frost. The drill system is extending its circle very rapidly, and Mr. Coke's computation of its diffusion, at the rate of a mile in diameter yearly, is now very largely augmented, so much so indeed as soon to promise the extinction of the former practice. The autumnal ploughing has also been advantageously done, the soil being sufficiently moistened, yet sufficiently sound. The supply of wheat and of barley is large in the market; but the evil to the farmer is felt in the buyers refusing to purchase the inferior qualities, which constitute a very large proportion of the wheat crop, even at the most reduced prices. Barley is in additional consumption owing to the partial failure of turnips,

which, however, in some countries (Kent in particular) are better than was represented. Lean stock of all kinds is low. Pigs, of which the breed in England has been lately, it appears, much neglected and reduced, have been attacked by a fatal disease in many places. The lean nearly sustain their value, while fat pigs are depreciated. The straw for the foddering yard is in great plenty. Not the least feature of the agricultural case is the cessation of employment, from which cause the labourer is constrained to wander about in unsuccessful and hopeless research, pauperism is increasing, and the poor's rate must experience a heavy addition. Some of the reports, we observe, attribute to this cause the various robberies, with which the provinces appear to be far more harassed than at any former period. It is impossible, indeed, to exaggerate the complaints, which farmers now make, by any language.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The Rev. C. Benson is preparing for publication, *Twenty Discourses*, preached before the University of Cambridge in 1820, being the first Course of Sermons delivered at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Hulse.

Shortly will be published, a Series of Questions and Answers in the practice of Physic, *Materia Medica*, &c. written for the Use of Gentlemen preparing for their Examination at Apothecaries' Hall. By C. M. Syder, Surgeon.

The Travels of Sir Robert Ker Porter, in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, will soon appear.

A new Romance, from the pen of Miss Anna Maria Porter, entitled the *Village of Mariendorpt*, in three vols. is nearly ready.

The Rev. James Townley, has nearly ready for publication, *Bibliographia Sacra*; or, an Introduction to the Literary and Ecclesiastical History of the Sacred Scriptures, in three vols. 8vo. with plates.

Mr. Cooper has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a *New Choral Book for the Use of the Established Church*, containing a selection of the most valuable compositions for that service. The arrangements of the times will be after the German style, with a figured bass for the organ.

The Rev. John Hughes, Author of the *Horæ Britannicæ*, in 2 vols. is arranging materials for a Supplemental Volume, which will contain a translation of the Welsh Historical Triads, with two Essays, presented to the Cambrian Society.

A Work, to be entitled the *Second Advent, or Glorious Epiphany of our Lord and Saviour*, by the Rev. Mr. Fry, Author of *Lectures on the Romans*, is preparing for the press.

Speedily will be published, a *History of the British Empire*, from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration. By George Brodie, Esq. Advocate.

Mr. Arrowsmith has nearly ready for publication, a *Map of the Constellations*, in two large sheets, accompanied by a Memoir.

A *General History of the House of Guelph, or Royal Family of England*, from the first Record of the name, to the Accession of George I. will appear shortly.

Shortly will be published, the *Principles of Foreign Medicine*, explained, illustrated, and applied to British Practice. By J. G. Smith, MD.

Happiness, a Tale, for the Grave and the Gay, will shortly be published.

Doctor Ramsbottom has nearly ready, *Practical Observations on Midwifery*, with a Selection of Cases.

Mr. Wolstenholme Parr is about to publish the Philosophy of Painting.

Shortly will be published, by the Rev. J. B. Sumner, a Volume of Sermons on the Christian Faith.

Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira, a Poem, by James Bird, Author of "The Vale of Slaugden," is preparing for publication.

Oliver Cromwell, and his Times, by Thomas Cromwell, is in the Press.

The Celt's Paradise, a Poem. By John Banim.

A Memoir of the Operations of the British Army in India, during the Mahratta War of 1817, 1818, 1819, with Maps and Plans, by Lieut.-Col. Blacker, is nearly ready for publication.

Dr. Ayre is printing a New Edition, with Additions, of his Practical Observations on Disorders of the Liver.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

Antiquities, Architecture, Astronomy, and Fine Arts.

Plans, Elevations, Sections, &c. of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum, lately erected at Wakefield. By Watson and Pritchett, of York, med. folio, 2l. 12s. 6d. royal folio, 3l. 3s.

Observations on the Construction and Fitting up of Meeting Houses for Public Worship, with Plans, &c.; including one lately erected in the City of York. By William Alexander, 4to. 9s.

Views in Ceylon, a Series of Six Engravings, highly finished in Colours, Illustrative of Candyen Scenery, Costume, &c. 5l. 5s.

The National Sports of Great Britain. By Henry Alken. Plates Coloured, folio, No. 1. 2l. 2s.

Illustrations of the Monastery, Engraved by C. Heath, from Drawings by R. Westall, R. A. 12mo. 9s. 6d., 8vo. 12s. 6d., 4to. proofs. 1l. 4s., imperial 4to. India proofs, 1l. 10s.

Biography.

Memoirs of the Life of Nicholas Poussin. By Maria Graham, 8vo. Portrait, 10s. 6d.

Education.

The Scientific Monitor; or, Sequel to the Scholars' Remembrancer. By M. Seaman, 12mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.

Selections of Classic Italian Poetry from the Works of Tasso, Ariosto, &c. for the Use of Students in the Italian Language. By T. B. Defferrari. Two Vols. 12mo. 12s. boards.

Conversations on English Grammar, in a Series of Familiar and Entertaining Dialogues between a Mother and her Daughter. By Mrs. Williams, 12mo. half-bound.

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History.

The History of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746, with Portraits of both the Pretenders. By the Chevalier de Johnstone. Translated from the French MS. 4to. 2l. 2s.

A View of the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos: including a Minute Description of their Manners and Customs. By the Rev. W. Ward, Vols. III. and IV. 1l. 2s.

Pictures, Historical and Biographical, drawn from English, Scottish, and Irish History. By John Galt, Esq. 2 Vols. Foolscep, 14s.

A Narrative of Proceedings in Venezuela, in South America, in 1819 and 1820; with Observations on the Country and People—on its Republican Government, and Leading Members. By G. L. Chesterton, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Historical Memoirs of the City of Armagh, for a Period of 1373 years; comprising a considerable Portion of the General History of Ireland, and a Refutation of the Opinions of Dr. Ledwich respecting the Non-existence of St. Patrick. By James Stuart, AB. 8vo. with Plates, 16s. Boards.

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Essay on the Principles of Evidence, and their Application to Subjects of Judicial Inquiry. By James Glassford, 8vo. 18s. Boards.

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Glasgow, &c. &c. Sixth Edition, revised and corrected throughout. Price 3*l.* bds.

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Cambridge. His Majesty has been pleased to direct letters-patent to be passed, granting unto the Rev. James Wood, D. D. Master of St. John's College, the place and dignity of Dean of the Cathedral Church of Ely, void by the death of Dr. Pearce.—The subject of the Norrisian Prize Essay is "The Connection between the Jewish and Christian Dispensations." That of the English Poem for the Chancellor's third gold medal for the ensuing year is "Evening."

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

[T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.]

Gazette—Nov. 18.

Atkinson, Charles, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, merchant. Atts. Jacomb and Bentley, 67, Basinghall-street, London. C.
Baily, Stephen, Bradford, Wiltshire, butcher. Atts. Dax, Son, and Meredith, 29, Guildford-street, London. C.
Dommett, George, late of Deptford, Kent, soap-maker. Atts. Rogers and Son, Manchester-buildings, Westminster. T.
Edridge, Daniel, Baldock, Hertfordshire, cooper. Att. Sweet, Edward-street, Blackfriars-road, London. T.
Ellis, John, Staverton-row, Newington, Surry, baker. Att. Benton, Union-street, Southwark. T.
Harris, Charles, Winchester, saddler. Atts. Tilbury and Langdale, 8, Falcon-street, Falcon-square, London. C.
Harsant, Edward, Wapping-street, carpenter. Att. Shave, 110, Fenchurch-street, London. T.
Hewett, George, Fair-mile-house, near Henley-upon-Thames, banker. Att. Holmes, 25, Great James-street, Bedford-row, London. T.
Klotz, Moris, Brighthelmstone, merchant. Att. Champ, 77, Chancery-lane, London. T.
Landon, Thomas, Hartford, Cheshire, salt-manufacturer. Att. Kent, 16, Clifford's-inn, London. C.
Lonnen, William, late of Ringwood, Southampton, butcher. Atts. Tilson and Preston, 29, Coleman-street, London. C.
Patev, Andrew, West Teignmouth, Devonshire, builder. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. C.
Smith, Edward, Green-Lettuce-lane, London, tea-dealer. Atts. Weston, Teesdale, and Symes, Fenchurch-street. T.
Thwaites, Stephen, Staplehurst, Kent, tallow-chandler. Atts. Sherwood and Son, Canterbury-square, Southwark. T.

Usherwood, Thomas, jun. Tunbridge, farmer. Att. Babb, Clement's-inn, Strand. T.
White, Henry, Strand-lane, Strand, London, printer. Atts. Bishop and Score, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury. T.

Gazette—Nov. 21.

Barker, Thomas, and Francis Hudson, Stratford, Essex, brewers. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Farnival's-inn, Holborn, London. T.
Brown, Joseph, Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, timber-merchant. Atts. Tomlinson, Thomson, Baker, and Smith, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-str. et. T.
Bury, Thomas, Exeter, factor. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, 30, Red Lion-square, London. C.
Flinn, James, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Barbor, 122, Fetter-lane, London. C.
Housman, William, late of Blackfriars, London, merchant. Atts. W. and D. Richardson, Walbrook. T.
Hulse, Richard, Hinckley, Leicestershire, grocer. Att. Ware, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Hunt, Henry, Liverpool, haberdasher. Att. Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn, London. C.
Hunter, James Augustus, Aston, Warwickshire, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Johnson, Ann, Palmer-village, Westminster, bricklayer. Atts. Denton and Barker, Gray's-inn-square. T.
Peate, Richard, Oswestry, Salop, wine and spirit-merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Prentice, William, High-street, Southwark, iron-monger. Atts. Handley and Lister, 6, Gray's-inn-square. T.
Tahourdin, Gabriel, Warwick-court, Holborn, money-scrivener. Atts. Amory and Coles, Lothbury, London. T.

Treffry, Henry, and Richard Treffry, late of Liverpool, chemists. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
Tuck, William, of Marlborough, Wiltshire, carpenter. Att. White, Pewsey, Wiltshire. C.

Gazette—Nov. 25.

Adams, John, Trinity-square, Minorities, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.
Addington, John, late of Tottenham, Middlesex, builder. Att. Pope, Old Bethlem, London. T.
Edwards, John, Warmminster, Wiltshire, coal-merchant. Att. Williams, Red Lion-square, London. C.
Jackson, Henry, 42, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, Middlesex, merchant. Att. Thwaites, 31, Essex-street, Strand. T.
Jackson, James, Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.
Kingsell, Simon, late of Blackwall, Middlesex, painter. Atts. Fisher and Munday, 5, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.
Lawrence, William Henry, Bath, linen-draper. Atts. Addington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Lesley, William Adrew, otherwise Leslie Bailey, late of Stow-market, Suffolk, cabinet-maker. Atts. Dixon and Son, 7, Gray's-inn-square, London. C.
Lloyd, Thomas William, late of Evesham, Worcestershire, fellmonger. Att. A'Beckett, 20, Broad-street, Golden-square, London. C.
Millard, John, Cheapside, London, linen-draper. Att. Burfoot, 2, King's-bench-walk, Temple. T.
Minett, William, Prospect-place, Southwark, Surry, auctioneer. Att. Pasmore, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
Phillips, George, Old Brentford, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. Att. Finch, Brentford Butts. T.
Pierce, William, 234, High-Holborn, Middlesex, wax and honey-merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. T.
Quinton, William, and John Quinton, late of Basford, Nottinghamshire, timber-dealers. Att. Knowles, New-inn, London. C.
Stott, Charles, Manchester, brush-manufacturer. Att. Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn, London. C.
Thompson, George, Preston, cheesemonger. Att. Blackelock, 14, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
Thompson, James, Liverpool, factor. Att. Chester, 3, Staple-inn, London. C.
Wheeler, William, New Kent-road, Surry, timber-dealer. Att. Newcomb, 2, King's-street, Golden-square. T.
Woolley, Edward, Bilston, Staffordshire, iron-master. Att. Hunt, 5, Surry-street, Strand, London. C.

Gazette—Nov. 28.

Baillie, John, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Lowe and Bower, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Bray, George, Leeds, pocket-book-manufacturer. Att. Mackinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
Clarke, Thomas, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. Att. Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, London. C.
Hartley, Richard, Ripon, mercer. Att. Spence, 50, Threadneedle-street, London. C.
Marston, Isaac, Birmingham, coal-dealer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
Meadowcroft, Thomas, Liverpool, merchant. Att. Norris, 32, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
Peirson, Joseph Strangeways, Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, goldsmith. Att. Tucker, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. T.
Strong, Richard, Exeter, clothier. Atts. Darke, Church, and Darke, 30, Red-lion-square, London. C.
Taylor, Allen, late of Kent-road, Surry, malt-roaster. Atts. Weston, Teesdale, and Simes, Fenchurch-street, London. T.
Tipper, John Ely, Romford, Essex, stationer. Atts. Watkins and Peoly, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-inn, London. T.

Thompson, Thomas late of Camomile-street, London, merchant. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street. T.
Wadham, Robert, Poole, grocer. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 2.

Allen, John, Warwick, inn-keeper. Atts. Collet, Wimburn, and Collet, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Arnett, John Henry, Chelsea, Middlesex, coal-merchant. Atts. Clutton and Carter, High-street, Borough. T.
Bickerdike, George, Huddersfield, victualler. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, Thaives-inn, London. C.
Brinkworth, George, Bath, victualler. Att. Mackinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
Bromley, John, Circus-street, New-road, Middlesex, ironmonger. Atts. Knight and Freeman, Basinghall-street, London. T.
Burgess, Henry, and James Hubbard, Miles's-lane, Cannon-street, London, woolstaplers. Atts. Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. T.
Foote, Samuel Townsend, Exeter, spirit-dealer. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
Hickes, John, Leeds, linen-draper, Att. Mackinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
Holmes, Joseph, Portsmouth, coal and corn-merchant. Att. Pownall, Staple-inn, London. C.
Hutchinson, James, Manchester, joiner. Atts. Hurd and Johnson, Temple, London. C.
Lankesheer, William, late of Walcot, Somersetshire, victualler. Att. Stephen, New Broad-street-buildings, London. C.
Moore, William, Thorpe-Constantine, Staffordshire, cheese-factor. Atts. Alexander and Holme, New-inn, London. C.
Nichols, Sarah, and Martha Nichols, late of New Woodstock, milliners. Atts. Lowden and Helder, Clement's-inn, London. C.
Phillip, Evan, Narberth, Pembrokehire, linen-draper. Atts. Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn, London. C.
Pickels, Nathan, late of Colne, Lancashire, grocer. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
Radnedge, John, Argyle-street, Bathwick, Somersetshire, dairyman. Atts. Young and Hughes, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry, London. C.
Rogers, Samuel, Gutter-lane, Cheapside, London, hosier. Atts. Baxter and Bowker, Gray's-inn-place, Holborn. T.
Shuttleworth, Ann, and George Robinson, Lincoln, boat-builders. Att. Ellis, Chancery-lane, London. T.
Simpson, William, late of Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, japan-manufacturer. Att. Phipps, Weaver's-hall, Basinghall-street. T.
Wiseman, Samuel, John Harper, and Thomas Foyson, Norwich, bombazeen-manufacturers. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 5.

Abraham, Moses, and Daniel, otherwise David Levy, Bath, silversmiths. Atts. Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, Old-buildings, London. C.
Bramwell, Joseph, jun. Liverpool, ship-chandler. Att. Mason, New Bridge-street, London. C.
Budgett, John Burges, Stoke St. Michael, Somersetshire, dealer. Atts. Addington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
Duckley, James, Uppermill, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, dyer. Att. Battye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
Byrne, William, late of Fludyer-street, Westminster, broker. Att. Hannain, Piazza-chambers, Covent-garden. T.
Edmunds, Edward, late of Oswestry, Salop, scrivener. Att. Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.
Fox, Robert, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Middlesex, wine and brandy-merchant. Att. Hunt, Surrey-street, Strand. T.
Green, James, late of Hedon, Holderness, Yorkshire, merchant. Atts. Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn, London. C.

Oldaker, Edward, Ipswich, grocer. Att. Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Page, John, Upton-upon-Severn, tanner. Att. Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Webb, William, and Henry Webb, Bristol, linen-draper. Atts. Jenkins, James, and Abbott, New-inn, London. C.
 Williams, John, Bishopsgate-street-within, London, linen-draper. Att. James, Bucklersbury. T.
 Wilson, William, Liverpool, merchant. Atts. Milne and Parry, Temple, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 9.

Bevan, James, late of the City-road, Middlesex, timber-merchant. Att. Millward, Old Bailey, London. T.
 Butler, John, Crispin Butler, and Francis Butler, Dunnington, Yorkshire, butter-factors. Att. Walker, New-inn, London. C.
 Daly, Matthew, late of Blackman-street, Southwark, dealer in spirits, Att. Concanen, Change-alley, Cornhill, London. T.
 Inchbold, Thomas, Leeds, bookseller. Att. Bat-tye, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Laycock, Susannah, and George Brooke, Minor-ries, London, slopsellers. Att. Lake, Cateaton-street. T.
 Price, Daniel Thomas, Holywell-street, Shore-ditch, Middlesex, butcher. Att. Gray, 136, Ty-son-place, Kingsland-road. T.
 Sharpus, Richard, Davis-street, Berkeley-square, Middlesex, dealer in china. Atts. Mayhew, Price, and Styan, Chancery-lane. T.
 Symonds, Charles, and William Taylor, Watling-street, London, warehousemen. Att. Steel, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.
 Vary, John, late of Lee-Green, near Wakefield, cloth-maker. Atts. Smithson and Ramskill, Pontefract. C.
 Welsford, John Cobley, Adam's-court, Old Broad-street, London, merchant. Att. Platt, New Bos-well-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.
 Wilson, John, and George Waugh, Aldersgate-street, London, wholesale hatters. Atts. Allis-ton and Hundleby, Freeman's-court, Cornhill, London. T.

Gazette—Dec. 12.

Jefferies, Isaac, Warmley, Gloucestershire, inn-keeper. Att. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Mynett, George, jun. and John Pugh, Stroud, cabinet-makers. Att. Bowyer, 16, Cook's-court, Carey-street, London. C.
 Olive, John, Longford, Gloucestershire, farmer. Att. King, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, London. C.
 Platts, Henry, Broadway, Deptford, Kent, tobac-conist. Att. Williams, 1, Gray's-inn-place, London. T.
 Phillips, Posthumous, otherwise Posthumous Row-land Philips, Carmarthen, druggist. Att. Ed-munds, Exchequer-office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn, London. C.
 Sallows, Robert, Hadleigh, Suffolk, grocer. Atts. Bridges and Quilter, 23, Red-lion-square, Lon-don. C.
 Sheard, Levi, Lepton, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, coal-merchant. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, 28, Thavies-inn, London. C.
 Turner, Thomas, Stock Exchange, London, bro-ker. Att. Derby, Harcourt-buildings, Temple. T.
 Underwood, Samuel, parish of St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, carpenter. Att. Burfoot, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Worthy, Jonathan, Exeter, factor. Att. Brutton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.

Gazette—Dec. 16.

Ayerst, John, Sutton-Valance, Kent, farmer. Att. Young, 6, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street. T.
 Batten, Luke, St. Albans, Hertford, cooper. Atts.

Stocker, Dawson, and Herringham, Boswell-court. T.
 Bond, John, late of Blackman-street, Southwark, Surry, innkeeper. Atts. Bennell and Dixon, St. Swithin's-lane, London. T.
 Carter, William, Hammersmith, Middlesex, slop-seller. Atts. Richardson and Miller, New-inn, London. T.
 Freeman, John Newman, late of Newport, Mon-mouth, money-scrivener. Atts. Adlington and Gregory, Bedford-row, London. C.
 Gilbert, John, Plymouth-dock, Devon, butcher. Att. Makinson, Middle Temple, London. C.
 Gray, James, Bishopsgate-street-without, London, grocer. Atts. Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
 Gregson, Richard, late of Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant. Atts. Taylor and Roscoe, 9, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Hurry, Charles, Burton-street, Burton-crescent, Middlesex, merchant. Atts. Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, London. T.
 Lamb, John, Birmingham, Warwick, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, 109, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Ploughman, Henry, Romsey, Southampton, brandy-merchant. Att. Gillbank, 46, Coleman-street, London. C.
 Pratten, Mark, jun. Castle-green, Bristol, dealer. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, 109, Chan-cery-lane, London. C.
 Ranson, John, Union-street, Borough, Southwark, Surry, grocer. Att. Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone. T.
 Reynolds, Thomas, Highworth, Wilts, draper. Atts. Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane, London. C.
 Rucker, Siegmund, Old South Sea-house, Broad-street, London, merchant. Att. Tomlinson, 7, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-stree, London. T.
 Silva, John Rofino, Liverpool, Lancaster, mer-chant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple, London. C.
 Sweet, Charles, Northtawton, Devon, tanner. Att. Bruton, 55, Old Broad-street, London. C.
 Warwick, John, St. Albans, Hertford, draper. Atts. Pownall and Faithorne, 36, Old-Jewry, London. T.
 Webster, James, and Geddes Mackenzie Simpson, Tower-street, London, merchants. Att. Tom-linson, 7, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street, London. T.
 Weetman, James, Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant. Atts. Blackstock and Bunce, Temple, Lon-don. C.

Gazette—Dec. 19.

Brown, Robert, late of Sheffield, York, draper. Att. Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house, London. C.
 Curry, James, late of Berner's-street, Marylebone, Middlesex, painter. Att. Hamilton, Berwick-street, Soho, London. T.
 Debarry, Richard, Lincoln's-inn-fields, Middlesex, dealer. Atts. Grimaldi and Stables, 1, Copthall-court. T.
 Foreman, James, Kettleburgh, Suffolk, innholder. Att. Hine, Essex-court, Temple, London. C.
 Hay, John, Kenilworth, Warwick, builder. Atts. Long and Austen, Gray's-inn, London. C.
 Leeson, Edward, Wood-street, London, dealer. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. T.
 Pratt, William, Walsall, Stafford, retailer of wines. Atts. Hail and Willett, Great James-street, Bed-ford-row, London. C.
 Ross, Alexander, and James Murray, Leadenhall-street, London, merchants. Atts. Tomlinson, Thomson, Baker, and Smith, 13, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street. T.
 Scarf, Samuel, Leeds, York, stuff-manufacturer. Atts. Fisher and Sudlow, 28, Thavies-inn, Lon-don. C.
 Slater, Joseph, late of Wolverhampton, Stafford, malster. Atts. Long and Austen, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn, London. C.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—Nov. 18 to Dec. 19.

Clyne, John, woollen draper, Leith.
 Hall and Handyside, wood-merchants, Fisherow;
 and Robert P. Handyside, Edinburgh.
 Alexander, George, farmer, Banff.
 Anderson, Robert, wright and builder, Glasgow.
 Dunn, John, merchant, Greenock.
 Gibson, John, trader, Halbeath.
 James, George, and William Williamson, cattle-
 dealers, Aberdeen.
 McKendrick, Andrew, plaisterer, Glasgow.
 Clark, Robert, drover, Dumfries.
 Dunlop, John, baker, Stewarton.
 Finlayson, Thomas, farmer, Tain.
 Rae, John, merchant, Aberdeen.
 Robertson, James, merchant, Cupar-Fife.
 Mungall, Robert, distiller, Glasgow.
 Scott, Francis, linen-draper, Lockerbie.
 McCallum, Donald, innkeeper Otter-Ferry, Ar-
 gyleshire.
 Dickinson, Adam, and Company, booksellers, E-
 dinburgh.
 Ritchie, William, grocer and spirit-dealer, Dalry.
 Lamb, William, builder, Leith.
 Turnbull, John, skinner and wool-merchant, Ga-
 lashiels.
 Wilson, James, baker and flour-dealer, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

Royal Birth.—On Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, her
 Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence, a
 Princess.

Nov. 23. At Ormond-house, near Bath, the lady
 of Major-Gen. A. C. Jackson, a daughter.

— In York-place, Portman-square, the lady of
 Capt. Bathurst, R. N. a daughter.

— In Bolton-street, Piccadilly, the lady of Major
 Burrowes, of Stradone, in the county of Cavan,
 a son.

24. At Harpesley-park, Durham, the lady of G. H.
 Wilkinson, Esq. a daughter.

25. At Burlington-house, Lady Catherine Caven-
 dish, a daughter.

— At Hampstead, the Hon. Mrs. Babington, a
 son.

28. At Diben-hall, Essex, Mrs. W. Campbell, a
 daughter.

29. At Chichester, the lady of Dr. Burnett, Phy-
 sician of the Fleet, a daughter.

Dec. 3. In Nottingham-place, the lady of H.
 Hackshaw, Esq. of the Island of St. Vincent, a
 son-and-heir.

4. At Montpellier-lodge, Cheltenham, the lady of
 Pearson Thompson, Esq. a daughter.

10. At Gosport, Hants, the lady of Capt. Hire, R.
 N. a son.

13. In Grosvenor-square, the lady of John Ma-
 berly, Esq. M. P. a daughter.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Leith Fort, the lady of Major Campbell, a
 daughter.

ABROAD.

At the Hague, the Countess of Athlone, a son-and-
 heir.

At La Tour, near Vivey, the lady of Geo. Baring,
 Esq. a daughter.

At Bologne-sur-Mer, the lady of the Hon. Lord
 Cringletre, a daughter.

At Quebec, the lady of the Rev. J. F. Mills, a
 daughter.

At Verdun-sur-Meuse, the lady of Capt. Strachey,
 R. N. K. S. W. a son.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 21. At St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, Francois
 de Courtney Chevalier de Forchecourt, to Frances,
 eldest daughter of Thos. Hamilton Oyliffe, Esq.
 of Brompton.

24. Major Terry, of the 25th regt. to Eliza, second
 daughter of Major-Gen. Benjamin Gordon.

25. At Lambeth Church, Leslie Finlayson, Esq. of
 Newington, to Anne Maria, only daughter of the
 late Chas. Penneck, Esq. of Tregambo-hall,
 Cornwall.

27. At Cheltenham, Colonel Greentree, of the

Company's Service, to Jane Elizabeth Maria,
 eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir John
 Dyer, K. C. B. Royal Artillery.

— At St. Marylebone Church, Charles Grant, Esq.
 of Hopewell, son of the late Sir Ludovick Grant,
 of Dalvey, Bart. to Miss Kerridge, daughter of
 the late W. Kerridge, Esq.

9. At Felbrigge, Norfolk, the Rev. Colin Camp-
 bell, to the Hon. Beatrice Byng, daughter of the
 late Viscount Torrington.

30. At Honiton, Devon, Capt. Thornbrough, R. N.
 son of Admiral Sir Edward Thornbrough, K. C. B.
 to Emily, second daughter of Daniel Garrett,
 Esq. of Cott-house, near Honiton.

— Wm. Nepean, Esq. of the 16th Lancers, son
 of Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. at Clifton, to Emilia,
 the daughter of Col. Yorke.

Dec. 1. Lieut. N. Schuldham, R. N. second son
 of Arthur L. Schuldham, Esq. of Deer-park,
 Devon, to Fanny, daughter of the Rev. N. Orgill
 Leman, of Branyston-hall, Suffolk, and Grand-
 daughter of the late Sir Wm. Anderson, Bart.

2. F. Acton, Esq. Nephew of the late Sir J. Acton,
 Bart. of Shropshire, Prime Minister at Naples,
 to Esther, relict of the late Wm. Baker, Esq.
 Jun.

4. At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Earl of
 Errol, to Miss Eliza Fitzclarence, third daughter
 of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

5. Rich. Gresley, Esq. of Stowe-house, near Lich-
 field, to Mrs. Drummond, widow of the late
 Robt. Drummond, Esq. of Megginet-castle, in
 the county of Erroll.

7. At Weymouth, the Rev. Thos. Carew, B. D.
 younger son of the late Sir Thos. Carew, Bart.
 of the Castle Tiverton, to the only daughter of
 the late Thos. Baker, Esq. of Cullompton, in
 the same county.

— At Leeds, Wm. Whitaker Maitland, son of John
 Maitland, Esq. of Woodford-hall, Essex, to
 Anne, daughter of Benjamin Gate, Esq. of
 Ormley-house, Yorkshire.

12. T. Brockhurst Barclay, Esq. of Devonshire-
 street, Portland-place, to Sarah, daughter of
 H. Peter's, Esq. of Betchworth-castle, in Surry.

13. At Marylebone Church, Major Chetwynd Sta-
 pleton, Royal Hussars, to Margaret, only daugh-
 ter of George Hammond, Esq. of Hampton-
 court.

— Lately, at the Abbey Church, Bath, Captain
 Seward, R. N. to Mrs. Knight, widow of the
 late Capt. Knight.

— The Rev. A. Edge, to Miss Fairlie, sister of Sir
 Wm. Cunningham Fairlie, Bart. M. P. for Leo-
 minster.

16. At Bowdon Church, Cheshire, the Rev. J. T.
 Law, eldest son of the Lord Bishop of Chester,
 to lady Charlotte Grey, eldest daughter of the
 Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Lambie, Esq. of Jamaica, to
 Elizabeth Dundas, second daughter of Patrick
 Crichton, Esq. of the same place.

At Bonnington, Lanarkshire, Sir Guy Campbell,
 Bart. son of the late General Campbell, to
 Pamela, eldest daughter of the late Lord Edward
 Fitzgerald.

At Carlaverock, Capt. Alex. Borthwick, R. N. to
 Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Capt.
 Lachlan McLean, of the Hon. East India Com-
 pany's Service.

IN IRELAND.

The Rev. Arthur Knox, to Mary, daughter of the
 late Right Hon. Denis Daly, of Dunsandle.

ABROAD.

At Berlin, Alex. Oswald, Esq. of Dunniker, Fife-
 shire, to Scott Greville, eldest daughter of the
 late J. Pattison, Esq. of Glasgow.

At Halifax (by special licence) Hanley Logan,
 Esq. to the daughter of Major Forster, Com-
 manding Royal Artillery Nova Scotia.

At Ghent, Stanley Cary, Esq. son of E. Cary, Esq.
 of Follaton, Devon, to Matilda Mary, second
 daughter of Sir Richard Bedingfield, Bart. of
 Oxburgh-hall, Norfolk, and sister to lady Petre.

At Ceylon, Wm. Granville, Esq. Deputy Secretary
 to his Majesty's Government, to Frances, daugh-
 ter of the late Hon. Geo. Turnour, of that Is-

land, and niece of his Eminence, the Cardinal Duke de Basset, and of the Earl of Winton.

DIED.

- Nov. 21. At his house, in Hill-street, the Earl of Malmesbury, in the 75th year of his age.
- The Countess Dowager of Lincoln, sister to the Marquis of Hertford, and mother to the late Viscountess Folkestone.
 - At his apartments, in Chelsea College, aged 62, Sir John Peshall, Bart.
 - 23. At his residence, in Hans-place, Knightsbridge, after a few days illness, an inflammation of the intestines, the Hon. John Hamilton Fitzmaurice, Viscount Kirkwall.
 - Aged 79, Richard Thornton, Esq. a Magistrate for Southwark and the county of Surry.
 - At Dover, Dr. Francis Thatcher.
 - 28. The Rev. Geo. Hayter Hames, rector of Chagford, Devonshire.
 - The Rev. John Hunt, A. M. rector of Welford, Gloucestershire, and chaplain to the Rt. Hon. Lord Whitworth.
 - 30. The Rev. Daniel Duff, A. M. late of Salvador-house, Tooting.
 - Lately at Magdalen College, Oxford, the Rev. Benjamin Tate, DD.
 - Dec. 3. At his house on Forrest-hill, near Peckham, in his 70th year, Robert Bissett, Esq. F. R. and A. S. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Surry.
 - At Plymouth, George Eastlake, Esq. aged 62, a native of that town, where, for many years he conducted, with able integrity, the legal business of the Government, under the Solicitor of the Admiralty; and held other offices of trust connected with his profession.
 - At the Rhydd, Worcestershire, in her 50th year, the lady of Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart.
 - At Hastings, in her 87th year, Frances Cairness, Countess of Clermont.
 - 5. At his seat, Gore-court, in Kent, A. H. Bradley, Esq. aged 65.
 - 7. At Highnam-court, Gloucester, aged 89, Francis Coleman, Esq. late of Hilbriden-house, Devon.
 - 8. In Greenwich-park, Maria, second daughter of Sir Thos. Lavie, K. C. B. &c.
 - The Rt. Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Register of Scotland, M. P. for the county of Dumbarton.
 - In the Cloisters of Windsor Castle, aged 83, Dr. W. Clarke, formerly an admired singer of sacred music, and a great favourite of his late Majesty. He was senior minor canon of St. George's chapel and of St. Paul's cathedral.
 - 9. In Lower Grosvenor-street, after a long illness, Wm. Tierney Roberts, Esq. M. P. for St. Alban's.
 - At Plymouth, Anne, relict of the late Thos. Lockyer, Esq. of Wembury-house, Devonshire.
 - 10. Major Thos. J. Harrison, of the Royal Artillery, late of Weard-house, Cornwall.
 - At Shewhill, S. Heathcote, Esq. 4th son of the late Sir Thos. Heathcote, Bart. of Hurrely-lodge, Hants.
 - 11. In Upper Grosvenor-street, Mrs. Graham, relict of the late Thos. Graham, Esq. of Kinross and Burleigh, late M. P. for the county of Kinross.
 - 12. At his house, Berkeley-square, Theodore H. Broadhead, Esq. M. P. aged 55.
 - 13. At Wichbury-house, Wilts, the lady of Peter Templeman, Esq.
 - 15. Signor Naldi, the celebrated Opera performer; his death was occasioned by the bursting of a new-invented self-acting cooking apparatus.
 - 16. At his seat, Hill-house, Rodborough, Sir Geo. Onesiphoros Paul, Bart.
 - 18. At Gubbins Park, Herts, the lady of Thomas Kemble, Esq.
 - Louisa, second daughter of the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Browlow North, Bishop of Winchester.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Glasgow, in the 74th year of his age, Professor Young, who had filled the chair of Greek Professor in that University 46 years.
- At Aberdeen, the dowager lady Bannerman, in her 77th year.
- At Balcarres, the Countess dowager Balcarres, aged 94.

At Edinburgh, Thos. Adair, Esq. clerk to the Signet.

At Edinburgh, the relict of the late Lord Justice Clerk Macqueen.

At Irvine, aged 102, Mr. Jas. Neil, late a ship-master of that Port. He had served in the navy 65 years, many of these under Boscawen and Hawke; his faculties were unimpaired to the last.

At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Col. Imrie.

At Freeland-house, the Rt. Hon. dowager Lady Ruthven.

IN IRELAND.

At his seat, the Priory, near Templemore, in the 63d year of his age, Sir John Craven Carden, Bart. succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Sir Arthur, the present Baronet, nephew to Lord Viscount Harberton.

At his seat, in the county of Roscommon, Arthur French, Esq. M. P.

At Dublin, Mrs. Dunne, relict of the late Fras. Dunne, Esq. and mother of Lieut.-Gen. and Col. Dunne, 7th Dragoon Guards.

At Desart, his seat near Kilkenny, the Rt. Hon. John Otway Cuffe, Earl of Desart, in the 33d year of his age. His lordship succeeded Otway, the late Earl, in 1804.

At his seat, at Ballybrack, in the county of Kerry, in his 93d year, Geoffry O'Connell, Esq. eldest brother to Maurice Baron O'Connell, Grand Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria; he was very fond of angling, and till his 90th year has been seen in the coldest weather nearly up to his waist in water, catching salmon.

At Dublin, Wm. Henn, Esq. late Master in Chancery.

Aged 74, the most Rev. Dr. Bray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel and Emly.

At Bishops-court, county of Kildare, Wm. Ponsonby, Esq. only son of the late Rt. Hon. Geo. Ponsonby.

ABROAD.

Lately, at Sierra Leone, Thomas Lefevre, Esq. holding a distinguished civil situation in that colony. The warm and affectionate disposition of this gentleman, his captivating manners, well-informed mind, and fine taste, excite the greatest regret for his untimely loss in the breasts of those who had the happiness to be his friends.

On his passage from Ceylon, Lieut.-Col. Napper, of the 83d regt.

At New York, Major Donald Macdonald, late of Swane-street, Chelsea.

On his passage home, from St. John's, New Brunswick, on board the Isaac Todd, Thomas Harvey Esq. of the Commissariat department.

At Demerara, aged 25, Charles O'Donnel, Esq. Recorder of that Colony.

At Caen, in Normandy, after a short illness, Wm. Bernard Morland, Esq. eldest son of Sir S. B. Morland, Bart. M. P. He served as sheriff of Bucks in 1811.

At Jamaica, the Hon. John Hiatt, Custos Rotulorum, and chief Judge of the Court of Common-Pleas in that Island, and one of the assistant Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, aged 98.

At Bourdeaux, after a lingering illness of three years and a half, G. Ramsden, Esq. late Lieut.-Col. in the Grenadier Guards.

At Orleans, in the 58th year of his age, Richard Tyson, Esq. many years Master of the Ceremonies at the Upper Rooms at Bath.

At Whitehall, near New York, the venerable Henry Francisco, aged 134 years!! after an illness of 45 days. He was a native of England, and emigrated about 80 or 90 years ago, was present at the coronation of Queen Ann, and was one of the drummers on that occasion.

At Kingston, Jamaica, John Hally Henderson, Esq. of the Ordnance-office there.

At Bologna, within an hour of each other, Geo. Meek, Esq. of Campfield, and his lady.

At Hyeres, South of France, aged 43, W. Shipley, Esq. eldest son of the Dean of St. Asaph. His death was occasioned, while shooting, by the gun of his attendant accidentally going-off, and its contents lodging in his head, which was literally shattered to pieces.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT BUSHEY-HEATH, MIDDLESEX.

By Colonel Beaufoy, F.R.S.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Nov.											
1	M. 43 28-803	76	WNW	Rain		17	M. 32 29-163	73	SE	Snow	
	A. 43 28-977	73	NWbW	Showery			A. — 29-103	78	SSE	Rain	
2	M. 35 29-274	74	WSW	Very fine		18	M. 36 29-329	77	NE by E	Very fine	
	A. 45 29-243	65	W by S	Very fine			A. 42 29-379	68	N by W	Very fine	
3	M. 37 29-400	72	NW	Clear		19	M. 37 29-432	80	SE	Misty	
	A. 45 29-400	60	W	Very fine			A. 44 29-450	72	SSW	Misty	
4	M. 37 29-392	72	ENE	Cloudy		20	M. 43 29-500	84	S by W	Small rain	
	A. 45 29-399	68	ENE	Fine			A. 47 29-464	76	SSW	Small rain	
5	M. 36 29-455	63	SSW	Fine		21	M. 47 29-408	80	S by W	Cloudy	
	A. 38 29-400	71	SE by S	Cloudy			A. 50 29-400	67	S	Fine	
6	M. 48 29-267	87	WSW	Misty		22	M. 45 29-308	75	SE by S	Rain	
	A. 50 29-294	73	WSW	Cloudy			A. 45 29-263	76	ESE	Fog, rain	
7	M. — 29-284	90	SE by S	Fog		23	M. 42 29-085	84	E by S	Fog	
	A. 54 29-295	70	SSW	Cloudy			A. 46 28-982	83	N by W	Rain	
8	M. 52 29-375	84	E by S	Fog		24	M. 38 29-208	79	SSE	Cloudy	
	A. 54 29-369	77	ENE	Rain			A. 43 29-217	77	ESE	Fog, rain	
9	M. 45 29-469	74	ENE	Fine		25	M. 42 29-090	82	ESE	Cloudy	
	A. 46 29-467	64	ENE	Cloudy			A. 45 29-083	75	ESE	Fine	
10	M. 42 29-543	74	NE	Small rain		26	M. 44 29-319	83	SSE	Cloudy	
	A. 45 29-547	69	NE	Cloudy			A. 49 29-330	70	SSW	Fine	
11	M. 41 29-678	74	N by E	Cloudy		27	M. 41 29-438	78	E	Fine	
	A. 47 29-718	62	NE	Fine			A. 47 29-438	64	E	Fine	
12	M. 38 29-648	69	W by N	Fine		28	M. 38 29-603	82	ENE	Cloudy	
	A. 40 29-500	63	W by S	Small rain			A. 37 29-628	78	NE	Cloudy	
13	M. 36 29-091	77	NNE	Small rain		29	M. 37 29-800	73	E by N	Cloudy	
	A. — 29-048	78	NNE	Sleet			A. 38 29-800	70	NE	Cloudy	
14	M. 34 29-300	75	NNE	Snow		30	M. — 29-773	79	NE by N	Cloudy	
	A. 35 29-294	70	NE	Snow shower			A. — —	—	—	—	
15	M. 32 29-433	71	NNE	Very fine							
	A. 40 29-439	63	NE	Fine							
16	M. 33 29-464	75	N	Clear							
	A. 39 29-400	61	NNE	Cloudy							

Rain, by the pluviometer, between noon the 1st of November, and noon the 1st of December, 1.223 inch. The quantity that fell upon the roof of my observatory during the same period, 1.303 inch. Evaporation, between noon the 1st of Nov. and noon the 1st of Dec. 0.853 inch.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 20 Dec.	Hamburg. 19 Dec.	Amsterdam 22 Dec.	Vienna. 9 Dec.	Genoa. 4 Dec.	Berlin. 16 Dec.	Naples. 4 Dec.	Leipsig. 11 Dec.	Bremen. 10 Dec.
London.....	25.50	37	40.6	9.50	30.96	7.01 $\frac{1}{2}$	589	6.17 $\frac{3}{4}$	620
Paris.....	—	26 $\frac{1}{8}$	57 $\frac{3}{8}$	117 $\frac{1}{4}$	95 $\frac{3}{4}$	82 $\frac{1}{4}$	22.90	184	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hamburg...	181 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	34 $\frac{7}{8}$	143 $\frac{3}{4}$	44 $\frac{1}{4}$	151 $\frac{1}{2}$	42	145 $\frac{1}{4}$	138 $\frac{3}{4}$
Amsterdam.	57 $\frac{5}{8}$	104 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	137 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	145	47.80	139	128 $\frac{3}{4}$
Vienna.....	254	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	140 $\frac{1}{3}$	—	61 $\frac{1}{5}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	58.60	101	—
Franckfort..	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	145 $\frac{1}{8}$	55 $\frac{7}{8}$	59 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	108 $\frac{3}{4}$
Augsburg...	253	145	35 $\frac{7}{8}$	62	61	105	58.30	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Genoa.....	478	83	89 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	19.25	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	57 $\frac{7}{8}$	—	105	—	—	109 $\frac{1}{4}$
Leghorn....	509	86	95	—	122	—	117	—	—
Lisbon.....	555	37 $\frac{3}{4}$	41 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	180	—	50.35	—	—
Cadiz.....	15.45	95	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	626	—	118	—	—
Naples.....	424	—	79 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	103	—	—	—	—
Bilbao.....	15.45	94	101	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.90	95 $\frac{3}{8}$	103	—	622	—	118.50	—	—
Porto.....	555	37 $\frac{1}{4}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 14 Dec.	Nuremberg 14 Dec.	Christiania 7 Dec.	Petersburg. 1 Dec.	Riga. 1 Dec.	Stock- holm. 5 Dec.	Madrid. 9 Dec.	Lisbon. 6 Dec.
London.....	150 $\frac{1}{2}$	fl. 10.2	6 Sp. 96	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	12.10	39	38 $\frac{1}{4}$
Paris.....	78 $\frac{1}{8}$	fr. 117 $\frac{3}{4}$	31 Sp. 84	105 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	16.7	16.8
Hamburg....	144 $\frac{3}{8}$	144 $\frac{3}{8}$	146	9 $\frac{1}{8}$	9 $\frac{1}{8}$	123	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	93
Amsterdam.	138 $\frac{3}{4}$	138 $\frac{3}{8}$	—	10 $\frac{1}{16}$	10 $\frac{1}{32}$	122	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	103
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2960	—

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From Nov. 23 to Dec. 23.

Amsterdam C. F.	12-7..12-8
Ditto at sight	12-4..12-5
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-8..12-9
Antwerp	12-3..12-9
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-7..37-10
Altona, 2½ U	37-8..37-11
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-70..25-75
Ditto .2 U	26..26-5
Bordeaux	26..26-5
Frankfort on the Main } Ex. M.	154½..155½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-14..10-16
Trieste ditto	10-14..10-16
Madrid, effective	36½..36
Cadiz, effective	36½..35½
Bilboa	36½..35½
Barcelona	36..35
Seville	36½..35½
Gibraltar	30½..
Leghorn	47..46½
Genoa	44..43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	39..38½
Palermo, per. oz.	115
Lisbon	51..48
Oporto	51..48
Rio Janeiro	54..53
Bahia	59
Dublin	7..7½
Cork	7..8

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	11	0	4	10½
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 34s. 8½d.

Bread.

The highest price of the best wheaten bread throughout the Metropolis and Suburbs, is 10d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	4	0	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	5	0	to	2	15	0
Apples	3	0	0	to	3	10	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from Nov. 27 to Dec. 23.

	Nov. 27.	Dec. 8.	Dec. 11.	Dec. 23.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	35 0 to 44 0	32 0 to 42 0	34 9 to 42 0	31 6 to 42 0
Sunderland	36 0 to 44 8	33 0 to 43 0	34 0 to 43 3	34 0 to 43 3

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Nov. 18.	Nov. 25.	Dec. 2.	Dec. 9.	Dec. 16.
Wheat	57 11 56	4 55 6	55 0 54	0 54 0	
Rye	33 3 33	5 34 6	34 9 35	4 9 35	4
Barley	23 5 27	9 27 0	26 9 26	4 9 26	4
Oats	20 5 20	3 20 2	20 2 19	9 2 19	9
Beans	38 4 38	8 39 2	37 2 35	7 2 35	7
Peas	38 5 40	10 41 1	40 2 38	8 2 38	8

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from Nov. 29 to Dec. 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	32,944	12,092	13,679	58,715
Barley	25,348	4,490	—	29,838
Oats	38,143	12,060	4,170	54,373
Rye	27	—	—	27
Beans	12,071	—	—	12,071
Pease	8,594	—	1,500	10,094
Malt	10,409	Qrs.;	Flour 40,723	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 4,645 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 65s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	56s. to 96s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	56s. to 75s.
Farnham, ditto	112s. to 140s.
Yearling Pockets	00s. to 00s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s. £. s. £. s. £. s. £. s. £. s.		
3 0 to 4 4..4	0 to 5 5..1	6 to 1 12
3 8 to 4 4..4	0 to 5 5..1	1 to 1 12
3 3 to 4 4..0	0 to 0 0..1	2 to 1 16

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Mutton	3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Veal	5s. 0d. to 7s. 8d.
Pork	4s. 8d. to 6s. 8d.
Lamb	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Ladenhall.—Beef	3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.
Mutton	3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.
Veal	4s. 6d. to 7s. 0d.
Pork	4s. 4d. to 6s. 6d.
Lamb	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from Nov. 27 to Dec. 25, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
15,740	1,352	88,810	1,850

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(Dec. 21st, 1820.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.		
£.	£.	s.		£.	s.	£.	£.	s.	£.	s.	
Canals.					Bridges.						
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	2912	100	—	Southwark	16		
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch	10 10	4443	40	—	Do. new	17		
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18	5	
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000l.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	91		
54,000l.	—	2	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo	5	5	
2,000	25	21	Birmingham (divided)	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.	27	10	
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	100	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.	22	10	
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny	75	60,000l.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100		
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90				Roads.			
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	35		
500	100	44	Coventry	999	300	100	—	Commercial.....	103		
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3 10	1000	100	5	East-India			
600	100	6	Derby.....	112	—	100	5	Branch	100		
2060	100	3	Dudley	62	492	100	1 15	Great Dover Street.....	31		
3575	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester.....	63	2393	50	—	Highgate Archway.....	6		
231	100	58	Erewash	10 0	1000	—	1	Croydon Railway.....	12		
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	500	1000	—	—	Surrey Do.....	10		
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	30	3762	50	1	Severn and Wye	30		
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57				Water Works.			
11,815	100	9	Grand Junction	211	3800	100	—	East London.....	66		
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	57	4500	50	1 5	Grand Junction	48		
48,800l.	—	5	Do. Loan	94 10	2000	100	—	Kent	30		
2849	100	—	Grand Union	30	1500	—	2 10	London Bridge.....	50		
19,327	—	5	Do. Loan	93	800	100	—	South London	21		
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	7540	—	2	West Middlesex.....	50		
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	1360	100	—	York Buildings.....	18		
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13				Insurances.			
25,328	—	18	Kennet and Avon	18 10	2000	500	2 10	Albion	40	10	
11,609	—	1	Launceston.....	27	25,000	50	6	Atlas	4	12 6	
2879	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	—	40	—	Bath	575		
545	—	14	Leicester	295	300	1000	25	Birmingham	350		
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83	—	250	3	British	50		
70	—	119	Loughborough.....	2400	4000	100	2 10	County	39		
250	—	11	Melton Mowbray	—	20,000	50	5	Eagle	2	12	
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	650	50,000	20	1	European	20		
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	150	1,000,000l.	100	6	Globe	121		
43,526l.	100	5	Do. Debentures	92	40,000	50	5	Hope	3		
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70	2400	500	4 10	Imperial	80		
247	—	25	Neath.....	400	3900	25	1 4	London Fire	23		
1770	25	—	North Wilts	—	31,000	25	1	London Ship.....	19		
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	—	2500	100	18	Provident	16	10	
1720	100	32	Oxford	625	100,000	20	2	Rock	1	18	
2400	—	3	Peak Forest	68	745,100l.	—	10	Royal Exchange	230		
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	—	—	—	8 10	Sun Fire.....	—		
12,294l.	—	—	Regent's	24	4000	100	10	Sun Life	23		
5631	100	2	Rochdale	39	1500	200	1 4	Union.....	33		
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	160				Gas Lights.			
500	100	7 10	Shropshire	140	8000	50	4	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company)	64		
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—	4000	50	2 8	Do. New Shares	42		
700	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire.....	640	1000	100	7 10	City Gas Light Company	97		
300	145	10	Stourbridge	210	1000	100	3 10	Do. New	46		
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	17	2500	20	16	Bath Gas	18		
—	—	22	Stroudwater	495	1500	20	—	Brighton Gas	14		
533	100	12	Swansea	200				Bristol	28		
350	100	—	Tavistock	90				Literary Institutions.			
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	24 10				London	37		
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk	1920	1000	75gs	—	Russel	11	11	
1000	100	—	Warwick and Birmingham	215	700	25gs	—	Surrey	7		
1000	50	—	Warwick and Napton	209	700	30gs	—	Miscellaneous.			
980	100	10 10	Wilts and Berks.....	6	1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart	20		
14,288	105	5	Wisbeach	60	1397	100	2 10	British Copper Company	50		
126	—	—	Worcester and Birmingham	24	2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery	10		
6000	—	—			3447	50	—	Do.	6	10	
			<i>Docks.</i>		2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms	19		
2209	146	—	Bristol	98				Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	71	10	
—	5	—	Do. Notes	60				Do. 2d. Class.....	61	10	
3132	100	3	Commercial	161				City Bonds	100		
450,000l.	—	10	East-India	18 10							
1038	100	—	East Country	98							
3,114,000l.	—	4	London	167							
1,200,000l.	—	10	West-India								

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th November to 25th December.

1820	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	New ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Nov.															
25	—	68	69	77	86	105	17	—	—	—	25	—	69	2p	69
27	219	68	69	77	86	105	17	—	4d	224	25	—	—	3p	69
28	219	68	69	78	86	105	17	—	1p	225	25	—	—	3p	70
29	219	68	69	77	86	105	17	—	1p	—	25	—	—	3p	70
30	—	68	69	—	86	105	—	—	1p	—	—	—	—	2p	70
Dec.															
1	219	68	69	78	86	105	17	—	pr	—	25	—	—	2p	70
2	219	69	8	78	86	—	17	—	pr	—	25	—	—	2p	70
4	219	68	9	—	86	106	17	67	pr	—	26	—	69	2p	70
5	219	68	9	78	86	106	17	—	1p	225	26	—	—	2p	70
6	—	69	—	78	87	—	17	67	1p	—	26	—	—	2p	70
7	221	69	70	78	87	106	18	—	1½	—	26	—	—	1p	71
8	223	70	69	79	88	107	18	—	2	—	24	—	—	1d	71
9	—	69	—	78	87	106	18	68	1½	—	25	—	—	1d	71
11	223	69	—	78	87	106	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	1p	70
12	223	69	—	78	87	106	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	1d	71
13	223	69	—	78	87	106	18	68	1	—	25	—	—	1p	70
14	222	69	—	78	87	106	18	—	1	—	25	—	—	par.	70
15	222	69	—	78	87	106	18	67	—	—	26	—	—	par.	70
16	222	69	—	—	87	106	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	par.	70
18	222	69	—	78	87	106	17	—	1½	—	26	—	—	par.	70
19	—	69	—	78	87	106	18	—	1	—	25	—	—	par.	71
20	221	69	—	78	87	106	18	—	—	—	25	—	—	par.	71
21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	221	69	—	78	87	106	18	68	1	—	26	—	—	par.	71
23	—	69	70	—	87	—	18	—	1½	—	26	—	—	1p	71
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

IRISH FUNDS.

1820	Bank Stock.	Government De-benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De-benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De-benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan.	City Dublin Bonds.	Pipe Water De-bentures.	Wide Street De-bentures.
Nov.											
23	208	75	75	—	—	102	102	—	—	—	90
24	—	75	75	—	—	102	102	—	—	—	—
30	—	75	75	—	—	102	102	—	—	—	—
Dec.											
1	—	75	75	—	81	102	102	—	—	—	—
2	211	75	75	—	—	103	102	—	—	—	—
6	211	75	75	—	—	103	103	—	83	—	—
7	211	—	75	—	—	103	103	—	—	—	—
9	211	76	75	—	—	103	103	—	—	—	—
16	—	75	75	—	—	103	103	—	—	—	—
18	—	75	75	—	—	103	103	—	—	—	—

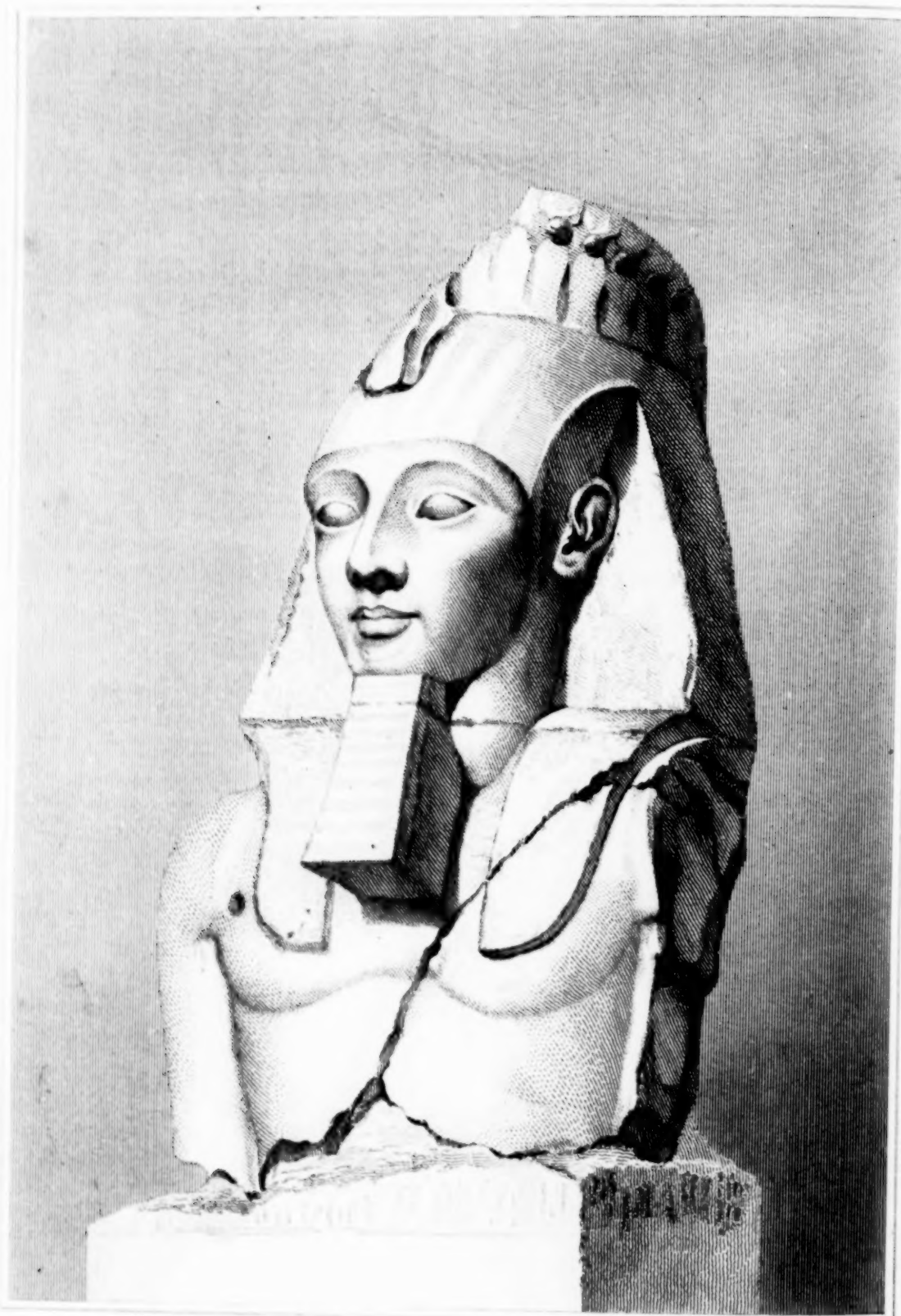
Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From Nov. 25, to Dec. 18.

1820	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Nov.	fr. c.	fr. c.
25	76 95	1387 50
27	77 30	1388 75
Dec.		
1	77 25	1395 —
4	77 50	1415 —
8	78 20	1420 —
11	78 90	1415 —
16	78 35	1430 —
18	78 50	1425 —

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.								N. YORK.	
	Nov. 23	Dec. 1	5	8	12	15	19	22	Oct. 30	Nov. 10
Bank Shares.....	23.5	23.5	23.5	23.5	23	22.15	22.15	22.15	104	104
6 per cent.....	1812	103½	104	104	104	104	104	104	106	106½
		1813	104	104	104½	104½	104½	104½	106½	107
		1814	105½	105½	105	105½	105½	105½	107	107½
		1815	106½	106½	106½	106½	106½	106½	107½	108
3 per cent.....	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	70	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.



MEMNON'S HEAD,

FROM THE BUST IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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